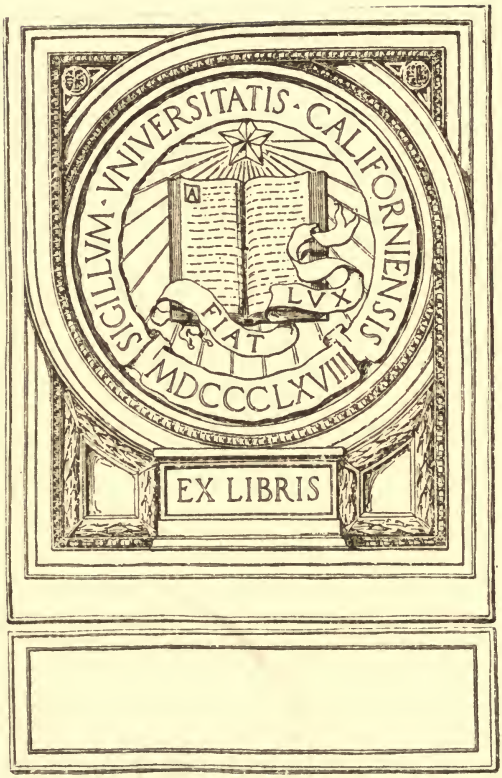
MISSIONARY EXPLORERS AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS

EDITED BY
M. G. HUMPHREYS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MISSIONARY EXPLORERS AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS

MARCUS WHITMAN

FROM THE STATUE ON THE WITHERSPOON BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

MISSIONARY EXPLORERS AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS

EDITED BY
MARY GAY HUMPHREYS

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1913

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Published May, 1913

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PREFACE

In sketching the lives of these missionary explorers, wherever it has been possible to use their own narratives this has been done. In the cases of Father Dyer and Stephen Riggs this was easy, with their autobiographies within reach.

Concerning Samson Occum I have depended on his biography by Mr. William De Loss Love, and to him my grateful thanks are due. This material has been supplemented by other extracts from Occum's diary, secured through the courtesy of Dartmouth College, in whose library this diary is held as one of its most valued possessions.

The bibliography relating to Marcus Whitman is extensive and varied, divided, as it is, into two camps. After considering these with some care, the weight of evidence is in favor of those who wrote at the time and on the scene, and on the rare letters from Whitman's own hand. On these statements I have relied rather than on those who have had a theory to defend. References to this controversy, and the sources from which it sprang, can be found in the recent biographies of Marcus Whitman by the Reverend Doctor Myron Eells, and the earlier works of Mr. W. A. Mowry and Mr. Oliver Nixon, which have been liberally used, and to whom thanks are due, and to Bancroft's *History of the Pacific Coast.*

M. G. H.

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INTRODUCTION

A SOLDIER of the Cross is not a mere phrase, as this book illustrates. There are few careers that demand more militant qualities than that of the missionary. If he takes his Bible in one hand he takes his life in the other, and must be prepared to maintain and defend it.

If he strives to conquer he must also, like the soldier, submit, endure, suffer. Cold, hunger, fatigue, danger are part of his portion. Whether it is China in our day or the frontier in days past, he must be as ready for defence as to march on. Whatever vicissitudes that befall him, he must not surrender.

This is but one phase of his calling. There are few that demand more varied sorts of ability. He must be an all-around man, preacher, teacher, diplomatist, business man, tradesman, laborer with his hands, ready to turn his wit and skill of whatever sort to the exigencies of the moment. Samson Occum at the table of the Countess of Huntingdon, or making wooden pails to support his family and evolving the far-reaching views of a statesman; Father Dyer carrying the mails over the snow-covered passes of the Rockies, and preaching by the flaring lights of mining-camps; Marcus Whitman, dauntless messenger of danger to his country, leading his companions through the perils of the desert, teaching the savage to sow and reap, mending the body as well as the soul; and Stephen Riggs, with the army in its

work of rescue—these are all men whose qualities would distinguish them in any walk of life.

As students of folk-lore, language, unwritten history, of customs and beliefs reaching far down into the roots of human nature, they have enriched literature. It was into the hands of Doctor Martin, a missionary, that the Emperor of China, Kwang Su, placed the founding of his university for Western learning.

Nor behind these are those faithful women, their wives. Delicately reared, yet making light of their hardships, attending to their household duties, bringing up their children, taking part in all the activities of their missions, they, too, have braved danger with courage and sometimes met untoward fate with heroism. Such are the missionaries' wives. All honor to these soldiers of the Cross.

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JOHN ELIOT

APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS

JOHN ELIOT

APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS

I

"THAT the settlers maie wyne and Incite the Natives of the Country to the Knowledg and Obedience of the onlie true God and Saviour of Mankinde, and in the Christian Faythe, which is our Royall Intencion and the Adventurers free Profession, is the principall Ende of this Plantacion."

This is an extract from the first royal charter granted by Charles I to the Massachusetts Colony. It shows that the welfare of the Indians was to be one of the colonists' first concerns. This these, too, recognized, and the first seal of the colony had for its design an Indian with the legend "Come over and help us" proceeding from his mouth.

We can scarcely understand the curiosity, the interest, and the theories our forefathers brought to this task. To some the Indian was a simple, innocent child of nature; to others he was a savage steeped in iniquity. The most ingenious theory was that the Indians were the descendants of the Lost Tribes of the Children of Israel. Learned treatises were written on this subject; and this seems to have been the

first opinion of John Eliot, and to have inspired, to a certain extent, his method of dealing with them—a method for which his trained mind was especially fitted.

John Eliot was a Puritan of Puritans. He was born at Nasing, in the county of Essex, England, and was educated at Cambridge, says his biographer, where he was an "acute grammarian" and keen in tracing words to their original sources. After leaving the university he became a school-master in the school of Thomas Hooker, at Little Baddow. Hooker was a non-conformist, and, owing to the persecutions of Archbishop Laud, fled to Holland. John Eliot, realizing that there could be no opportunity in England for a non-conformist school-teacher, determined to go to the "wilderness in the west," as our forefathers were accustomed to speak of the New World.

He accordingly set sail in the "Lyon," with a company of sixty persons, among whom were the wife and children of Governor Winthrop. The "Lyon" arrived amid great rejoicings at the port of Boston, November 3, 1631. John Eliot was at this time twenty-seven years old. The pastor of the Boston church having gone to England, leaving Governor Winthrop and two laymen in charge of "the exercise of prophecy," as the pastor's duties were quaintly phrased, these were now turned over to John Eliot. Meanwhile, there arrived on a later ship at Boston, a young lady named "Anne, and gracious was her nature," to whom

JOHN ELIOT

Eliot was married. When Pastor Wilson returned from England, John Eliot gave him back his church and removed to Roxbury, and it was here he first came into contact with the Indians.

This was in rather an incidental manner. For a Puritan John Eliot had a somewhat impulsive and fiery nature. Curiously enough his first act was against the Indians. The Pequots were at war with the Dutch and the Narragansetts, and were anxious to secure the friendly offices of the English. Accordingly they sent two Pequots as ambassadors to the governor with the usual present of wampum. As was the custom, the governor consulted the clergy, and the result of these deliberations was that the governor, on behalf of the colony, agreed to a treaty of peace with the Pequots on condition that the tribe would give up the murderers of some Englishmen. This they agreed to do. They agreed also to favor the settlement of an English colony in Connecticut and to furnish four hundred fathoms of wampum, besides forty beaver and thirty otter skins. Wampum, it should be understood, had been made legal tender by the whites. It was white and black; the white was formed of periwinkle shells, and the black of quahaug or clam shells. It was reckoned by fathoms and parts of a fathom, and valued at from five to ten shillings a fathom.

All this proceeding displeased John Eliot, and he preached a sermon at his Roxbury church, attacking the governor and his advisers on the ground that the

people of the colony were not consulted—*plebe inconsulta*, he learnedly expresses it. The charter did not grant to the governor treaty-making powers, said John Eliot, with that jealousy for the rights of the people which is "characteristic of American communities." Three men were appointed "to deal with him." The result was that, after much discussion, John Eliot withdrew his opposition on the ground that the treaty was for peace; if it had been for war, he would have stood his ground.

For some time he had been studying the Indian language, which, as we know, fell in with his tastes and training. He writes: "There is an indian living with Mr. Richard Calicott of Dorchester, who was taken in the Pequott Warres, though belonging to Long Island; this Indian is ingenious, can read; and I taught him to write, which he quickly learnt, though I know not what use he now maketh of it; he was the first I made use of to teach me wordes and to be my interpreter." He took this Indian into his own family, and from him learned to say the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and various passages from the Bible in the Indian tongue. With this slender equipment Eliot set out on his work.

Like all other Indians, the New England tribes when not at war spent their time in hunting, fishing, idleness, and sleep. Their knowledge was confined to their material wants. They knew nothing of metals, and the Englishman was called by them "knife-man,"

that being the most admired thing about him. To the Indian each manifestation of nature was the work of a god. There were the sun-god, the moon-god, the god of the thunder and the lightning. Over all these was a supreme Manitou, who lived in the far West. There was also another great being, who was the source of all mischief. There was also a priesthood of both men and women, who were called powwows. These were also the doctors and magicians. "If we pray to God, we shall have to give up our powwows; then who will cure us when we are wounded and sick?" they asked! One of the few converts as early as 1622 was an Indian at Plymouth, by reason of rain falling after a prayer in the Puritan church. If the white man's God was thus complaisant, the matter was worth consideration.

John Eliot now felt able to visit the wigwams and talk with the women and children. His first visit was made on the 28th of October, 1646, to a village which was afterward called Nonantum. This was near what is now Newton, and has the distinction of being the first civilized settlement of Indians in the country. Eliot and three friends were met by Waban, who is described as "the chief minister of Justice among them." Waban received them in the English manner, and invited them to his wigwam and collected the Indians to hear him. This service was in English and interpreted. A curious thing happened. In his text there was the phrase "say to the wind." Now in

Indian Waban's name means wind; so when the interpreter translated it as "say to Waban," the Indians understood by this their host Waban, and this greatly increased Waban's influence among them.

When Eliot had finished, he asked if they had any questions to propose. Then occurred what we have come to know as "heckling." The Indians had many questions, and these disclosed the working of the Indian mind, and what we may call his casuistry, in a manner nowhere else to be found. One of the Indians had tried to pray in his own language, when he was told to sit down, for God did not understand Indian. This led to one question. Another was how could man be in the image of God since it was expressly forbidden to make an image of God. A third asked, if a father is bad and his child good, will God be offended with the child? thus referring to the Second Commandment. Again, how came there to be so many people in the world, since they were once all drowned? These questions show that the Indian is capable of more reflection than his early teachers thought possible. That God could be in every place they thought quite possible, since the sun could shine in many places, even across the great water. This first conference lasted three hours, and the Indians showed no fatigue, but on the contrary proposed that they should build a town and live together. After Eliot had given the men tobacco and the children apples, they separated.

A fortnight afterward, Eliot went again to Waban's

wigwam, where he talked also to the children. This sermon was also followed by questions. Why was it, since they had a common father, that white men differed so much from the Indians, particularly in their knowledge of their father? How did it happen that the sea was salt and the land water fresh? Why does the sea not overflow the earth? Then a difficult question for even the university man, John Eliot. If an Indian should steal goods, and not be punished by the sachem or by any law, and then should restore the goods, would God still punish him for his theft? This interview was continued the entire afternoon.

The powwows by this time interfered, and when Eliot went for the third time he found the Indians in a different mood. Understanding the reason of this, he began to warn them of the devil and his temptations. This made the Indians serious, and they wanted to know if it would be wrong to pray to the devil? Whether dreams should be believed? What is a spirit? And finally why did the English call them Indians? To these questions John Eliot merely says he gave them fit answers.

After this meeting an Indian named Wampas came to Roxbury with two other Indians, his son, and several children. The children he wanted to leave with the English that they might be well brought up. The two Indians wanted to be servants in some English family that they might be in the true way. Meanwhile Waban, his Indian host, began to tell other

Indians all the strange new things he had heard. Finally one of the powwows determined to have nothing more to do with Chepian, the devil, and explained to Eliot the way powwows are created. First you have a dream in which Chepian comes in the form of a serpent. The next day you tell your dream to your companions, and they agree that this must be an intimation from the other world that you are to be a powwow. Then the Indians get together and dance around you for two days. Henceforth you are a priest, and can cure the sick by incantations and strange gestures. If the patient dies, you are reviled and perhaps killed. In any case, you first get your fee.

In December there was a fourth meeting at Nonantum, when the Indians offered all their children for a school; but for this they had no money to pay. One of the first evidences of their new zeal was shown by cutting off their hair and wearing it English fashion. As the Indian's vanity largely lies in his hair, to cut it off was very significant, and for this act they suffered not only ridicule but persecution from the other Indians. The result of these four meetings was that the Indians with Waban at their head formed a settlement and made a number of laws, which chiefly related to cleanliness, industry, and good order. Here are some of the laws:

There shall be no more powwows among the Indians.

Whoever steals shall restore fourfold.

That the Indians may be brought to a sense of the sin of lying, for the first lie, five shillings, the second lie ten shillings, the third, twenty shillings.

They must pay their debts to the English.

No Indian must enter an Englishman's house without knocking.

No one must take an Englishman's canoe; the penalty five shillings.

That they shall wear their hair covering like the English, penalty five shillings.

There shall be no allowance to pick lice and eat them, as formerly; penalty, a penny a louse.

No man shall have more than one wife.

Whoever shall beat his wife shall pay two shillings.

Thus began the first settlement, which was called Nonantum, the name being chosen by their English friends. John Eliot gave them spades, shovels, mattocks, and hoes to work with, and a sixpence a rod for their work on ditches and walls. "So zealous they were that they called for tools faster than he could supply them. The wigwams were now much better built, the poorest surpassing the former homes of the sachems. They used the bark of trees, and divided them into different rooms. They fenced their grounds with ditches and stone walls, and began to practise agriculture. The women were not behind; John Eliot had secured them spinning wheels, and they became very skillful spinners. In the winter they carried brooms, baskets, turkey, and eel-pots to the near-

by towns and sold them. In the summer they took berries, grapes, and fish to the English, in the autumn and spring they sold venison, cranberries, and strawberries. Thus in time the Indian instead of roaming worked with his hands for himself and family."

It may be imagined that the example of the community at Nonantum was not lost on the neighboring Indians. At Neponset was a sachem named Cutshamokin, who in turn became John Eliot's host, and meetings took place in his wigwam. One of the first things that happened concerned Cutshamokin's son, a boy of fifteen, who got drunk and behaved badly to his father and mother. Vainly John Eliot tried to teach him the Fifth Commandment. The boy reluctantly was got to say "honor thy father," but refused to add "mother," and moreover said that his father had given him sack to drink. This Cutshamokin admitted. At length Eliot advised Cutshamokin to confess publicly some of his sins, which were neither few nor light, and that would influence his son. This he did before all the Indians in the wigwam, and the boy was so impressed that he made a humble confession, and he and his father and mother, with their arms around one another, wept until "the board on which they stood was wet with their tears."

But this did not end their troubles with Cutshamokin, "whose wild passions were never well tamed." As he himself said, "My heart is but very little better than it was; I am afraid it will be as bad again as it

JOHN ELIOT AMONG THE INDIANS

was before." The Indians wanted to form a town at Natick like that of Nonantum. This Cutshamokin opposed so violently that he frightened the Indians, who stole away. Eliot saw that he must meet violence by firmness, and, gazing steadily into Cutshamokin's eye, told him that he was about God's business, that he feared neither him nor any other sachem and he would go on with the undertaking. This silenced Cutshamokin and strengthened Eliot with the other Indians.

Shortly after, the sachem confided to Eliot that the reason he opposed the town was lest he should lose his income as sachem. The teaching was all right, but the Indians would refuse to pay him tribute, and that was the reason the sachems were jealous and objected to the towns. John Eliot went to Boston and consulted the magistrates and elders concerning this objection. The Indians, hearing of this statement of Cutshamokin, went to Boston and told the magistrates that they had not refused to pay tribute to Cutshamokin. On the contrary, they had given him twenty bushels of corn at one time, six at another; they had spent several days hunting for him; they had killed him fifteen deer; they had built him a large wigwam and had broken up two acres of land for him. On estimating this the magistrates found it amounted to thirty pounds. Cutshamokin was very sullen over this result of his complaints, the real reason being his loss of power over the Indians. Being still intractable,

John Eliot, after the fashion of his time, preached a sermon at him, and at length "brought him to a fair and orderly course of conduct."

II

Since the Indians were persuaded to give up their powwows, it became necessary to provide some substitute in which they would have confidence, in case of illness. Eliot then applied to his English friends for some one to instruct them in suitable medical remedies, believing also that with the help of the Indian's knowledge of plants many new remedies might be discovered of value to both races.

In their efforts to adopt the customs, religion, and ethics of the palefaces, the Indians were confronted with many new problems. Gambling was one of their great passions. Now they wanted to know if they should pay the gambling debts made before they became "praying Indians." This was the sort of question that had never before been asked of the Puritan, John Eliot. He confesses to being embarrassed by it, involving as it did both questions of honor and a countenance of gambling. He advised them to take the matter before a magistrate. This did not satisfy them. Then after giving them a lecture both on the sin of gambling and the propriety of keeping their promises, he advised each side to concede half of the debt. This compromise was accepted.

Another difficult question was presented. The religious movement had brought the women into a prominence they had never before had. Many of these had been active and influential. Nevertheless John Eliot believed that women should keep silence in the churches, and the Indian women were told that if they had any questions to ask these must be intrusted to their husbands. One of these women was the wife of Wampas, who asked through her husband: "When my husband prays, if I say nothing, yet my heart goes along with what he says, do I pray?" Another woman very subtly put the question: "If my husband prays, can he with a good conscience beat me?" This, however, she made in the form of a statement. "Before my husband prayed," she said, "he was very angry and frowned; but since he began to pray, he has not been so much angry, only a little." This the preacher understood; and that while to a certain extent the husband had overcome his anger, he still needed further reformation.

The work among the Indians grew. Tahattawan, the sachem at Concord, came personally to hear John Eliot, and summoning his chief men advised them that the English were doing a good work, and that they should imitate it. "For what have you gained," he said, "while you have lived under the power of the higher sachems, Indian fashion? They only sought to get what they could from you, and took at their pleasure your kettles, your skins, and your wampum. But

the English, you see, do no such thing; instead of taking from you, they give it you."

The effect of the sachem's speech was to win them over, and they drew up a body of twenty-nine conclusions and orders, "relating to drunkenness, lying, stealing, powwowing, neatness, order, cleanliness, and had morning and evening prayer in their wigwams."

The magistrates now set up a court specially for the Indians, and all fines were to be devoted to building their churches. The Indians began to wear the clothes of civilization, and duly cut their hair, in conformance to one of John Eliot's most cherished prejudices. Hair was, in fact, a burning question in the colony, and a long-haired man was subject to arrest. Now and then the English ministers would come out in a body to meet the Indians and their questions, which had become no less numerous nor acute. We can imagine these learned theologians and the red men confronting one another, and trying their wits. One of the questions asked was "whether the devil or man was made first?" "Why, since God was all-powerful, he did not kill the devil and have done with him?" "If a man should be enclosed in iron a foot thick and thrown into the fire, what would become of his soul?"

It will be seen that the learned men had their task before them. The Indians were also very curious concerning all natural phenomena, and started inquiries about the causes of thunder, lightning, earthquakes, sun, moon, stars, and sea. On one occasion a drunken

Indian startled the clergy by asking: "Who made sack, Mr. Eliot? Who made sack?" The other Indians rebuked him for asking "a pappoose question." They asked also what would become of their children after death when they had not sinned. Another curious query, and which illustrates the acuteness of the Indian mind, was, "Suppose two men sin, of whom one knows he has sinned, and the other does not know it; will God punish them both alike?"

What we know as the Blue Laws of the colony were made to apply equally to these Indian communities. One Sunday Cutshamokin's wife went to fetch water from the spring, and on the way talked with other women on "worldly matters." For this she was publicly rebuked by Nobantum, the Indian teacher for that day. She was evidently able to hold her own, for she observed that he had done more harm by making talk about it in the assembly than she had done by getting the water. Another time Waban, who was very hospitable, had two Indians come to visit him on Sunday, and wishing to give them a good meal, and knowing just where a coon might be treed, sent two of his men to get it. These cut down the tree and caught the coon. The other Indians were much shocked at this, and Mr. Eliot was called on to take public notice of the offence. Again, an Indian who had returned to his wigwam on Sunday found that the fire had gone out. He took a piece of wood, cut it, and, by rubbing the pieces together Indian fashion,

lighted the fire. This transgression was the occasion of another public lecture. For beating his wife Wampas was made to stand up before a large assembly, including the governor, and confess his fault, meanwhile weeping copiously.

John Eliot now carried his mission farther and farther into the woods. On the Merrimac River was a famous "bashaba," or great sachem, extending his power over a wide extent of territory. His name was Passaconaway. Once before, John Eliot had endeavored to meet him, but the chief fled, pretending that he thought they were trying to kill him. The next spring Eliot tried again, and visited Pawtucket, where a great number of the Indians had gathered for the fishing. This gathering Eliot compared to an English fair. Here he had a large congregation and among the number the old chief, who rose and spoke in meeting, and begged John Eliot to come and live among his people, and offering the best of his land for the purpose. To his people he said: "Never quarrel with the English, for if you do they will root you out of your land. I was once as much of an enemy to them as I could be; but it was all in vain. I counsel you never to contend or make war with them." So there was much wisdom as well as religion in Passaconaway's change of mind. He begged Eliot also to found a central town to which the Christian Indians might go.

These journeys into the forest were very wearisome. As he could not live Indian fashion, Eliot had

not only to take his own food and drink but to carry presents to the Indians. Going South to visit some tribes he was exposed to violent storms and floods, without finding any shelter. From Tuesday to Saturday he was drenched with rain, making his way through the swollen rivers on his horse, which eventually became so exhausted that Eliot had to dismount and lead him. Meanwhile there being a war on between the Narragansetts and Mohegans, he was subject to some danger. When the Nashaway sachem heard of his peril, he sent some of his own Indians to guard him. Eliot travelled also to Cape Cod, where he found not only a strange dialect, but a fierce sachem, whom the English called Jehu, who had promised his tribe should listen to the preacher, but at the appointed hour sent his men out fishing. Jehu himself came in late and sat sullenly through the sermon. Another sachem, however, rose and said that much of what he heard he had heard from his fathers, and they through a wise man cast on the shores. This seemed to confirm a rumor that, three years before the Plymouth settlers arrived, a French ship had been wrecked on the coast, and all on board were murdered by the Indians but two or three, one being a French priest. He had told the Indians that God would destroy them for their wickedness. They laughed at him; the Indians were too many for any God to kill. Shortly after, a pestilence swept multitudes away. This had made a great impression, for they were very superstitious. As the

sachem now expressed it, his "forefathers knew God, but fell into a deep sleep and when they awoke God had forgotten them."

Eliot had still to contend with the great sachems and the powwows. Uncas, the great chief, had protested to the assembly at Hartford against the efforts to convert his followers, and Massasoit and young Massasoit had set their faces against Eliot. The cause in each case was the loss of despotic power. In many instances Eliot's life was in danger, nothing but the fear of the English restraining the sachems, who took their revenge by expelling the praying Indians from their villages. It had long been John Eliot's desire to found a central town for his Indians a little remote from the British towns. He now secured six thousand acres near Natick from John Speene, a grant which was confirmed by the General Court. This settlement occupied both sides of the Charles River, which in summer could be easily forded, but in the spring was very deep. The first thing the Indians did through the persuasion of John Eliot was to build a foot-bridge, eighty feet long and nine feet high in the middle. This, it may be said, was the first piece of modern construction ever undertaken by the Indians, and although rude enough, was the object of general admiration. Their town was laid out in three streets, two on one side, and one on the other side of the river. Lots were laid out, trees were planted, the fields were sowed with grain, and in building the houses it is said

THE TREE UNDER WHICH JOHN ELIOT PREACHED IN SOUTH NATICK, MASS.

with pride that even cellars were dug. In the centre was a circular fort surrounded by trees as a palisade, and a large house, English style, for public meetings and a school. "The prophet's chamber," as it was called, was for John Eliot's especial use. This house, with but a day or two's assistance from an English carpenter, was built entirely by the Indians. For their own use the Indians still preferred their wigwams.

For the town government John Eliot went to Moses and divided the community into hundreds, and appointed rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifty, and rulers of ten. Every man chose his own ruler of ten, who was called the tithing man, and looked after their good conduct and general welfare. The Indians were so pleased with their new town and form of government that they asked John Eliot why they could not have a fast day, as they observed the English had. He explained to them the occasion of such a solemnity, and as it happened such an occasion came around. Cutshamokin, one of the first sachems to follow John Eliot, in a visit to a neighboring tribe, the Narragansetts, to settle a quarrel, "purchased much strong water" and, briefly, got drunk. A meeting and day of fasting and humiliation was now appointed over Cutshamokin's misconduct, and he was not permitted to take part until he had made public confession. Thus "the blessed day was finished," says John Eliot, and it was considered the first formal act of civil polity among the North American Indians.

The fame of the settlement went abroad. Where the war-whoop once rang out and the wolves howled was now the home of "praying Indians" practising the peaceful arts of civilization. Governor Endicott and the leading men of Boston came out to visit them, heard the school-master read a psalm from the translation of John Eliot, listened to the men and women sing English hymns in their own tongue, admired the foot-bridge and the ingenious manufactures of the Indians, and went home greatly edified by this work in the wilderness.

However, matters were not always so harmonious. Some of "the loose and unsound part of the praying Indians" brought in several quarts of fire-water, which the English were only too ready to sell to them. One of the rulers named Toteswamp sent his boy of nine for some corn and fish to the place where these Indians were holding a drunken revel. One of them gave the boy two spoonfuls of rum; another put the bottle to his lips and made him drink until he was intoxicated. Then they said: "Now we will see if your father will punish us for drunkenness, since you are drunk as well as we." The Indians now began to fight, and the boy lay in this condition all night. When the news was reported to the Indian rulers of the town, they formed a court. Toteswamp was one of its members, and, to prove his loyalty to his religion, said that God required him to punish his child, who was guilty in not having avoided evil company. Although the other

Indians pleaded for the boy, he insisted, and when the three Indians who were drunk were taken to the whipping-post and given each twenty lashes, the little boy was compelled to sit in the stocks for a short while, and then be publicly whipped by his father in the presence of the school-children. This incident John Eliot declared to be "the greatest frown of God he had ever met in his work."

During all these crowded years of teaching, preaching, and building a new civilization among these Indians, John Eliot was carrying on his translation of the Bible for the Indians. The length of the Indian words, the absence of the verbs "to have" and "to be," and the peculiarities of gender made this task almost impossible. The title, for example, of the New Testament in Indian is "Wusku Wuttestamentum Nul-Lordumun Jesus Christ Nuppoquohwussuaoneumun." In endeavoring to state that Sisera looked through a lattice, he found that he had written that Sisera looked through an eel-pot. In Indian, the genders refer to things as either animate or inanimate, and not as male or female. An Indian says "horse mine," "rifle good," "I hungry" without the interposition of any auxiliary. John Eliot's Bible was the first Bible printed in the western world. A fine copy was sent to Charles II, who had come to the throne, and curiously enough it was to the merry monarch it was dedicated. Two hundred copies strongly bound in leather were for the Indians. It should be

added that the Bible was set up by an Indian whose name was James Printer, doubtless from his calling, and it was six years in the press. The Indian Bible was followed by an Indian grammar, a Psalter, and Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted* and *The Practice of Piety*, which proved to be popular books among the Indians; also an Indian primer. By all this the friends of the education of the Indian were so encouraged that a brick building was put up at Cambridge, called the Indian College.

Just as John Eliot's work had reached its most prosperous stage, King Philip's war broke out. Thirteen stockaded towns had been added to that of Natick. Massasoit, the great sachem, had two sons, Wamsutta and Metacum, and being very friendly with the English asked them for English names for his boys. In answer they were called Alexander and Philip. Alexander died of fever, and Philip at the age of twenty-three became chief of the Wampanoags. The attitude of the Pilgrims to the Indians is expressed in Cotton Mather's statement: "The heathen people whose land the Lord God has given to us for a rightful possession." The Indian placed little value on his land, but when he saw it become of value in English hands he was discontented, and troubles over land were frequent.

The colonists believed also in their authority over the Indians and tried to exert it. But Philip proudly said: "Your governor is a subject himself. I will not treat except with my brother Charles of England."

At length, after several years of making and breaking of treaties, war broke out in all its fury, extending from tribe to tribe. It is not necessary to go into the horrors of that period. The terrified whites saw evil portents in comets shooting burning arrows across the sky, in the northern lights taking on strange shapes, in the thunder of hoofs of invisible horsemen, and unearthly bullets whistling through the air. Imagination added all its terrors to reality.

Philip believed that the "praying Indians" would side with the English; and to the whites, frenzied by massacres and untold horrors, an Indian was merely an Indian. Thus between these two the Natick and other Christian Indians suffered terribly. John Eliot, who counselled humane treatment, was assailed, angry mobs threatened his life, and as a traitor he was warned to prepare for death. One Rie Scott called him "an Irish dog, never faithful to his king or country, the devil's interpreter." Notwithstanding that the Christian Indians did good service frequently as scouts, they were shown so little mercy that at last some did join Philip's party. At length an order from the General Court required that they should all be taken to Deer Island, and their towns broken up. They were removed and there suffered great hardships. The slightest incident served to rouse the English. A barn full of hay burned down. This was attributed to the Christian Indians. Fourteen men went to their wigwams and called them out. When they came, two of

the men fired upon them, and a number of the women and children were wounded. The other Indians fled to the forest, where they were exposed to cold and hunger.

Wherever these Indians were found they were considered the prey of the English soldiers, and were plundered of all they had, even of their pewter communion cups. But during the summer a number of Christian Indians were employed against Philip, popular feeling against them having somewhat abated. These proved to be good soldiers. For one thing, they taught the whites something of Indian warfare. "The whites always kept together, and were as easy to hit as a house." The Indians scattered and held green boughs in front of their bodies so that they could not be distinguished from the bushes; for this reason the whites were at a disadvantage. These Christian Indians, said Judge Gookin, were "brave, adroit, and adventurous, and in the summer of 1676 have taken and slain not less than four hundred of the enemy."

After the death of Philip his wife and son were taken, and with other Indians were sent to the West Indies and sold as slaves. John Eliot was bitter in his remonstrance at this inhuman treatment of the captives, but, unable to effect anything with the colonists, wrote to England to his friend Robert Boyle, prominent among Charles II's councillors, begging that he search for and redeem these Indians, some of whom were carried as far as Tangiers. An effort was now made to

again collect the praying Indians into their towns. Some were settled at Nonantum, some at Natick and at other places. But these were so poor and many of them widows that they had to be supported by charity. On one occasion a court was held and John Eliot's old friend Waban made a speech, thanking his English friends in the name of the other Indians.

The rupture, however, was too deep; there were too many unhappy memories; the bond was broken, and the Christian Indians could never again recover their friendly sympathies with and trust in the whites. Moreover, John Eliot was now an old man, and with the rest of the colonists fell into discouragement over the accession of James II.

"There is a cloud," he said, "a dark cloud upon the work of the Gospel among the poor Indians." The light he had kindled was destined to go out, but as his biographer says, "Nonantum and Natick will be ever names of beautiful moral meaning in New England."

Of the single-mindedness and generosity of John Eliot, the following anecdote is told: When he once went to get his modest salary, the parish treasurer, knowing his propensity for giving, tied the money in his handkerchief with several hard knots. As John Eliot was on his way home he stopped to see a family both poor and sick. He blessed them and told them he had brought them relief. Endeavoring to untie his handkerchief he found the knots too hard. In his impatience at the difficulty and the delay, he thrust the

handkerchief into the mother's hand, saying: "Here, dear, take it, I believe the Lord intends it all for you." When too old to preach, and unable to leave the house he had, the slaves of his neighbors came to his house for instruction, and his constant companion was a blind boy whom he taught to repeat chapters in the Bible.

John Eliot died May 20, 1690, at the age of ninety-three. His last words were: "Welcome joy."

Thus peacefully passed away after a stormy life the first and greatest apostle to the North American Indians. At the time of his death Cotton Mather wrote: "We had a tradition that the country could never perish so long as John Eliot lived." Since that day his memory has been steadily cherished. "Show me where John Eliot preached to the Indians," was Dean Stanley's first request on visiting this country.

The Bible John Eliot sent to England is now one of the treasures of Jesus College, his Alma Mater, at Cambridge; and the latest tribute to the memory of John Eliot took place on the 204th anniversary of his death, when a memorial window was dedicated at Widford in the church where as an infant he was baptized.

SAMSON OCCUM, MOHEGAN

PREACHER

SAMSON OCCUM, MOHEGAN PREACHER

I

"ON some unknown day in the latter part of the seventeenth century, an Indian of the Mohegan tribe, who had dwelt in the region between the Shetucket and Quinebaug Rivers, moved southward and set up his wigwam west of the river Thames in the vicinity of Uncas Hill, the ancient home of his sachem."

This sachem was Uncas, known of all the readers of Leatherstocking; the Indian's name was Tomockham. Here in the territory of which Lyme, Stonington, Bolton, and Pomfret were the four corners, were the tribal lands and the village of the Mohegans, now known as Ben's Town, in distinction to John's Town, a half mile south, Ben and John being sons of Uncas and rival chieftains. Tomockham and his sons belonged to the party of Ben Uncas. The eldest of Uncas's sons, Joshua, lived about a mile from Uncas Hill, and in his wigwam, in the year 1723, Samson Occum was born, his mother being Sarah, a descendant of the great Uncas. Sarah had two other children, Jonathan, who was a soldier in the Revolution, and Lucy, wife of John

Tantaquidgeon. Tomockham, we are told, was a mighty hunter, wandering in search of game throughout the hunting season. To Sarah fell the care of the wigwam and the children. As an Indian mother, she proved to be a woman of intelligence and force of character.

Of his childhood Samson Occum writes in the brief pages of the autobiography which in later years he began to prepare:

"I was Born a Heathen and Brought up in Heathenism till I was between 16 and 17 years of age, at a Place Called Mohegan, in New London, Connecticut in New England. My Parents lived a wandering life as did all the Indians at Mohegan. They Chiefly Depended upon Hunting, Fishing and Fowling for their Living and had no connection with the English, excepting to Traffic with them in their small trifles and they strictly maintained and followed their Heathenish ways, customs and Religion. Neither did we cultivate our land nor keep any Sort of Creatures, except Dogs which we used in Hunting, and we Dwelt in Wigwams. These are a sort of Tent, covered with Matts made of Flags. And to this Time we were unacquainted with the English Tongue in general, though there were a few who understood a little of it."

The first school established among the Mohegans was in the year Samson Occum was born. This was by Captain John Mason, the official "guardian" of the tribe, under the protection of the Society for the Prop-

SAMSON OCCUM

agation of the Gospel. It was the custom of the neighboring ministers to drop in now and then and examine the children. On the report of the Reverend Eliphalet Adams of New London and the Reverend Benjamin Love of Norwich, we learn that "while some read in their primers and others in their Psalters, they all spelt well, and some were able to read off a Psalter roundly without spelling"; also that they could "say the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and a pretty deal in Mr. Cotton's Catechism *Milk for Babes*."

Young Ben Uncas 3d was one of the star pupils; he was indeed so promising that Mr. Adams took him in his own home, and after five years "he was put upon grammar learning," with the intention of making him a preacher. Subsequently he did become a schoolteacher until he succeeded his father as sachem. Samson Occum was not one of these promising pupils. He says of himself:

"Once a Fortnight in ye Summer Season a Minister from New London [Rev. Eliphalet Adams] used to come up and the Indians to attend; not that they regarded the Christian Religion, but they had Blankets given to them every Fall of the year and for these things they would attend. And there was a Sort of a School Kept, when I was quite young, but I believe there never was one that ever Learnt to read anything. And when I was about ten years of age there was a man [Jonathan Barber] who went about among the Indian Wigwams, and wherever he could find the In-

dian Children would make them read, but the Children used to take Care to keep out of his Way: and he used to Catch me some times and make me Say over my Letters and I believe I learnt some of them. But this was Soon over too, and all this Time there was not one amongst us that made a Profession of Christianity."

Imagination pictures these good Puritans laying hold of the little Indians of the woods and endeavoring to entice them within four walls to learn the Psalter and Mr. Cotton's *Milk for Babes*, and it is a scene not without humor. They were helped, however, by the conversion of Sachem Ben Uncas 2d, young Ben, and his wife, who "on profession of faith" were regularly received as members of the First Church of New London. It was an important event as recorded in the Connecticut archives.

"Whereas Sachem Ben Uncas of the Moheag Indians hath declared that he doth embrace the Christian religion, which is the only instance of any of the chiefs of the Indian natives in the Colony becoming Christians, tho' much pains has been taken with them. The Assembly being willing to encourage so good a beginning, do desire his Honour, the Governor to procure for said Sachem a coat made in the English fashion, and a hat, and also a gown for the said Sachem's wife, and His Honour is desired to draw from the publick treasury sufficient Money to purchase said Coat and Hat and Gown."

"This on more than one occasion was the attire in

which the fathers arrayed their Indian converts for the Heavenly course," says Occum's biographer.

Shortly afterward arose what is known as the "Great Awakening," among not only the whites but the Indians of this region, chiefly through the efforts of the Reverend George Whitefield, the English evangelist. Among the converts was the "Widow Sarah Occum," her husband Joshua having died. The young Samson also fell under these influences, of which he gives the following account:

"When I was 16 years of age, we heard a strange Rumor among the English that there were extraordinary Ministers Preaching from Place to Place and a Strange Concern among the White People. This was in the Spring of the Year. But we saw nothing of these things till Some Time in the Summer, when Some ministers began to visit us and Preach the Word of God; and the Common People also came frequently and exhorted us to the things of God which it pleased the Lord, as I humbly hope, to Bless and accompany with Divine Influences to the Conviction and Saving Conversion of a Number of us, amongst whom I was one that was Impresst with the things we had heard. These Preachers did not only come to us, but we frequently went to their meetings and Churches. After I was convicted I went to all the meetings I could come at, & continued under Trouble of Mind about 6 months, at which time I began to Learn the English Letters, got me a Primer and used to go to my English

Neighbours frequently for Assistance in Reading, but went to no school. And when I was 17 years of age I had, as I trust, a Discovery of the way of Salvation through Jesus Christ and was enabled to put my trust in him alone for Life & Salvation. From this Time the Distress and Burden of my mind was removed, and I found Serenity and Pleasure of Soul in Serving God. By this time I just began to Read in the New Testament without Spelling, and I had a Stronger Desire Still to Learn to read the Word of God, and at the Same Time had an uncommon Pity & Compassion to my Poor Brethren According to the Flesh. I used to wish I was Capable of Instructing my poor Kindred. I used to think if I could once Learn to Read I would Instruct the poor Children in Reading and used frequently to talk with our Indians Concerning Religion. Thus I continued till I was in my 19th year, and by this Time I could Read a little in the Bible."

It was young Occum's good fortune at this time to meet the Reverend Eleazar Wheelock, and their subsequent friendship and mutual relationship, which continued through life, take their place among similar rare and important relations among men so differently circumstanced by race and condition. "My Black Son," Doctor Wheelock calls him in his correspondence, while Samson paid his tutor the homage rendered at that time. Doctor Wheelock was a graduate of Yale College and a Congregational minister. In addition to his pastoral duties at Lebanon, he took a few young

men into his house as students. Of these young Occum heard, but he shall relate his own story:

"At this time my Poor Mother was going to Lebanon, and having had some knowledge of Mr. Wheelock and Learning that he had a number of English Youth under his Tuition I had a great Inclination to go to him and to be with him a week or a Fortnight, and Desired my Mother to Ask Mr. Wheelock whether he would take me a little while to Instruct me in Reading. Mother did so, and when she came Back, she said Mr. Wheelock wanted to see me as soon as possible. So I went up thinking I should be back again in a few Days. When I got up there, he received me with kindness & compassion, & instead of staying a Fortnight or 3 weeks, I spent 4 years with him."

That Samson does not seem to have had any doubts but that he would be received among these youths of different race and color, is an evidence of his courage and determination. He was rightly assured. Doctor Wheelock received him warmly, and we find him interesting himself among his friends to procure his ward "some old and some new clothes." The Indian boy is said to have first lived in a hut near by, but he soon became an inmate of the doctor's home. For this Doctor Wheelock received no payment other than perhaps the Indian mother's services, for in his diary in 1744, a year after, Samson writes: "Mater mea et Duo Libri Ejus venierunt ad Dominum Wheelock manere ibi Tempore." Pretty good for an Indian boy after one

year's schooling; for Samson entered December 6, 1743. In those days the study of the classics was begun very early, and continued until the end of school life. At Dartmouth College is preserved a copy of the Lord's Prayer in Latin, Greek, and French on a sheet of paper inscribed "Samson Occum, the Indian of Mohegan, Ejus Manus."

After a time, however, we find the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel contributing sixty pounds a year for Samson's support, and this they continued while Samson was with Doctor Wheelock. Concerning this school, which subsequently became known as "Wheelock's Charity Indian School," after the plain-speaking manner of the fathers, we learn something of the manner of life and course of study from Mr. John Smith, a Boston merchant:

"I reached his house a little before the evening sacrifice, and was movingly touched on giving out the psalm to hear an Indian youth set the time, and the others following him and singing the tenor and bass with remarkable gravity and seriousness; and though Mr. Wheelock, the schoolmaster and a minister from our Province (called, as I was, by curiosity) joined in Praise, yet they, unmoved, seemed to have nothing to do but to sing to the Glory of God. I omit Mr. Wheelock's prayer, and pass to the Indians; in the morning when on ringing the school-house bell they assemble at Mr. Wheelock's house about five o'clock with their master, who named the chapter in course for the day,

and called upon the near Indian, who read three or four verses, till the master said 'Proximus,' and then the next Indian read some verses, and so on till all the Indians had read the whole chapter. After this, Mr. Wheelock prays, and then each Indian parses a verse or two of the chapter they had read. After this they entered successively on Prosodia, and then on Disputations on some questions propounded by themselves in some of the arts and sciences. And it is really charming to see Indian youths of different tribes and languages in pure English reading the word of God and speaking with exactness and accuracy on points (either chosen by themselves or given out to them) in the several arts and sciences; and especially to see this done with at least a seeming mixture of obedience to God, a filial love and reverence to Mr. Wheelock, and yet with great ambition to excel each other. And indeed in this morning's exercises I saw a youth degraded one lower in the class who before the exercises were finished not only recovered his own place, but was advanced two higher. I learnt that my surprise was common to ministers and other persons of literature who before me had been to visit this school, or rather College, for I doubt whether in colleges in general a better education is to be expected; and in mentioning this to a gentleman in this town who had visited this Seminary, he acquainted me that he intended at his own charge to send his son to obtain his education in mixture with these Indians. There were 4 or 5 of these Indians,

from 21 to 24 years of age, who did not mix with the youth in these exercises; these I learnt were perfected in their literature, and stand ready to be sent among the Indians to keep schools and occasionally to preach as doors open. On my return, Mr. Wheelock accompanied me a few miles; and on passing by one house, he said, here lives one of my Indian girls, who was, I hope converted last week; and calling to the farmer, he, unperceived, brought the young girl into our sight; and the pleasure was exquisite to see the savageness of an Indian moulded into the sweetness of a follower of the Lamb."

David McClure, one of the Indian boys, who arrived later, says: "We reposed on straw beds in bunks, and generally dined on a boiled dish and Indian pudding." Samson Occum's biographer further pictures the scene:

"Here, then, was a little group of buildings—the center of a country parish—in which Doctor Wheelock could conveniently carry on his work. The meeting-house stood on the green where the two main roads crossed, one leading from Hartford to Norwich and the other from Middletown to Windham and Providence. It was a simple structure, forty-six feet by sixty-four, built in 1748, and at this time it was covered with a coat of sky-blue paint. As an encouragement to the school, the parish voted in 1755 to set apart for the boys 'the pew in the gallery over the west stairs,' and in 1761 it gave the 'Indian girls liberty to sit in the hind seat on the woman's side below.' At times these pews

must have been filled to overflowing. Some of the pupils, both boys and girls, became members of this church. On several occasions the congregation gathered here on the Sabbath was honored with the presence of Indian chiefs from distant tribes bedecked in royal attire."

There were two acres around the school-house, where the Indian boys were taught to farm. George Whitefield presented them with a bell, which was "decently hung," and they were also called to prayers and lessons by a blast from a conch shell.

Here Samson Occum stayed four years, studying also Hebrew, as he hoped to become a minister, and music, which served him well in later years; and acquiring, meanwhile, the refinements and amenities of social life, which were also important in his after career. It was first intended that he should go to Yale College, and the Reverend Samuel Buell says that he made such "Progress in learning that he was well fitted for Admission into College that he would have entered on his Second year."

But this was not to be. Overstudy had strained his eyes, forbidding further use. His thoughts were now turned in another direction; he would immediately set out to help his race. While at school he had now and then gone with his tribe to Montauk for the fishing. Here he varied fishing with wandering among the wigwams holding meetings. In this way he had become acquainted with the Montauk and Shinnecock tribes

and learned something of their language. The Indians had long begged Occum to settle among them and teach their children. He now applied to the society which was supporting him for permission, and it was "voted that inasmuch as Samson Occum is taken off his studies by a pain in his eyes, that Mr. Williams of Lebanon be asked to advise in the affair as to his keeping school or engaging in manual labor and in the meantime they would be willing to keep him and allow what is necessary toward effecting a cure."

It was then settled that Samson should go to Montauk for six months as an experiment. He remained twelve years as "school-teacher, minister, and judge." The first winter he had thirty pupils, teaching in the evening those who could not come in the day. Occum had never heard of a kindergarten, but he had kindergarten methods of his own.

"Finding that the children could distinguish the letters by ear, but could not so well by sight, he cut letters out of paper, pasted them on cedar chips, and at his word the one named would be brought to him out of the pile. Such ingenuity was characteristic of him in his teaching."

Having lived amid the comforts of the home of Doctor Wheelock, he now lived in a wigwam, following the tribe now to the planting grounds, and now to the forest. On Sunday he preached three times, he visited the sick, wrote their wills, and decided disputes. Among the influential Indians of the Montauk tribe was James

Fowler, who, although like most of the Indians living near the whites he had taken an English name, was living in a wigwam, and an Indian by custom as by inheritance. His children went to school, and among them was Mary, "intelligent, virtuous, and comely," with whom Occum now fell in love. We are told that in his diary his "attention was very much divided between the Epistle to the Thessalonians and this Indian Maiden." He consulted his adviser, Mr. Williams, on this matter, and despite Mr. Williams's advice "to be cautious," Occum married Mary.

Notwithstanding the society's agreement to aid him, Occum remained very poor. In addition to all his duties, he hunted and fished for food; he cut out of wood spoons, ladles, gun-stocks, pails, piggins, and churns. More worthy of note is that he bound old books for the English of East Hampton. Meanwhile he had other troubles than working by night to keep the wolf from the door of his wigwam. He bought a mare and she fell into a quicksand. He bought another and she was stolen. A third died of distemper; the fourth had a colt and broke her leg; soon after the colt died. After that Occum walked.

After he had been at Montauk a year and a half, the Reverend Aaron Burr, of Princeton, N. J., hearing of his good work, invited him to come to New Jersey, having secured his support from a rich Philadelphian. Occum, however, felt that his health required an outdoor life; moreover, the Montauks, now desiring to live

more civilized lives, needed him. It is significant of the place that Samson Occum had so achieved that he became a bone of contention among the different Christian societies. The Scottish Society desired to send him on a mission to the Cherokees. The Boston Society offered him thirty pounds more to be ordained and become a Congregational minister. Doctor Wheelock, however, interposed and recommended that this ceremony be performed by the Long Island Presbytery. Thus Occum became a Presbyterian minister, preaching his trial sermon from the text, "They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow down before him, and his enemies shall lick the dust." The sermon was successful. Doctor Samuel Buell exclaims: "He is an ornament to the Christian religion and the Glory of the Indian Nation." Occum, in writing the details of the occasion, says: "Laus te Deum. Thus the Solemnity ended."

The Cherokee Indians having gone on the war-path, it was determined to send him on a mission to the Oneidas. Shortly after, Occum received a letter from the Reverend William Kirkpatrick, in which is the following extract:

"New York, *Novr* 25th 1760

"Revd Sir.

"Having been called, in this last Summers Campaign, to act in the Capacity of Chaplain to the N. Jersey Regimt. commanded by Col. Peter Schuyler, I think it my Duty to inform you—That, in our March from

Fort Stanwix to the Oneida Lake, we happened to meet with a Number of the Oneida Indians, who seemed to pay a great Respect to that sacred Character, which, from my Apparel, they easily imagined I sustained—and upon entering into Conversation with them, they agreably surpriz'd me by discovering an earnest Desire of having a Minister setled among them—They informed me that they had collected together (I think) 300 Dollars for erecting an House of Worship, which would be applied to that Purpose as soon as they cou'd get a Minister—They likewise informed me that they had their Children baptized by Ministers in their occasional Visits—and desired me to marry a Couple which I complied with—They appear to have considerable Notions of a Supreme Being, and of Revealed Religion—and there are two Indians of their Nation who attempt something like Preaching on the Sabbath Days. I was further informed by them that not only their own Nation of the Oneidas, But also their Cousins, the Tuscaroras were willing to join in this Affair—and they pressed it upon me to endeavor to send them a Minister, and promised, if I did, they would be Kind to him."

This letter refers to two Indians who had been preaching among the Oneidas. One was distinguished by the name of Gwedelhes Agwerondong, fortunately known under the name of "Good Peter," of the Eel clan of Oneidas, living on the Susquehanna, and the greatest orator of the Six Nations. The Scotch Society now voted, "That the Reverend Mr. Wheelock of

Lebanon be desired to fit out David Fowler, an Indian Youth, to accompany Mr. Sampson Occum, going on a Mission to the Oneidas, that said David be supported on said Mission for a Term not exceeding 4 Months, and that he endeavour on his Return to bring with him a Number of Indian Boys, not exceeding three, to be put under Mr. Wheelock's Care and Instruction."

David Fowler, who has been called the "Mercury of the Indian Missions," was the young brother of Occum's wife, Mary. He was a lad of both spirit and humor as well as of devotion. His pen was much more alert than that of Occum, and we are indebted to it for much that happened among the Oneidas. It is recorded that on June 10, before Doctor Wheelock's house and in front of the sky-blue meeting-house was an interested group, consisting of the doctor and his wife, young Samuel Kirkland, and some Indian boys. Two horses were led out, and on their backs sprang a Mohegan in his prime and a spirited young Montauk. It was thus that Samson Occum and David Fowler set out to make their way through the trackless forest for hundreds of miles as the first missionaries to the Oneidas. Their journey was by way of New York City, where Samson was to take counsel of his society. A part of this journey Samson sets down in quaint English and with shrewd observation of the ways of the white man:

"Wedensday, June y^e^ 10 about 3 P. M. Brother David and I took leave of Mr. Wheelock and his Family and

Sot out on our Journey for Onoyda by way of New York—Reached Heartford about 9 at night—Lodged at Captain Bulls, and were kindly treated—the man seemed to be Truly Religious, keep very good order in his House.

"Thirsday, June y^e^ 11 about 9 in the Morning We Sot out on our Journey and got about 6 Miles Westward of N. Haven and Lodged at one Woodroffs.

"Fryday, June y^e^ 12—Sot out Early in the Morning, got to Stanford at Night Lodged at a Certain Tavern.

"Saturday, June y^e^ 14. Went on our way, got within 5 mile of the City of New York, and turnd in at one Mr. Goldsmiths.

"Sabbath, June y^e^ 15. Taried at Goldsmiths, we did not go to the City for Publick Worship for fear of Small Pox being informed very brief (sic) right there—But I never saw a Sabbath Spent so by any Christians People in my Life as some Spent it here. Some were Riding in Chairs, Some upon Horse-back, orthers traveling foot, Passing and Repassing all day Long, and all Sorts of Evil Noises Caried by our Door. Drunkards were Realing and Stagaring in the Streets, others tumbling off their Horses, there were others at Work on their Farms, and (if) any people ever under the Heavens Spoke Hell's Language, these People did, for their Mouths were full of Cursings, Prophanings God's Holy Name—I greatly Mistake if These were not the Sons and Daughters of Belial.

"O thou God of Heaven, thou yt Hast all the Hearts of the Children of Men in thy Hands, Leave me not to Practice the Works of these People, but help me, O Lord, to take warning and to take heed of myself according to thy Holy Word, and have mercy upon the Wicked, Convince and Convert them to thy Self, for thine own glory.

"I have thought there was no Heathen but the Wild Indians, but I think now there is some English Heathen, where they Enjoy the Gospel of Jesus Christ too, Yea, I believe they are worse than y^{e} Savage Heathens of the wilderness,—I have thought that I had rather go with the meanest and most Dispis'd creature on Earth to Heaven, than to Go with the greatest Monarch Down to Hell, after a Short Enjoyment of Sinful Pleasures with them in this World—I am glad there is one defect in the Indian Language, and I believe in all their Languages they Can't Curse or sware or take god's Name in Vain in their own Tongue.

"Monday, June y^{e} 15, to the City, and were Conducted to M^{r} Well's at fresh waters and were Very Kindly receiv'd by him and by all his Family. I believe the fear of God [is] in their House and this was our Home as long as we Stay'd in the place. The People of the City were Extreamely kind to us there was not a Day Scarsly, but that I was invited to Dine with one Gentleman or other. The Ministers of all Sects and Denominations were uncommonly kind to me—my Friends Increased Daily while at New York."

At New York Occum found his society halting over the dangers they feared he would encounter, and the money was not raised. He, however, informed the commissioners that he had but one life, and he proposed to go at all hazards. This determination overcame their fears, and the money was raised. He was also provided with a letter to General Amherst. Thus equipped, the two again set forth.

"Thirdsday, June y^e^ 25 we left New York and went on our Journey, Reach'd Peekskills at Night—

"Fryday, June 26 Sot out very Early in the Morning and we made it Night at Rynbeck.

"Saturday, June y^e^ 27 Sot out very Early, and made it Night between Claverack and Kinderhook—

"Sabbath, June y^e^ 28. Went to Kinderhook about five Miles, and there Stopt all Day,—but did not go to Publick Worship, Because the People were Barbarians to us and we to them, in our Toungs, they were Dutch.

"Monday, June y^e^29 left the Place very Early, and got to Albany about 12 o'c and were Conducted to one M^r^ Hants Vn Santvoord & taried there and the People in Albany were very kind to us, I went to wait upon his Excellency, Gen^ll^. Amherst the After Noon after we got to Albany, but he was busy and I Coud not see him, one of his waiters Came out to me, and told me I should have the Generals Assistance and I should make my Appearance about 10 in the Morning.

"Tuesday, June y^e^ 30. I made my Appearance before his Excellency at the Time Apointed according to

orders, his Excellence Met me at the Door and told me he had wrote a Pass for me, and he unfolded it and Read it to me, and when he had Read it, he Delivered it to me, and gave me good Advice and Counsel and wish'd me success in my undertaking & I returnd unfeigned Thanks to him and then took my leave of him &c—The Pass which he gave me was very good one indeed, which I will coppy Down here.

" 'By his Excellency Jeffery Amherst & Esqs Major General, and Commander in Chief of all His Majestys Forces in North America &c &c &c—To All Whom it may Concern

" 'Whereas the Correspondents of the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge, have Acquainted me that the Bearer hereof, the Revd Mr Occom, is sent by them, as a Missionary to Reside amongst the Indians about the Onoyda Lake, These are to order and direct the officers Commanding at the Several Posts, to give him any Aid or Assistance he may Stand in need of to forward him on his Journey, and on his Arival at ye Onoyda Lake, the officer Commanding there will grant him all the Protection and Countenance he may want, in the Execution of his Duty &c

" 'Given under my Hand & Seal at Head Quarters in Albany, this 29th Day of June 1761

" 'By his Excellencys

Command JEFF. AMHERST.'

" 'ARTHUR MUIR.

"Wednesday, July y^e^ 1 left Albany about 10 in the Morning, got to Scenectady about 3 in the after Noon. Stayed there one Night.

"Thirdsday, July 2 Went from Senectady In Company with Colo^l^ Whiting and D^r^ Rodman, they Seemed to be Quite Friendly gentlemen to us, we got about Seven miles westward of Sir William Johnsons.

"Fryday, July y^e^ 3 went to See Sir William at his Farm Seven Miles out off the Road, in the Wilderness, got there about 9 in the Morning, and were very Kindly Entertained by his Honor. I Showed him my Recommendatory Letters, and a Pass from Gen^l^ Amherst, he Promised me his Assistance as Need Should Require, he was exceeding free with me in conversation—But we stayd there but about two Hours, for he was geting in Readines to go on our way on the Next Day towards Detroit with five Battows Laden with Presents for the Indians, he said he wou'd overtake us on the Morrow before Night—We took Leave of his Honor and went our way, after we had got to the Main Road, we Call'd in at Certain House, and there we were Detained one Night by a Storm.

"Saturday, July y^e^ 4. Went on our Journey and Reach'd the German flats at Night, and we Turn'd in at one M^r^ Frank's, a Tavern Keeper—

"Sabbath, July y^e^ 5 we stay^d^ at M^r^ Franks, but did not go to Publick Worship with the People, because they Spoke unknown Toungue to us, But it did Seem like Sabbath by the appearance of the People—

"July the 6—Sir William came to us at Mr Franks

"Tuesday, July ye 7. Sir William and the Chiefs of the Onoyda Indians Met at this Place, to make up a Breach, which one of the Indians made lately, by Killing a Dutchman, they talked about an Hour at this Time, and then Brok up. Towards Night they Met together again, and talk'd together about 3 quarters of an Hour, then finally Brock up without being fully Satisfied. on both sides for, the Indians Insisted upon an old agreement that was Settled between them and the English formerly, that if Any Such Accident Should ever happen between them in Peaceable Times, they Shou'd make it up in an Amicable manner without sheding of Blood. But Sir William told them it was the Comand of General Amherst, that the murderer sho'd be delivered up to Justice—but the Indians said that the murderer was gone off nobody knows where."

They now joined Sir William on his journey to Detroit, and Sir William in his diary, curiously enough, relates that they went in a whale-boat as far as Oneida Old Castle. It was an age of grandiloquent names. The chief of a tribe was very likely called a king, and any kind of a stockade a castle. Here Sir William, whose influence over the Indians was great, commended Occum to their care and friendship.

Meanwhile, in answer to Doctor Wheelock's request for Indian pupils, Sir William sent three boys, one of whom was Joseph Brant, the brother of Molly Brant, both of whom became known in Revolutionary history.

Joseph could speak some English and was well clothed. The others were little savages whose clothes "excepting 2 Indian blankets and Indian Stockings was not worth a sixpence, and they were very lousy." Later William Johnson, a son of Sir William, was sent to Doctor Wheelock—a youth by no means insensible of his dignity. Ralph Wheelock, a son of the doctor, who does not seem to have been a person of discretion, asked William to saddle his horse. William refused on the ground that he was a gentleman, and gentlemen did not perform menial duties.

"Do you know what is a gentleman?" Ralph asked.

"I do. A gentleman is a person who keeps racehorses and drinks Madeira wine. That is what neither you nor your father do. Therefore saddle your horse yourself."

William was afterward sent home, being "too litigious."

Samson and David remained with the Oneidas nine weeks, Occum preaching through an interpreter, and both studying the language. Occum did not continue his diary, doubtless on account of his eyes, which again were paining him. However, he did write to Doctor Wheelock, from whose letter to George Whitefield we learn of his success.

"My black Son M^{r} Occom has lately returned from his Mission to the Onoyadas, and the last week I had the Pleasure to see him with one of that nation (who designs to winter with him and learn the English Lan-

guage & teach Mr Occom Mohawke) and I was agreeably entertained with Mr Occom's Journal. I can only suggest to you a few things most material in it. And to begin where I left off in my Last. When he first came among them they seemed shy of him thro' a Jealosie that something was designed by the English against them, but when Genl Johnson had read his Letters Recommendatory, they appeared well satisfied & much pleased, and as a Testimony of it the Kings of the Onoydas and Tuscaroras, & many others of their Chiefs came & shook hands with him and bid him wellcome among them. Their Chiefs then held a Council to fix upon the best methods to accomodate him with that which was necessary for his comfortable subsistance among them, and you would not wonder that their Chiefs held a councel upon this Head if you knew how extreamly poor they are, having scarce anything that may be called Bread or anything else except what they get by hunting to subsist upon. They proposed to Mr Occom to Chuse where to Live, and whether to live in a house already Built. He chose the Place and let them know yt he chose to live with David (my Indian Schollar) and to live by themselves. They immediately built him a House the structure of which, could the Form & Workmanship thereof be truly represented, might gratify not a little the curiosity of a Brittain, though there was nothing in it yt resembled the Temple of old save that there was not the noise of axes or Hammers in the Building of it. The Materials were the

simple Product of nature, the Remains of the Oakes & chestnuts fell many years ago by the violence of wind. Many of them attended his Ministry & appeared attentive. Numbers from distant Nations came to hear him, and some seemed really desirous to understand and know the truths which most nearly concerned them. And when he was about to leave them their chiefs held another council. The consequence of which was that Old Connoquies (who had been King among the Onoyadas but had now resigned by Reason of Age) the King of the Tuscaroras and other Chiefs, presented him a Belt of Wampum to these Instructions which he received from old Connoquies, viz.

"1—We are glad from the inside of our Hearts that you are come hear to teach the right way of God. We are also thankful to those who sent you, and above all to God.

"2—We intend by the help of God to repent of all our sins and all our heathenish ways & customs. We will put them all behind our Backs, and will never look on them again but will look strait forward and run after Christianity.

"3—If we shall try to set up a School we beg the Assistance of the English if they see fit.

"4—We desire that strong Drink may be prohibited, that it may not be brought among us for we find it kills our Bodies and Souls; and we will try to hinder it here.

"5—We desire to be protected on our Lands, that none may molest or encroach upon us.

"6—This Belt of Wampum shall bind us fast together in perpetual Love and Friendship.

"M^r Occom delivered it to those Gentlemen to whom it was directed, but obtained their Leave to bring it hither to gratify my Curiosity, and a curious Girdle it is. M^r Occom says it could not be made for less than £15 sterling."

Of this wampum belt we shall hear more in the future. Returning trouble with his eyes and attacks of rheumatism hastened Occum's return to Montauk and his duties there. In the following June he resumed his mission among the Oneidas. How discouraging was his task and how great its perils we are told in a letter from Doctor Wheelock to George Whitefield in New York:

"Lebanon 16 S*ep^r* 1762.

"My very dear and Hon^d Sir.

"David, my Indian Scholar returned July 18 from the Mohawk Country, where I informed you in my last I sent him, and bro^t with him 4 Indian Boys, three Mohawks and one of the Farmington Tribe. The Boys and Girls which I expected from Onoyada were detained by their Parents on acco^t of a Rumour, & Suspicion of a War just comencing between them and the Nations back of them and in such a case they s^d they did not chuse to have their Children at such a distance from them, but perhaps they were Suspicious y^t they should be obliged to Joyn those Nations against the English. The English youth of which I informed you, who has

been a Captive with the Senecas till he is Master of their Language, and which I sent for with a view to fit him for the Interpreter to that Nation, was under such ingagements to a Trader at Block Fort as that he could not get released for the present. I have again wrote to Gen[l] Johnson who was not at Home when David was there till the Night before David came away, to procure and send y[e] youth if he esteems him likely to answer the Design.

"M[r] Occom writes me a very meloncholly Letter, viz, that by an untimely Frost last fall their Indian Corn was all cut off—y[t] the Onoyadas are almost starved hav[g] nothing to live upon but what they get by Hunting—that they had then just come in from their Pigeon Hunt—and were going a fishing—as soon as they return from that they will go after Deer—that he followed them, but found it very Difficult to get a number of them together to preach to them—that by hard living (tho' they were as kind as they could be) and especially lying upon the wet ground his old Disorder, (viz Rhumatic) returnd, and he was apprehensive he must return before the Time appointed—that he lived in fear of being killd, tho' the Indians had promised him in case a war should break out, they would send him under a Sufficient Guard, down as far as the English Settlements. But there was Something good in his Letter, viz. that there were visible good Effects of his Labours among them last year & especially a Reformation among them as to their Drinking. . . .

"Eleazar Wheelock."

"On account of ye present ruffle which ye Oneidas are in, being engaged in a war with some natives back of them," Occum was obliged to come home. The next season the Pontiac war took place and again he was compelled to return. It is from David Fowler, who later became school-master among the Oneidas, that we learn more of the difficulties which beset these early missionaries. David is a lively correspondent, as these letters attest:

"They are suspicious People. They 'll soon get something another against them if they don't tarry in one Place that will strike off all their Affections from them. If they lose the Affections of these People it is over with them.—I can't express myself by writing as I could by talking.—I live like a Dog here, my Folks are poor and nasty. I eat with Dogs, for they eat & drink out of the same as I do.—I shall need ten Dollars more. It would best for Calvin to come here, here is one pretty Town just by me and good many Children. I must go down to German Flats to get Provision, after that I shall set down to my School. Here are great Number of Children, but I cant tell how many Scholars I shall have. I believe my singing School will exceed the other in Number. I cant get but one Boy here.—You will know why I could get no more by the Speach I send you. Joseph Wooley is almost nacked. I am oblig'd to let him have one of my Shirts.

"I shall be glad [if] you would send me another. Sir, I hope you won't let this Letter be seen. I have

no Table to write upon, besides I have not writ so long my Hand is out of order.—Please to give my kind Respects to Madam, Master and Ministers. Please to accept much Love & Duty from

"Your affectionate
"though unworthy Pupil
"DAVID FOWLER."

"ONEIDA, *June* 24, 1765.

"HON^{d} AND REV^{d} SIR.

"I now write you a few Lines just to inform you that I am well at present, and have been so ever since I left your house. Blessed be God for his Goodness to me. I am well contented here as long as I am in such great Business. My Scholars learn very well. I have put eleven into a, b, ab, &c. I have three more that will advance to that place this Week, & some have got to the sixth page. It is ten thousand pities they can't keep together. They are often going about to get their Provision. One of the Chiefs in whose House I keep told me he believed some of the Indians would starve to Death this Summer. Some of them have almost consumed all their Corn already.

"I came too late this Spring. I could not put any Thing into the Ground. I hope I shall next year. I believe I shall persuade all the Men in this Castle, at least the most of them to labour next Year. They begin to see now that they would live better if they cultivated their Lands than they do now by Hunting &

Fishing. These Men are the laziest Crew I ever saw in all my Days. Their Women will get up early in the Morning, and be pounding Corn for Breakfast, and they (the men) be sleeping till the Victuals is almost ready, and as soon as the Breakfast is over, the Women take up their axes & Hoes & away to the Fields, and leave their Children with the Men to tend. You may see half a dozen walking about with Children upon their Backs—lazy and sordid Wretches—but they are to be pitied.

"I have been miserably off for an Interpreter—I can say but very little to them. I hope by next spring I shall be my own Interpreter.

"It is very hard to live here without the other Bone. I must be obliged to wash & mend my Clothes & cook all my Victuals, & wash all the Things I use, which is exceeding hard. I shan't be able to employ my Vacant hours in improving their Lands as I should do if I had a Cook here."

"Onoyda *September* 23, 1765.

"Honoured Sir.

"I arriv'd here on the fourth instant and immediately began my School; but it is very small at present, occasion'd by gathering Corn and building Houses. I believe I shall have thirty after the hurry is over—My Scholars learn very fast, some have got to the eighth Page. I am yet teaching both Old and Young to sing, they can carry three Parts of several Tunes neatly.

"I made it a long time before I got up here because I

had such [a] heavy Pack.—I bought me Plow Irons and several other Things which I could not do without very well. I have got the little Horse: the Man ask'd a Dollar for keeping him and half a Dollar for going with me ten Miles before he would deliver the Horse to me.—My coming up so slow, buying so many things, giving Money to those Women and bringing two Horses almost took all my Money before I got up; I think I was very prudent with my Money.—I shall want twenty Dollars more, also I shall be exceeding glad [if] you would send me a Compleat Letter Writer and Guide to Prayer."

David had previously confided to Doctor Wheelock that he meant to marry Amy Johnson, the sister of the litigious William, and had bought her a gold ring worth two dollars. The Rib, however, was not so easily secured. His success was no greater with Hannah Pokquiantup. But Hannah Carret, a Pequot maiden, proved more amenable, and Doctor Wheelock not only married them, but set them up with furniture, two horses, two cows, a swine, and some husbandry tools when they set forth for Oneida.

II

Now occurred an interesting interlude in Occum's life. His adventure was now into high civilization, and as an explorer required qualities of an even higher de-

gree than those essential to the forest and the stream. He had removed his family from Montauk to his old tribal lands at Mohegan. Here he had built him a two-storied house, "clapboarded with cedar." A visitor tells us that it "had a Chamber painted and papered and a good Feather Bed." He was now an itinerant preacher to the Niantics, and his "Assemblies were as crowded with English as with Indians."

It was decided, however, that Occum and David should go back to the Six Nations, if money could be raised for their support. For this purpose the two again set out by boat from Norwich for New York to see if the money could be secured. "It looks like Presumption for us to go on a long Journey through Christians without Money; if it was altogether among Indian Heathen we could go well enough," he shrewdly observes. The money could not be raised and the two Indians returned to Mohegan. His return was timely. The Great Mohegan Land Case, which had been a matter of dispute for sixty years between the Indians and the colony, had been decided in favor of the colony. The Indians were greatly aggrieved, and Occum took the part of his race.

"I am afraid the poor Indians will never stand a good chance with the English in land controversies, because they are poor and have no money. Money is almighty, and the Indians have no learning, no wit, no cunning."

The Indians now refused to send their children to school or to attend church. In this Occum upheld

THE HOME OF SAMSON OCCUM, MOHEGAN

THE MOHEGAN CHAPEL, 1831

them. The Reverend Mr. Jewett, the preacher, accordingly called Occum a "Serpent," and Occum retaliated, but with great humility afterward apologized. At this moment, the finances of Doctor Wheelock's school being at the lowest ebb, it was determined to see if money could not be raised in England. George Whitefield had said that if he could find a converted Indian who could preach and pray in English something might be done. This was the occasion of making Occum's eloquence and education of service. "An Indian Missionary might get a Bushel of Money," wrote one minister, and John Smith, the merchant and an old friend of the school, wrote from London: "He must not stay to put on his Wigg, but come in his Night-cap. All that's wanted is to have Mr. Occum here. I know an influential Nobleman that expects him."

In company with the Reverend Nathaniel Whittaker Occum set sail November 21, 1765, in the packet "Boston," John Marshall, captain, and arrived at Brixton February 3. The two men were sent to the home of Mr. Dennis de Berdt, near London. George Whitefield was then in London and shrewdly planned a dramatic entrance for the Indian preacher, concerning whom curiosity was now alert. Occum was kept in strict seclusion until February 16, when he preached his first sermon in George Whitefield's tabernacle, where an immense audience crowded to hear him. Occum was now forty-three years old, a fine type of the Mohegan,

dignified in appearance, calm in manner. His flowing hair touched his shoulders; he wore black with a vest of colonial cut and knee-breeches, and, through Doctor Wheelock, he was accustomed to the refinements and customs of civilized life. Whitefield's management of Occum's appearance was successful. Occum became the talk of the town. He was taken to call on Lord Dartmouth, and soon had met all the "religious nobility," including Salina, the Countess of Huntingdon, of whom Occum writes: "She is the most Heavenly Woman, I believe in all the World."

Through the Earl of Dartmouth he met King George, who gave him for the school two hundred pounds, and presented him with some books. He also saw King George III putting on his diamond-studded crown as he went to Parliament to sign the repeal of the Stamp Act. He dined with Lord Dartmouth and others of the nobility, and in his soft tones entertained the company with tales of Indian life. Meanwhile he was inoculated for small-pox, when two of the most distinguished physicians in London attended him, and ladies and gentlemen crowded to visit him during his convalescence. In the only letter known that he wrote from England, which was to two of his daughters, he playfully says:

"My dear Mary and Esther—

"Perhaps you may query whether I am well: I came from home well, was by the way well, got over well, am

received at London well, and am treated extremely well, —yea, I am caress'd too well. And do you pray that I may be well; and that I may do well, and in Time return Home well. And I hope you are well, and wish you well, and as I think you begun well, so keep on well, that you may end well and then all will be well.

"And So Farewell,

"Samson Occom."

Meanwhile he saw all the sights, and preached to crowded houses from the most distinguished pulpits in London. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York took an interest in him. The Archbishop of Glouces-ter proposed that he take "Holier Orders," a proposition Occum declined, when the interest of the archbishops grew cold. Occum subsequently expressed himself concerning the archbishops in the following letter:

"Now I am in my own country, I may freely inform you of what I honestly and soberly think of the Bishops, Lord Bishops, and Archbishops of England. In my view, they don't look like Gospel Bishops or ministers of Christ. I can't find them in the Bible. I think they a good deal resemble the Anti-christian Popes. I find the Gospel Bishops resemble, in some good measure their good Master; and they follow him in the example he has left them. They discover meekness and humility; are gentle and kind unto all men—ready to do good unto all—they are compassionate and merciful

unto the miserable, and charitable to the poor. But I did not find the Bishops of England so. Upon my word, if I never spoke the truth before I do now. I waited on a number of Bishops, and represented to them the miserable and wretched situation of the poor Indians, who are perishing for lack of spiritual knowledge, and begged their assistance in evangelizing these poor heathen. But if you can believe me, they never gave us one single brass farthing. It seems to me that they are very indifferent whether the poor Indians go to Heaven or Hell. I can't help my thoughts: and I am apt to think they don't want the Indians to go to Heaven with them."

Nothing, however, disturbed his popularity. Even the theatres took him up in mimicry. "I little thought I should come to that honour," he says. Afterward he went through England, preaching everywhere to immense audiences. The successful result of this visit was contributions amounting to nine thousand five hundred pounds. In the spring the two men went to Scotland. Here, in the presence of the General Assembly, Occum produced the wampum belt that had been given to him on his first mission to the Oneidas. This, amid great enthusiasm, was carried from church to church, and assisted in raising two thousand five hundred and twenty-nine pounds. Occum remained away a little over two years, preaching more than four hundred sermons and winning many friends. "Some

Gentleman offered to obtain a Doctorate of Divinity for him in the University of Edinburgh, but Occum modestly declined the honour." Altogether he had raised twelve thousand pounds. For his own services he received one hundred pounds and his expenses. The greater sum was put into the hands of trustees, Lord Dartmouth being the president. Before returning, the portrait of Occum was painted twice, and mezzotints of these were sold by subscription. One of these portraits remained in England. The other came to this country and is now lost, but a replica belongs to Dartmouth College.

In March, 1767, Occum sailed for home in Captain Robert Calef's sloop "London Packet," and arrived at Boston on May 20, whence he immediately started on horseback for Mohegan. From being the fêted guest of London, Occum now confronted many trials. His family had suffered from poverty during his absence, his children had become unruly. Accustomed now to living in a civilized manner, his wife Mary, although a good woman, remained an Indian squaw.

David McClure writes in his diary:

"He appeared to preside in his family with dignity & to have his children in subjection. In these, however, & in his wife, he was not happy. He wished to live in English style; but his Wife who was of the Montauk Tribe retained a fondness for her indian customs. She declined, evening & morning setting at table. Her dress was mostly indian, & when he spake to her in

english, she answered in her native language, although she could speak good english. His children when they left him, adopted the wild & roving life of Savages."

To these troubles were added even greater disappointments concerning the Indian school. Against Occum's hopes Doctor Wheelock had determined to remove it from Lebanon and the Connecticut tribes, and had secured a tract of land in New Hampshire; thither the school was taken. An even greater change took place in its policy. Instead of teaching Indian boys, it was now determined to educate white youth as missionaries to the Indians. It was not for this purpose Occum had collected money in England. Occum had agreed to write back to his English friends concerning the progress of the school. He was now embarrassed concerning what he should say.

"If he wrote he must not be silent concerning the state of the school as friends there w'd expect that from him if he wrote, and as the school is at present constituted he imagined an account of it would not be agreeable to gentlemen at home nor answer their expectations. He complained, but in a friendly manner, that the Indian was converted into an English School and that the English had crowded out the Indian youth. He instanced one Symons a likely Indian who came to get admittance but could not be admitted because the school was full. He supposed that the gentlemen in England thought the School at present was made up

chiefly of Indian youth, and that should he write and inform them to the contrary, as he must if he wrote, it would give them a disgust and jealousy that the charities were not applied in a way agreeable to the intention of the donors and benefactors, which was to educate Indians chiefly."

Doctor Wheelock, to assure him, says that he "hoped many of his tawny brethren would be nourished in the Alma Mater," and Occum replies: "I am very jealous that instead of your institution becoming Alma Mater to my brethren, she will be too Alba Mater to nourish the tawnies." Dartmouth College, for such now is Doctor Wheelock's Indian charity school, certainly lost its distinction as a school for Indian youth, but it acknowledges its indebtedness to the Mohegan Indian, to whose personal efforts it owes its existence, having secured for it "the largest contributions ever sent from the Mother Country to the Colonies."

Discouraged, disheartened, now in failing health, without any means of support, Occum continued to preach to the Indians, when temptation assailed him. On one occasion he fell into the Indian's besetting sin, and was found drunk. He accused himself to his Presbytery at Bridge Hampton in humble words, and after considering these, "from a gloomy and desponding frame of mind, the Presbytery are fully of Opinion that all the Sensations of Intoxication, which he condemned himself for arose, not from any Degree of intemperate drinking, but from having Drank a small Quantity of

Spirituous Liquor after having been all day without food."

No one was more sensible of the evils of drink than Occum. Although so poor that often he went all day without food, he never drank but once again. Not long after he was called upon to preach the sermon, as was the custom before the execution of a condemned man. This was an Indian, Moses Paul, who while drunk had killed a man, and we are told behaved "with Decency and Steadiness during the sermon." This is the only sermon by Occum of which we have any knowledge, and an extract from it shows the simplicity and practical character of his preaching:

"And it is for our sins, and especially for that accursed, that most hateful sin of drunkenness that we suffer every day. For the love of strong drink we spend all that we have, and every thing we can get. By this sin we cannot have comfortable houses, nor any thing comfortable in our houses; neither food nor raiment, nor decent utensils. We are obliged to put up any sort of shelter just to screen us from the severity of the weather; and we go about with very mean, ragged and dirty clothes, almost naked. And we are half starved, for most of the time obliged to pick up any thing to eat. And our poor children are suffering every day for want of the necessaries of life; they are very often crying for want of food, and we have nothing to give them; and in the cold weather they are shivering and crying, being pinched with the cold—All this is for the love of

strong drink. And this is not all the misery and evil we bring on ourselves in this world; but when we are intoxicated with strong drink, we drown our rational powers, by which we are distinguished from the brutal creation; we unman ourselves, and bring ourselves not only level with the beasts of the field, but seven degrees beneath them; yea, we bring ourselves level with the devils; I do not know but we make ourselves worse than the devils, for I never heard of drunken devils."

This sermon was subsequently published and went through nineteen editions, one of which was in London. From this time forth Occum was an enemy of drink, and more notably preached against slavery, which then existed in New England, even Doctor Wheelock having paid fifty pounds for a slave named Ishmael. In one of the manuscript sermons still preserved, referring to slaveholders, Occum says:

"I will tell who they are, they are the Preachers or ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It has been very fashionable for them to keep Negroe Slaves, which I think is inconsistent with their character and function. If I understand the Gospel aright, I think it is a Dispensation of Freedom and Liberty, both Temporal and Spiritual, and [if] the Preachers of the Holy Gospel of Jesus do preach it according to the mind of God, they Preach True Liberty and how can such keep Negroes in Slavery? And if Ministers are True Liberty men, let them preach Liberty for the poor Negroes fervently and with great zeal, and those Ministers who have

Negroes set an Example before their People by freeing their Negroes, let them show their Faith by their Works."

John Smith, the Boston merchant, in his visit to the Indian school, mentioned the attention given to music. Occum was one of those who profited thereby. He was said to have a good voice himself, and believed in music as a spiritual help to his race. While in England he had made the acquaintance of a number of writers of hymns. Now he set about making a collection of these for the benefit of the Christian Indians. What was more extraordinary, he added to these a number of hymns written by himself, it is supposed, during that period of despondency following his return from England, and which are an expression of his state of mind. One of these, "Now the Shades of Night are Gone," is familiar to many to-day. But the most famous is that beginning in its present form, "Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound," impressive in the swing of its lines and the picturesqueness of its imagery. This hymn was a favorite of the Indians, and as

"Neh' ǫgyet' hé ni yut gaih' nih
Nó yá nes hăh' Ná wĕn ni' yuh';
Agi' wa neh' a gǫh:
Deh'agegą́ há ga deh' gwat,
Neh' dyu' i wah hą́ jo' nạ găăd
Neh goi' wa neh' a gǫh."

was sung in many a wigwam of the Iroquois.

III

THE last chapter of Occum's life was the most important and farthest reaching in its foresight and results. In his relation to the whites, standing, as he did, between them and his own race, his observation taught him that for the Indian to hold his own he must forsake his wandering life, till the ground, and unite for mutual interests. To further these mutual considerations they must practise such individual virtues as sobriety, morality, thrift. Briefly, to speak in the language of the day, the Indian tribes must organize. The onrush of the whites had tended to loosen the allegiance of the Indians to their sachems. Something larger and more practical must replace the old tribal government.

There arose, in consequence, a movement among the seven Connecticut tribes that deserves much wider recognition than it has ever received. This was due chiefly to four Indians—to Occum primarily, and to his son-in-law, Joseph Johnson, and his brothers-in-law, David and Jacob Fowler. Joseph Johnson had been at Doctor Wheelock's school, but ran away and went to sea, to Occum's grief. He returned, however, like the prodigal and applied his natural vigor to carrying out Occum's plans. These were for a general emigration of the tribes into the Oneida country, in order, as Joseph says in his circular to the tribes, "to live in

peace & to have things Convenient. If we cant have land enough we cant have things Convenient. We all have little land in New England, but it is very poor the greatest part. So there we cant have things convenient, that is many of us, and Some are obliged to turn their hands this way & that way to get a Livelihood." In New York they could secure cheaper lands, and there they could form a community with laws and limitations for their mutual advantage. At a council of the Indians at Mohegan, at which even the women and children were present, it was decided to send out a circular letter among the tribes, from which is the following curious extract:

"If Money is scarce, let us try to carry little provisions in our Packs, which will be of considerable help, let the men that go try to get the good will of the Women and let the kind women make little Yokehegg. We will try to help them with little Provisions when they go from here. our kind Women send a word of Encouragement and say that they will make little yoke hegg to give to the travellers."

And the nature of this preparation, presumably of eggs, it would be interesting to know. It was determined to ask from the Oneidas a tract of land ten miles square. The Oneidas at the time were even more generous, and their delegation answered:

"Brethren, since we have received you as Brothers, we shall not confine you or pen you up to Ten Miles square: We have much Land at our disposal, and you

need not fear that you shall not have Land sufficient for you, and for your Children after you."

The matter was finally concluded by a formal agreement to which the Oneida chiefs put their signature:

"We the Chiefs Do in Testimony of the foregoing Affix the Character of our Tribes unto the Day and Year above Mentioned—

The mark of Turtle Confh-queifoh

The mark of Wolf Ughmyonge

The mark of Bear Canade-gowus

"Recv^{d} 4th Feb^{ry} A D. 1785 and here Recorded
"Teste
"George Wyllys, Secret."

In every respect this was to be a new departure. The Indians were to live together like brothers. Accordingly the name chosen for the new town was Brothertown, and its laws and government were founded on that of the New England town meeting, and to its privilege no whites or mixed breeds were to be admitted. There were to be "Keepers of the Peace," "fence viewers," town marshals, town clerks,

road commissioners, town meetings, a school, and a church. All this subsequently developed, but for the moment the enterprise was rudely halted.

In March the first company of Indians set out for their new homes. They had only begun building their log houses and planting their corn, when the first shot at Lexington, heard round the world, echoed through the wilderness. On which side, tory or patriot, the Six Nations would range themselves was a matter of great interest. Sir William Johnson, whose influence over the Indians was great, was a tory. Nevertheless the Oneida Indians issued a declaration of neutrality, which doubtless was brought about by a letter from Samson Occum, in which he says:

"I will now give you a little insight into the Nature of the English Quarrils over the great Waters. They got to be rich, I mean the Nobles and the great, and they are very Proud and they keep the rest of their Brethren under their Feet, they make Slaves of them. The great ones have got all the Land and the rest are poor Tenants—and the People in this Country live more upon a leavel and they live happy, and the former Kings of England use to let the People in this Country have their Freedom and Liberty; but the present King of England wants to make them Slaves to himself, and the People in this Country don't want to be Slaves,—and so they are come over to kill them, and the People here are oblig'd to Defend themselves, they

dont go over the great Lake to kill them. And now I think you must see who is the oppresser and who are the oppressed and now I think, if you must join on one way or other you cant join the oppresser, but will help the oppressed. But let me conclude with one word of Advice, use all your Influence to your Brethren, so far as you have any Connections to keep them in Peace and quietness, and not to intermeddle in these Quarrils among the White People. The Lord Jesus Christ says, Blessed are the Peacemakers, for they shall be called the Children of God.

"This with great Love is from
"Your True Brother
"Samson Occom."

To the declaration of neutrality Washington responds handsomely:

"You can tell our friends that they may always look upon me, whom the Whole United Colonies have chosen to be their Chief Warrior, as their brother; whilst they continue in Friendship with us, they may depend upon mine and the protection of those under my command.

"Tell them that we dont want them to take up the hatchet for us except they chuse it; we only desire that they will not fight against us, we want that the chain of friendship should always remain bright between our friends of the Nations and us. Their attention to you will be a proof to us that they wish the same. We recommend you to them, and hope by

your spreading the truths of the Holy Gospel amongst them, it will contribute to keep the chain so bright, that the malicious insinuations or practices of our Enemies will never be able to break this Union, so much for the benefit of our Brothers of the Six Nations and of us—And to prove to them that this is my desire and of the Warriors under me, I hereto Subscribe my name at Cambridge this 20th day of February 1776.

"Go. Washington.

"Mr. Joseph Johnson."

Many of the Indians did "chuse." The records of the patriot army disclose the deaths of eighteen Mohegans in its service. The little community at Brothertown suffered greatly, and at length was driven away and broken up by the enemy under General St. Leger on his way to besiege Fort Schuyler. The Brothertown Indians now took refuge with the Housatonic tribe. Jacob Fowler, who had been Indian tutor at Dartmouth College, entered the government service, and carried despatches for Governor John Trumbull. Occum and David Fowler remained with the refugees among the friendly Stockbridge tribes.

As soon as peace was declared, Occum again began collecting Indians for Oneida, and carrying out his emigration scheme. The Indians had no money, but he collected some by preaching, and for the rest gave his personal note. With this he and David Fowler set sail from New London with a company of Indians for

Albany, by way of New York City. Here he gave them over to Jacob Fowler to conduct to Brothertown, while he went back for further work. In September he went to get his people on the Housatonic and take them back to Brothertown. Of this journey he says in his diary:

"Monday Oct^{r} 24 [1785]: Some Time after Breakfast Brother David Fowler and I sot of to go thro' the Woods to our Indians new Settlements, and presently after we sot out it began to Rain and it Rain'd all the way not very hard,—and it was extreemly bad muddy riding, and the Creeks were very high, and some Places were Mirely, and we were over taken with Night before we got in, and some places were very Dark where Hamlock Trees were, our Eyes did us but little good. we travild about a mile in the Dark and then we arriv'd at Davids House. as [we] approach'd the House I hear^{d} a Melodious Singing, a number were together Singing Psalms hymns and Spiritual Songs. We went in amongst them and they all took hold of my Hand one by one with Joy and Gladness from the greatest to the least, and we sot down awhile, and then they began to sing again, and Some Time after I gave them a few words of Exhortation, and then Concluded with Prayer,—and then went to Sleep Quietly, the Lord be praised for his great goodness to us.

"Tuesday Oct^{r} 25. Was a Snowy Day, was very uncomfortable weather. I kept still all Day at Davids House and it was crowded all Day, some of Onoydas

came in—In the evening Singers came in again, and they Sang till near ten o.c. and then I gave them a Word of Exhortation and concluded with prayer, so we ended another Day—

"Saturday Oct^{r} 29: David gather'd his corn, he had a number of Hands tho it was cloudy in the morning, and little Rain, and in the after noon he husked his corn, and the Huskers Sung Hymns Psalms and Spiritual Songs the bigest part of the Time, finish'd in the evening—and after supper the Singers Sung a while, and then dispersed."

Occum was now called upon to celebrate the first wedding in the new community, and under civilized forms. He relates that the young people and guests in a neighboring wigwam formed "a Regular Procession according to their age and were seated accordingly —and the old People also seated themselves Regularly, and A great Number of Stockbridgers came from their Town to attend the Wedding, but many of them were too late—

"When I got up, I spoke to them Some Time upon the nature of Marriage, the Honourableness and Lawfulness of it, whereby we are distinguished from the Brutal Creation: Said Some of the first marrage in Eden & of the Marrage where Christ and his Disciples were invited and the Honour he did to it by working the first mericle he wrought in the World in turning water into Wine and then we prayed, after Prayer I orderd them to take each other by the Right Hand alter-

nately and then I declared them in the Face of the Assembly to be a Lawful Husband and Wife, according to the Law of god—and then pray'd. prayer being ended Marriage salutations went round Regularly, and concluded by Singing a Marriage Hymn—and then the People sat down, and Jacob Fowler who was appointed Master of Serimonies at this Marriage, gave out some Drink a Round the Company and then Supper was brought, sot in order on a long Board, and we sot down to eat, and had Totty well sweeten'd with wild Sugar made of Sugar Trees in the Wilderness: and after supper we Spent the Evening in Singing Psalms Hymns and Spiritual Songs,—and after that every [one] went home Peaceably without any Carausing or Frollicking.

"Fryday Nov^{r} 4: The Young People put on their best Clouths, and went to a Neighbours House, all on Horse back, and they appear'd agreeable and Decent, and they had no carousing, they had some Pleasant chat and agreable conduct, some Singing of Psalms Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Some Time in the after Noon they dined together, and after Dinner every one went Home Quietly.—so the Weding ended, and it was conducted, caried on and finished with Honour and great Decency—and the Lord help this People to go on Regularly in all their concerns—

"Monday Nov. 7: Some Time after Sun rise I sot out with Brother Roger and his wife to our Place; and stopt at Rogers and I took Breakfast with them, they live near three miles from the rest of the People, and

after eating I went on to Town, got there about 12 and found them all well—In the Evening met on our Temporal and Religious Concerns—we met once before but did not come to any business—but now we proceeded to form a Body Politick—we named our Town by the Name of Brothertown, in Indian Eeyamquittoowayconnuck—J. Fowler was chosen clarke of the Town, for a year, and for the future, the Committee is to be chosen Annually. Andrew Accorrocombe and Thomas Putchauker were chose to be Fence Viewers to continue a year. Concluded to have a Centre near David Fowler's house, the Main Street is to run North and South & East and West and cross at the Centre. Concluded to live in Peace, and in Friendship and to go on with in all their Public Concerns in Harmony, both in their Religious and Temporal Concerns, and every one to bear his part in the Publick Charges of the Town. They desired me to be a Teacher amongst them. I consented to spend some of my remaining Days with them and make this Town my Home and centre."

Here is recorded the formal founding of the Indian town of Brothertown, whose Indian name only an Indian could pronounce. The efforts of these Indians to accept only the best of that civilization that surrounded them is touching. No one could have been more alive to the vices of the white civilization and the Indian's ready response to these than Occum. For that reason he made every effort to keep his race

apart. One clause of their agreement forbade any alienation of their land, in order to guard against the temptation of the shiftless, and more especially the drunken Indian to sell to the whites.

"Wednesday Nov^{r} 9: Breakfasted with Cap^{t} Hindreck & soon after Eating I sot off for Home, got to our Place about 12 and found our Folks well—

"Thirdsday Fryday and Saturday look about a little to see the land and it is the best land I ever did see in all my Travils. John Tuhy Planted Just about one acre of ground, which he cleared last may, and this Fall he took of 20 Bushels of good Corn, 56 Bushels of Potatoes, about 200 Heads of Cabage, and about 3 Bushels of Beans, and about 2 Bushels of Pusnips and Beats together, besides Cucumbers and Watermelons, of the Same ground, and it was not Plowd nor dug up with a Hoe, only leaves and Small Bushes were burnt on it and great many Logs lay on it now—and I was told last week among the Stockbridge Indians that in their clearing some spots of land where it has been improved in years past, they Plowed up and dug up good many Potatoes, where they had been Planted perhaps 10 or 12 years ago. One man got 3 skipples and he planted them, and he has raised a fine passel of them, and Brother David Fowler told me, and his wife and others confirm'd it, that he had one Cabage Stomp stood three summers and it headed every year, the last it stood, it [had] three Heads.—"

Occum now resumed his missionary work, minister-

ing to the "Stockbridgers" as to the new community, and visiting Mohegan from time to time, where his own family still remained. His diary is full of the happenings among the tribes—funerals, weddings, preaching and praying and, above all, singing. He carried his Spiritual Songs in his pocket and led the singing. We may imagine his noble presence, the manners he acquired in the formal society of England, as these now appeared on his errands of mercy and encouragement in the humble homes of his nation. He had invented for the young people a game that he called Christian Cards. These were pieces of card-board on which were passages of Scripture in verse. There was a New Testament pack and an Old Testament pack, which he used variously as the occasion seemed to need.

"Sabb. July 30 About 9 I went to Brother David's and there I preached and many of the Stockbridgers were there and four young Onoyda men were there, and were drest compleat in Indian way. they shined with Silver, they had large Clasps about their arms, one had two Jewels in his Nose, and had a large Silver half moon on his Breast; and Bells about their Legs, & their heads were powderd up quite stiff with red paint, and one of them was white as any white man and gray eyes, his appearance made me think of the old Britains in their Heathenism. I spoke from Hosea xiii : 9 : & Eclesi xii. 1 and there was great attention among the people. after meeting the singers sung some Time and then we all dispersd—

"Wednesday Aug^{t} 23 Towards Night the Young People came to Jacob Fowlers to receive instruction; and I spoke to them from Prover^{b} [blank] a little whi[le] and then we Prayd, and after Prayer I Exercised with my Christian Cards with them, and they were agreable to them, and they [were] Awd with the Various Texts of Scripture, and I believe they will not forget the evening very soon. there was one Stockbridge Girl came on purpose, and there was one English Girl, and they also chose each of 'em a Text; and they concluded with singing several Tunes, and the whole was caried on with Decency, & Solemnity—

"Wednesday Aug^{t} 30 Soon after Breakfast thirteen of us sot out into the Woods, they went after Ginshang Roots, and I was going to M^{r} James Dean's, we travild together about 3 Miles, and there they incamped made up great Fire, and soon after I went on. sister Hannah Fowler went with me, and then we went thro' a Hedious Wilderness for three or four miles. we had only markd Trees to go by, and there was but very poor Track—we arrivd to M^{r} Deans Some time in the afternoon, found them all well, and we were receivd with all kindness, and at sundown Brother David came runing in pufing and Blowing and all of a fome with sweat. he had treed a couple of Racoons and he [came] for a gun, and went right back and one young man; and some Time in the [evening] he came in with one Racoon—

"Thirdsday Aug^{t} 31 about 11, we took leave of the

Fa[mily] and went to New Stockbridge—got there some Time in the afternoon. we calld on Sir Peter Pankquunnupeat & I put up there,—

"Saturday Oct^{r} 21: soon after Breakfast, sot of for old Town. Sally Skesuck and I went together. got there before Noon. I sot a while in Widow Quinne's and then went to Sir Peters—and was there a while, and there came a man, and brought a Maloncholy word concerning Sally as she was returning and had Just got out of the Town the Mare got a fit of kicking up her heels, and crowded up against a fence, and she fell Backward, and broak her right Arm; I went directly to see her and found her in great Misery. we Splinted up her arm and so left. in the evening went again to see her, and she was in great Pains, and I tryd to bleed her. but I coud not make out."

The following entry in Occum's diary is the first intimation we have of the subsequent trouble with the Oneidas that disturbed the close of his life:

"Monday Octo^{r} 16: a number of us, I think sixteen, all men went to New-Town to have a Treaty with the Oneidas. We had calld them to our Town but they chuse to have us come to their Town, and we drove one creature to them to kill. we got there after sun sit went directly to the Councell House, David and I Lodgd there, and there rest were ordered elsewhere. I had but poor rest all Night, they have too many Vermine for me—

"Tuesday Octo^{r} 17: Some Time in the after noon,

were calld to appear before the Councell and we were permitted to speak for ourselves,—and we related the whole of our transactions with them about the Land they gave us—for they had a notion to take it back again last summer, and only allow one mile square which we utterly refused, and we had not got thro that Day, and we were dismisst. in the evening we all went together in a certain House to sing and Pray together & after prayers David and I [went] Back to the Councell House to Lodge—

"Wednesday Octo^{r} 18 : Near mid Day we were calld again to the Councell, and we resumed our relation and soon finishd and then we went out, and were calld again soon, and they begun to rehearse [what] we had deliverd, and they said it was all good and True, and then they made a New offer to us, to live in the same spot of Ground, but [not] to be bound by any Bound, but live at large with them on theer Land, which we refused, and we told them we chuse to [be] bounded, and they had bounded us allready, all most all round, and we wanted only to be bound alround where we were, and they took it under consideration.—

"Thirdsday Octo^{r} 18: Went to Stockbridge to a wedding Just before SunSet, attended upon Marriage. the Young man was one the Sachem's son and the Young woman was of noted Family, and there was a vast concourse of People of many Nations. it was Said there were ten different Languages among the

People and the People behaved decently, but the Onoydas began to behave unseamly and in the Night they had a terrible froleck even all Night—

"Thirdsday Octor 25th: we were calld suddenly to appear before the chiefs of the Onoyd, that had Just come to our Place—and we eat our Breakfast in hast, and went direcly to Widow Fowlers and there the chiefs meet with us, and it was about our Lands. But there was such confusion I woud not say a word about it. it was a party Scheme, contrivd by a few of our People. they [have] been agreing with the Onoydas for a Piece of Land without the knowledge of the Headmen of the Place. Some of the contrivers of this mischief were much intoxicated and they drove on the Business with all fury in no order, it was like Whirlwind. Some Time towards Night we broke up and every one went his way: in great confusion of mind.—I went to Brother Davids and there Lodgd with a sorrowful mind.—"

This entry opens the last days of Occum's life. He had moved his family from Mohegan to Brothertown with the last company of emigrating Indians. In doing this he was unable to take through the wilderness his library, including the books presented him in England, and the portrait of himself, which had been presented him, and has since disappeared beyond recovery. The company followed the course of the Mohawk River in bateaux, until they took the trail through the wilderness to Brothertown. Here he built a log house for his family.

But before he returned the whites were pressing the Indians on all sides. Two thousand acres had been taken from them, including "a fine grove of pine and a cedar swamp which had been set aside for the use of the town." Occum protested. The Oneidas, at the original instigation of the whites, it is said, claimed that the deed of gift was void. Occum protested and appealed to the General Assembly, which ordered the ejectment of the whites. But Samson Occum had fought his last fight. He was now sixty-nine years old, and spent in long and valiant service for his race. For peace he moved to Tuscarora among his old friends, the "Stock-bridgers."

The Connecticut *Gazette* of New London, August 2d, 1792, has the following announcement:

"Died at New Stockbridge, in the vicinity of Oneida, in the 69th year of his age, the Rev. Samson Occom, in a very sudden and unexpected manner. About a week before he died he complained to his wife of a very uncommon and distressing pain in his vitals, which occasioned a faintness, but it was soon over. A few hours before his death the same disorder came on again, but as before soon left him—after which he eat as hearty a dinner as usual, told his wife he would ride to one of his neighbors and get him to accompany him to a cedar swamp in search of some timber he was wanting. His wife in vain remonstrated against it; he went, and just before they came to the swamp he told the man he must rest, asked for water, desired the

man to call for help, which he did, he then took off his coat and as the man returned, he said, I have done—and appeared inclined to sleep—asked his friend to ease him down, which done, he folded his hands across his breast and expired in a few minutes. On Sunday the 15th inst. his remains were decently interred—previous to which the Rev. Mr. Kirkland preached his funeral sermon from Matt. xxiv: 44. Upwards of 300 Indians, from different tribes, attended. Mr. Occom was of the Mohegan tribe of Indians and removed with a number of that tribe a few years since to Oneida."

Samuel Kirkland, who preached the funeral sermon, adds to this in his journal:

"The Indians were so alarmed at the sudden death of Mr. Occum that they began to collect at Tuscarora from the various settlements very early in the morning. By a mistake of the messenger they were led to conceive that the first meeting would be held there instead of at Kanonwalohäle; as many of the Indians came the distance of ten miles. After an exhortation and prayer at the house of the deceased, we moved about a mile to a bower near the center of the town, for the sake of convenience, there being no house sufficiently large to contain one half of the Indians who were assembled on the occasion."

No mention is made of Occum's burial-place, but it is assumed that it was on the farm of his brother-in-law and life-long friend, David Fowler, where a stone marks the grave of David and his wife, and which was the

burial-ground of other Christian Indians. Although Occum passed away, and there is no trace of the resting-place of the most famous Christian Indian, his work lived.

By a decision of the Assembly of the State of New York in 1798 the Brothertown Indians were confirmed in their rights to their land. Their ultimate history it is interesting to follow. That mysterious man, the Reverend Eleazar Williams, whose resemblance to Louis XVI gave rise to the belief that he was the Dauphin, falsely reported to have died in the Temple, appeared among them, hoping to enlist the New York tribes in an emigration scheme to the West. The Brothertown Indians contributed nearly a thousand dollars for the purchase of land in Wisconsin, among the Winnebagoes. The effort fell through; and the war of 1812 intervened, in which a number of the Indians took part. However, in 1831 the venture was resumed, and a number of the Brothertown Indians secured by treaty a tract of land on Winnebago Lake, where they founded a town named in honor of their old home, Brothertown. Here they gradually became absorbed in the population, several having held public offices and served in the Wisconsin Legislature.

DAVID BRAINERD
MISSIONARY TO THE FORESTS

DAVID BRAINERD
MISSIONARY TO THE FORESTS

YOU are to conceive of a little boy, delicate in health, brought up under the overshadowing sense of sin and guilt peculiar to the Puritans. "Sometimes I feel that my heart is not so bad as the books say," he pathetically writes in his diary.

Yet, breaking through the bonds of ill health and spiritual discouragement, this youth became the spiritual descendant of John Eliot, spent his life on horseback travelling through the trackless woods, fording streams, and literally gave up his life in the service of the Indians.

Such was David Brainerd, born at Haddam, Conn., April 20, 1718, of Hezekiah Brainerd, a member of his Majesty's Council for the Colony, and the great-grandson of the Reverend Peter Hobart, who came over in the "Mayflower." His father died when David was nine years old, and he was an orphan at thirteen.

"I was from a youth somewhat sober and do not remember any conviction of sin till I was seven or eight years of age." So anxious did he then become lest he should die and go to hell—for our forefathers were very direct of speech—that he could not play with the other children, but would go off to the woods

and pray by himself for mercy. The death of his mother increased this melancholy and these terrors. He writes of walking out one winter morning when he became so terrified over his own wickedness that he feared the vengeance of God was about to overtake him, and he envied the unconsciousness of the birds and beasts.

"One night I remember particularly when I was walking solitarily abroad, when I had opened to me such a view of my sin that I feared the ground would cleave asunder at my feet and become my grave, and would send my soul quick to hell before I could get home. Though I was forced to go to bed, lest my distress be discovered by others, which I much feared, yet I scarcely durst sleep at all, for I thought it would be a great wonder if I should be out of hell in the morning."

It is difficult for us in our day, who find so much in the affairs of the good brown earth and our duties to the world in general to occupy us, to understand the fears and self-communings of this poor lonely boy. Something must be set against the advice of his teachers, such as the Reverend Mr. Fiske, who advised David to have nothing to do with the young, but to seek the company of older people.

"I was not much addicted to the company and amusements of the young," David writes, "but this I know, that when I did go into such company, I never returned with so good a conscience as when I went."

At nineteen he thought to become a farmer, but after working on a farm a little over a year, he determined to go to college that he might become a preacher, although he was still in torment over the condition of his soul. Then happened one of those spiritual crises which he often underwent, but with a difference. He was, as was his custom, walking in great distress of mind "in a dark, thick grove, when unspeakable glory seemed to open to the view and apprehension of my soul. I do not mean any external brightness, for I saw no such thing; nor do I intend any imagination of a body of light, somewhere in the third heavens, or anything of that nature; but it was a new inward apprehension or view that I had of God, such as I never had before, nor anything which had the least resemblance of it. I stood still, wondered, and admired. . . . My soul was so captivated and delighted with the excellency, loveliness, greatness, and other perfections of God, that even I was swallowed up in him; at least to that degree that I had no thought (as I remember) at first about my own salvation, and scarcely reflected that there was such a creature as myself."

That this vision made David forget himself is a large part of its importance. Henceforth, although he has frequent returns of his old unhappy state of mind and soul, he now finds, as he expresses it, "unspeakable sweetness and delight in God," and we, his readers, rejoice in this as we would in any relief for the poor boy from physical pain.

In September he entered Yale College. Shortly after, he was taken down with measles and obliged to go home. He lost so much time that he notes in his diary that he had to study very hard to make this up, and, "being very much exposed on account of my freshmanship," had not much opportunity to think of his spiritual condition, alluding thus to the temptations a young collegian is exposed to.

It can scarcely be believed that so conscientious a youth came into collision with the college authorities and was expelled. It is almost equally difficult for us to understand the circumstances and the manner in which this was done. The Reverend George Whitefield, an English evangelist and a Methodist, had brought about a religious revival, which has come down to us under the name of the Great Awakening. So intense a spiritual nature as that of David Brainerd was inevitably drawn to Whitefield and his teachings. On the other hand, Whitefield's fervent methods were coldly regarded by the faculty at Yale. David and a few young men of his class grouped themselves together for religious conversation. At one of these meetings a tutor named Whittlesey met with them and made the final prayer. After he had gone one of the group asked David what he thought of it.

"He has no more grace than that chair," David promptly replied. A classman passing heard David's remark, told it to a woman friend, who conceived that David referred to some one of the college faculty, and

as promptly told it to the rector. The young men were called before the rector and compelled to tell of whom this was said. David was accordingly required to make a public confession in hall. This he refused to do on the ground that because of a remark made in a private conversation he was being treated as one who had committed a crime. He was accordingly, in his third year in college, summarily expelled. David's sense of the injury done him was heightened by the fact that he stood at the head of his class, and would have received its chief honor as a senior. However, he was not to be deterred from his great desire to be a preacher, but continued his studies privately, and was at length licensed at Danbury, and went as a preacher among the wasted community of Indians at Kent, on the Housatonic River.

In the course of his preaching he was again obliged to go to New Haven, and here he still found the feeling against him so strong that he was not able to meet his classmates at commencement, but was obliged to hide at the home of a friend out of town lest he be arrested and imprisoned. Commencement day he spent in the depths of the woods in prayer, he who would otherwise have been at the head of his class.

In the evening he cautiously ventured out into the town, and conferred with some friends, who advised him to write an apology to the rector. This he did very humbly, and asked to be relieved from "their academical censure." The Reverend Aaron Burr came

all the way from New Jersey with letters from New York, asking that David be given his degree. His request was refused unless David would remain there another year. As this was now impossible, David left New Haven with a sad heart, and his diary records:

"Sept. 14. This day I ought to have taken my degree, but God sees fit to deny it to me."

This painful situation made for David, however, two stanch and important friends. These were Jonathan Edwards, the great theologian, and the Reverend Aaron Burr, afterward president of Princeton College. Moreover, honors now fell upon him. A messenger was sent from East Hampton, one of the most prosperous and fairest of the colonial towns, asking David to settle there as its minister. At the same time came a request that he should come to New York and meet the Scotch Commissioners about going on a mission to the Delaware Indians. This decided his destiny. He would give up the comfortable life with the English and cast his lot with the Indians. He had ridden on his horse to New York. This was the first time the farmer boy and youth of the woods had ever been to a city. But the only thing he notes in his diary is its confusion, and he longs again for his wilderness.

Owing to troubles between the settlers and Indians on the Delaware, it was decided that he should go to Kaunaumeck, an Indian village half-way between Albany and Stockbridge. The first night he slept on a heap of straw in a "lonely, melancholy desert." He

then found a Scotchman and his wife living in a one-roomed log hut. He could scarcely understand the Highland dialect of the man, and his wife not at all. The only person with whom he could talk was a young Indian, whom he engaged as an interpreter. But at least he had shelter, and food—mush, boiled corn, and ash cake. Nothing could exceed the loneliness of his life. Here is an extract from his diary:

"Spent most of the day in labor to procure something to keep my horse on in the winter; was very weak in body through the day, and thought this frail body would soon sink in the dust; had some realizing apprehensions of a speedy entrance into another world. In this weak state of body, was not a little distressed for want of suitable food. Had no bread, nor could I get any. I am forced to go ten or fifteen miles for all the bread I eat; sometimes it is mouldy and sour before I eat it, if I get any considerable quantity; and then again I have none for days together, not being able to find my horse in the woods to go for it. But through divine goodness I had some Indian meal of which I made some cakes and fried them. I felt contented with my circumstances, and blessed God as much as if I had been a king."

Notwithstanding his feeble body, and his frequent suffering from cold and hunger, and from being often lost in the woods and obliged to spend the night in the open air—once he notes falling from his horse into the stream—he never thinks of giving up or regrets the

comforts of civilized life. There were sterner perils. While trying to teach the Indians to sing, a messenger came warning him that war had been declared between France and England, and he must be prepared against attacks from the French Indians, for the savages took sides in these foreign quarrels.

David had a little property left him by his father, for his salary as a preacher was scarcely more than nominal. He writes in his diary that "God having provided for me bountifully, so that I have been enabled in about fifteen months past to bestow to charitable uses about an hundred pounds New England money, that I can now remember." He had built himself a little hut of logs, of which he speaks affectionately as indeed his home. From this he was now to part. The Commissioners sent for him again to go on his mission to the Indians on the Delaware and Susquehanna Rivers, the Indians at Kaunaumeck having been transferred to Stockbridge.

"I this day took all my books, clothes &c and disposed of them, and set out for the Delaware river. Rode several hours in the rain through the howling wilderness, although I was so disordered in body, that little or nothing but blood came from me."

In May he began his journey southward, crossing "Hudson's river" at Fishkill, and making for Goshen in the Highlands. We can hardly realize to-day the desolate and barren region through which he rode, finding scarcely any settlements, and suffering much

fatigue and many hardships. "He was fond of solitude, but the ghastly desolation of the wilderness went to his soul." About twelve miles from the Forks of the Delaware he came across a settlement of Dutch and Irish, for whom he preached, but where he saw to his grief children playing on Sunday. He was at his new station but two weeks, when again he mounted his horse and rode to Newark, where he was to receive the formal authority for his mission, and then "broken in body" he set out again for the Delaware.

"His difficulties were very great," says one of his biographers. "His inexperience with the language, especially as it was split up into so many dialects, and the ignorance of the Indians was rendered still more an obstacle by their familiarity with the white men, who treated them with brutality, deceived them and left them with an impression that the God of the pale faces was no friend to the poor red man."

David had now to gain their confidence, and trying to show them how to live more comfortably would travel miles on horseback to treat with the whites for land that they might dwell in peace. The Indians came to trust in him, and to believe him when he told them the whites did not mean to make them slaves, or to kidnap them and take them away to fight the Spaniards, as many of them believed. Once he came upon the Indians having a powwow. They were dancing, leaping, and shouting wildly around the medicine man. But David rode into the midst of them, and though so

weak he could scarcely sit on his horse, succeeded in gaining their attention and finally led them to forsake the medicine man.

After spending some time on the Delaware, David with a friend and an interpreter went to visit the Indians on the Susquehanna. They travelled over the rocks, valleys, and mountains of what he calls a "hideous and howling wilderness," and one dark night his horse fell and broke its legs and had to be shot. Then they stopped, built a fire, and slept in the open all night. At the Indian encampment they were received cordially, and David, after paying his respects to the "king," as he always styles the chief, was allowed to preach to the braves and squaws.

Here he learned much of their beliefs and customs. All birds, beasts, and snakes were to be worshipped, because these had the power to do both good and evil. If an Indian killed a snake he must burn fine tobacco as incense to the power that presides over snakes. Before the coming of the whites they believed in four deities coming from the four corners of the earth. Now they had concluded there were but three. One made the palefaces, another the negroes, and a third made the Indians.

On Juncauta Island in the Susquehanna, David describes a powwow. "In the evening they met together, nearly a hundred of them, and danced around a large fire, having prepared ten fat deer for the sacrifice. The fat of the inwards they burnt while they were

dancing, and sometimes raised the flame to a prodigious height; at the same time yelling and shouting in such a manner, that they might easily be heard two miles or more. They continued their sacred dance nearly all night, after which they ate the flesh of the sacrifice, and so each retired to his own lodging."

The next day David thought he might preach to them, but the Indians "had something else to do, for near noon they gathered together all their powwows, or conjurers, and set about a dozen of them playing their juggling tricks and acting their frantic distracted postures, in order to find out why they were all so sickly on the island, numbers of them being at that time disordered with a fever and bloody flux. In this exercise they were engaged for several hours, making all the wild distracted motions imaginable, sometimes singing, sometimes howling, sometimes extending their hands to the utmost stretch, and spreading all their fingers—they seemed to push with them as if to push something away, or at least keep it off at arms-end; sometimes stroking their faces with their hands, then spirting water as fine as mist; sometimes sitting flat on the earth, then bowing their faces down to the ground; then wringing their sides as if in pain and anguish, twisting their faces, turning up their eyes, grunting, puffing &c.

"Many of the Indians of this island understand the English considerably well; having formerly lived in some part of Maryland among or near white people;

but are very drunken, wicked, and profane although not so savage as those who have less acquaintance with the English. Their customs, in various respects, differ from those of other Indians on the river. They do not bury their dead in common form, but let their flesh consume above ground, in close cribs made for that purpose. At the end of the year, or sometime a longer space of time, they take the bones when the flesh is all consumed, and wash and scrape them, and afterwards scrape and bury them with some ceremony."

Writing to the Scotch Commissioners, David continues his story: "I traveled more than a hundred and thirty miles on the river, above the English settlements; and in that journey met with individuals of seven or eight tribes, speaking as many different languages. But of all the sights I saw among them, or indeed anywhere else, none appeared so frightful, or so near akin to what is usually imagined of infernal powers, none ever excited such images of terror in my mind, as the appearance of one who was a devout and zealous reformer, or rather restorer of what he supposed was the ancient religion of the Indians.

"He made his appearance in pontifical garb, which was a coat of pig skins, dressed with the hair on, and hanging down to his toes; a pair of bearskin stockings; and a great wooden face painted, the one half black, the other half tawny, about the color of an Indian's skin, with an extravagant mouth cut very much awry; the face fastened to a bearskin cap which was drawn

over his head. He advanced toward me with the instrument in his hand, which he used for music in his idolotrous worship; which was a dry tortoise shell with some corn in it, and the neck of it drawn on to a piece of wood, which made a convenient handle. As he came forward, he beat his tune with a rattle, and danced with all his might, but did not suffer any part of his body, not so much as his fingers to be seen. No one could have imagined from his appearance or actions, that he could have been a human creature, if they had not some intimation of it otherwise. When he came near me I could not but shrink away from him although it was then noon day and I knew who it was; his appearance and gestures were so frightful. He had a house consecrated to his religious uses, with divers images cut on several parts of it. I went in and found the ground almost as hard as a rock with their frequent dancing upon it.

"I discoursed with him about Christianity. Some of my discourse he seemed to like, but some of it he disliked extremely. He told me God had taught him his religion and that he would never turn from it; but wanted to find some one who would join heartily with him in it; for the Indians he said had grown very degenerate and corrupt. He had thoughts, he said of leaving all his friends and traveling abroad, in order to find some who would join him; for he believed that God had some good people somewhere who felt as he did.

"He treated me with common courtesy, and seemed to be hearty in it. I was told by the Indians that he opposed drinking strong liquor with all his power; and that if at any time he could not dissuade them from it by all he could say, he would leave them and go crying to the woods. It was manifest that he had a set of religious notions which he had examined for himself and had not taken for granted upon bare tradition; and he relished or disrelished whatever was spoken of a religious nature, as it either agreed or disagreed with his standard. While I was discoursing, he would sometimes say 'Now that I like; so God has taught me'; some of his sentiments seemed very just. Yet he utterly denied the existence of a devil, and declared there was no such creature known among the Indians of old times, whose religion he was attempting to revive. He likewise told me that departed souls all went southward; and that the difference between the good and bad was this; that the former were admitted into a beautiful city with spiritual walls; and that the latter would forever hover around these walls in the vain endeavor to get in. He seemed to be sincere, honest, and conscientious in his own way, and according to his own religious notions; which was more than I ever saw in any other pagan. I perceived he was looked upon and derided among most of the Indians, as a precise zealot, who made a needless noise about religious matters; but I must say there was something in his temper and disposition, which looked more like true

religion, than anything I ever observed amongst other heathen."

David now determined to cast in his lot for life with the Susquehanna Indians. The land belonged to the Six Nations, and it was necessary to get the consent of their Mohawk chief. David accordingly mounted his horse and, with his interpreter, went to Philadelphia to gain the good offices of the governor, who was on agreeable terms with the Six Nations. The first night on his return journey he was compelled to sleep in the woods; the next day a violent northeasterly storm overtook them and he almost perished with cold, since they could find no shelter, and it was so wet they could not make a fire. To increase their miseries, their horses were poisoned with some herb, and they had to dismount and drive them. At night, however, they came across a deserted wigwam, "which was more to them than the palace of a king."

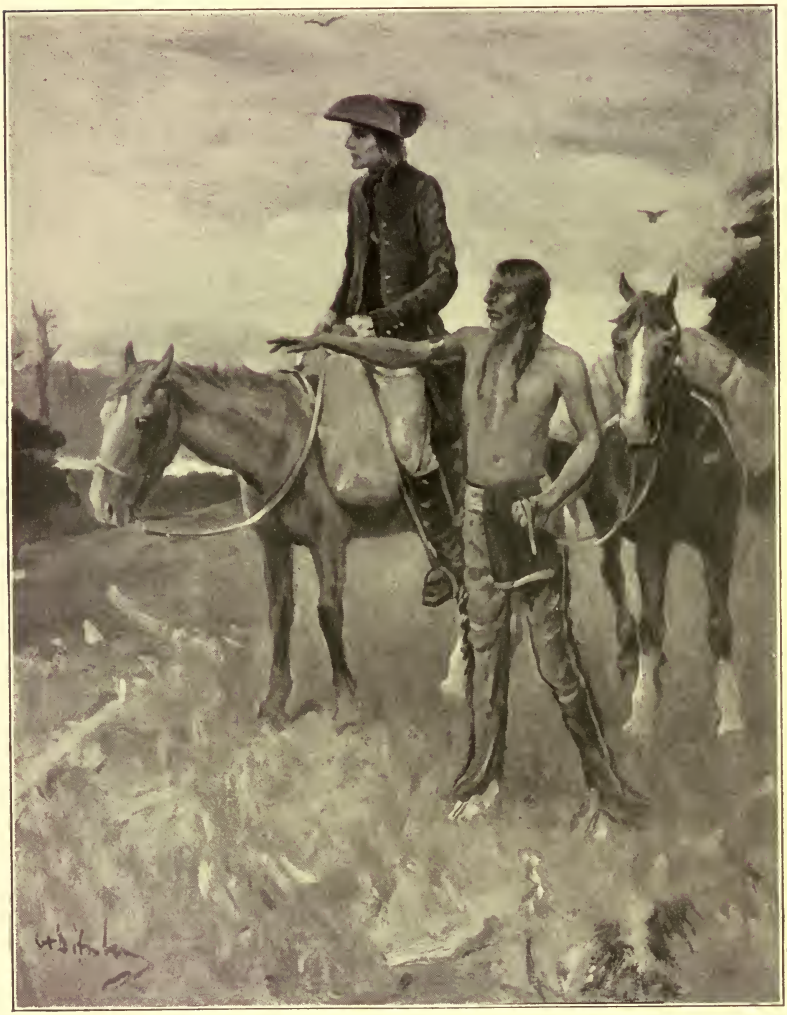
Apparently the chief's consent was gained, for David now built himself a house and began his plans for civilizing the Indians. In addition to his spiritual work, he had all their worldly affairs on his hands. He was expected to settle their quarrels, to provide for their wants, and to act like the guardian of so many children. The manners of the Indians distressed him. He had to visit their wigwams filled with smoke and cinders and filth which gave him the headache and injured his health. The children cried and interrupted him when talking, and their mothers took no notice;

some of these played with the dogs and went on about their household duties while he was speaking to them, not out of disrespect, but because they knew no better. At times he became greatly depressed, and above all wanted a colleague to share not only his labors but his loneliness.

In the midst of all these discouragements he wrote a letter to an old friend among the Stockbridge Indians explaining why he could not give him any aid:

"Whether I shall be able to give anything, or whether it will be my duty under present circumstances, I know not. I have met with sundry losses lately to the value of sixty or seventy pounds, New England money. In particular I broke my mare's leg last fall in my journey to Susquehanna, and was obliged to kill her on the road, and prosecute my journey on foot, and I cant get her place supplied for fifty pounds. And I have lately moved to have a colleague or companion with me, for my spirits sink with my solitary circumstances. And I expect to contribute something to his maintenance, seeing his salary must be raised entirely in this country and cant be expected from Scotland.

"I sold my tea kettle to Mr. Jo. Woodbridge, and an iron kettle to Mr. Timothy Woodbridge, both which amounted to something more than four pounds, which I ordered them to pay you for the school. I hope you will use the money in that way; if not you are welcome to it for yourself. I desire that my bed ticking and tea-pot be improved to the same purpose."



DAVID AND HIS INTERPRETER ON THE WAY TO PHILADELPHIA

His own patrimony, when coming to the southern tribes, he had made over for the education of a young friend at Yale College, which, indeed, shows his forgiving spirit, and this letter is evidence of his ready interest in the affairs of others notwithstanding the pressing demands on his own life.

Crossweeksung was a scattered Indian village eighty miles from the forks of the Delaware. Here occurred the most cheering event in David's life. When he went to visit them he found only a few women and children to listen to him. Telling them he would preach the next day, the women ran ten and fifteen miles to tell the news to the widely separated wigwams. From this humble beginning David in time had a large assembly. Unlike most of the Indian tribes, they did not importune him with questions, but listened seriously. This was a new experience, for the children of the forest can ask as many questions as the children of the pale faces. In time there broke out among these Indians a religious excitement such as is called revival among the whites. David writes of this:

"I stood amazed at its influence which seized the audience almost universally and could compare it to nothing more aptly than the irresistible force of a mighty torrent or swelling deluge, that with its insupportable weight and pressure bears down and sweeps before it whatever is in its way. Almost all persons of all ages were bowed down with concern together, and scarce one was able to withstand the shock of this sur-

prising operation. Old men and women who had been drunken wretches for many years, and some little children not more than six or seven years, as well as persons of middle age. Among these was a conjuror or powwow man, and a murderer.

"A young Indian woman, who I believe never knew she had a soul, nor ever thought of any such thing, came, it seems, to find out what was the matter. On her way to the Indians she called at my lodgings, and when I told her I designed presently to preach to the Indians, laughed and seemed to mock, but went, however, to them. I had not proceeded very far in my discourse before she felt effectually she had a soul, and before I had concluded my discourse, she was so convinced of her sin and misery that she seemed like one pierced through with a dart, and cried out incessantly. She could neither go nor stand, nor sit on her seat without being held up. After public service she lay flat on the ground praying earnestly and would take no notice, nor give any answer to those who spoke to her. I hearkened to know what she said, and perceived the burden of her prayer to be 'Guttumaaukalummeh weehaumeh Kineleh Ndah,' which is to say 'Have mercy on me and help me to give you my heart.'"

Another of these converts was a squaw, who wept bitterly because she had spoken angrily to her pappoose the day before. The most remarkable was David's own interpreter, Moses Tinda Tantamy, a man fifty years old, who relates his vision of a high mountain,

its path upward being hedged with thorns. One poor woman came to tell him in her broken English of her release from her sins. David thus relates the conversation:

" 'Me try, me try save myself, but my strength be all gone, could not let me stir bit further. Den last night me forced let Jesus Christ alone, send me hell if he please.'

" 'But you were not willing to go to hell, were you?'

" 'Could not me help it. My heart becomd wicked for all. Could not me make her good.'

"I asked her how she got out of this case.

" 'By-by my heart be grad desperately.'

"I asked her why her heart was glad.

" 'Grad my heart Jesus Christ do what he pleases with me. Den me tink grad my heart Jesus Christ send me to hell. Did not care where he put me, me to be Him for all.' "

"The ceremony of baptizing these converts was simple and striking," says David's biographer. "It was performed under the open sky, in the presence of their native woods and waters; himself, the young apostle, intellectual, delicate, with the red seal of consumption on his cheek, standing in the midst of these wild and hardy forms, which looked up to him as a superior being. Many came from far and near to behold the scene, which certainly was as impressive as any that was ever witnessed in the land."

David became very much attached to the Indians of

Crossweeksung, and built himself a third home here, but dividing his time with the Delaware and Susquehanna Indians, and now and then riding his horse back to New York and Connecticut to raise money for his various projects. "I have now rode more than three thousand miles, of which I have kept an exact account, since the beginning of March last," he writes, "and almost all of it has been on my own proper business as missionary, either immediately or remotely, of propagating Christian knowledge among the Indians. I have taken pains to look out for a colleague or companion to travel with me; and have likewise used endeavors to procure something for his support, among religious persons in New England, which cost me a journey of several hundred miles in length."

As yet he had found no such suitable person, but he had succeeded in interesting several English friends in establishing a school among these Indians, and had secured a school-teacher. "He has generally thirty-five children in his school; and when he kept an evening school, as he did while the length of the evenings would admit of it, he had fifteen or twenty people married or single.

"The children learn with surprising readiness; so that their master tells me, he never had an English school which learned, in general, comparably so fast. There were not above two in the thirty, although there were some very small, but that learned to know all the letters in the alphabet distinctly within three days

after his entrance on the business, and several in that space of time learned to spell considerable." Speedily these little savages were put upon their Psalters and Shorter Catechisms, and we are told "attained proficency."

David was now to undertake his longest and last journey to the tribes of the Susquehannas. He took with him six Christian Indians, for these were now capable of preaching to the other Indians, and David's health was more perilous than ever. "Sometimes I felt that I must fall from my horse and lie in the open." It is a piteous tale.

"Sept 1. Set out on a journey towards a place called The Great Island, about fifty miles distant from Shaumoking, on the Northwestern branch of the Susquehanna. Traveled some part of the way. Lodged in the woods. Was exceedingly feeble this day, and sweat much the night following.

"Sept 2. Rode forward; but no faster than my people went on foot. Was very weak, on this as well as on preceding days. I was so feeble and faint that I feared it would kill me to lie out in the open air; and some of our company parted from us, so that we now had no axe with us, I had no way but to climb a young pine tree, and with my knife to lop the branches, and so made a shelter from the dew. But the evening being cloudy, and very likely for rain, I was still under fears of being extremely exposed; sweat much in the night, so that my linen was almost wringing wet all

night. I scarcely ever was more weak and weary than this evening when I was not able to sit up at all. This was a melancholy situation I was in; but I endeavored to quiet myself with considerations of the possibility of my being in much worse circumstances, among enemies &c."

It was a discouraging visit, inasmuch as he found much drunkenness, powwows, and "ungodly swearing," and he was only cheered when he got back to his little home and his "people," as he calls them, at Crossweeksung. Here he continued to preach and look after his Indians, and mending the fences around their wheat. At length the moment arrived when David realized that his life work was over. He describes his parting from his people in simple but characteristic words:

"On Friday morning I rose early, walked out about among my people, and inquired into their state and concerns. . . . About ten o'clock I called my people together, and after having explained and sung a psalm, I prayed with them. There was a considerable deal of affection among them; I doubt not that in some instances, that which was more than merely natural."

This was his last interview with his people. Still on his horse, David rode northward, stopping at Newark, Elizabeth, New York, stopping to rest among old scenes in New England, until he at last reached the home of President Jonathan Edwards at Northampton, to whose daughter Jerusha he had become engaged.

Recovering somewhat, David, still on his horse, rode to Boston, the girl of eighteen accompanying him, where the Scotch Commissioners wished to advise with him concerning the Six Nations. In Boston all the prominent ministers and notable people visited David, who at times lay at the point of death. His indomitable spirit, however, triumphed, and he was able to ride back to Northampton, a journey of five days.

At length the end came. David died October 6, 1747, at the early age of twenty-nine years. "His life is chiefly valuable," writes his biographer, "as a record of what may be done by a man of feeble frame and melancholy temperament, when animated in his labor by a prevailing sense of duty. His object seemed the most hopeless that could be imagined; even to undertake it seemed to require the full strength of a hardy frame, and the powerful impulse of sanguine expectation of success. He had neither of these to sustain him; his frame was dying daily from the time he first went forth to his enterprise, and weariness, exposure, and exhaustion combined to press him down to the grave. . . . But he persevered under every discouragement and against all resistance, and produced results, which no one can reflect upon without surprise."

MARCUS WHITMAN
PATHFINDER AND PATRIOT

MARCUS WHITMAN
PATHFINDER AND PATRIOT

I

"I CAME to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened, for more light for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry much back to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with me—the braves of many winters and wars—we leave asleep here by your great water. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man Book of Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the Book was not there. You showed me images of the good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them. I am going back the long, sad trail to my people of the dark land. You

make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, but the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor blind people, after one more snow, in the Council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men, and our young braves. One by one they will rise and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

In this manner began the romance of the conquest of Oregon for the United States, which ended in the tragedy of Wai-i-lat-pu. This was the speech of a Flathead Indian taken down by a clerk in the office of General George Clarke, then commander of the military post at St. Louis. In 1832 there appeared on the streets of St. Louis, then a frontier town, four Indians, wan and haggard from a long journey. They explained that they had heard of the white man's Book of Life and had come in search of it. General Clarke was a kindly man and took charge of them as his guests. They were shown everything of interest, the churches and theatres, and allowed, what they particularly liked, to "ride on wheels," alluding to carriages, which they had never seen before. This hospitality and the changes in their manner of living brought about the death of two of the Indians. Before returning to their homes, General Clarke gave the two remaining, Rabbit Skin

Leggings and No Horns on His Head, a banquet. It was at this feast the speech quoted was made.

When translated and published it was like a trumpet-call to the missionary societies of the East. Among those stirred by it was a young physician, Marcus Whitman, of Rushville, N. Y., then thirty-three years old. He was a bold, sturdy, companionable young man, fond of adventure, and at the same time fervently religious. Answering the call of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, he and the Reverend Samuel Parker, a man twenty years his senior, agreed to go into the unknown land beyond the Rockies and discover the best means of responding to what became known as the "Macedonian Cry" —Come over and help us. The two men met at St. Louis, and going up the Missouri joined the annual caravan of fur traders going to their meet with the Indians on Green River, in Wyoming. Here they met the chiefs of the Nez-Percés and Flat-heads and explained their mission. The first speaker was Tai-quin-sa-walish, chief of the Nez-Percés, who said that he had heard about the white man's God, but it had only gone into his ears. He would like to know enough to have it enter his heart. The other Indians agreed with him, and, thus encouraged, it was decided that Mr. Parker should accompany the Indians to Vancouver and that Doctor Whitman should go back for helpers. The confidence of the Indians was shown in permitting two Indian boys, Tac-i-tu-tas and I-tes, afterward

known as Richard and John, to go East with him. During the nine days spent here Doctor Whitman's professional skill served him in extracting old arrowheads and in looking after cases of cholera. This recommended him among the old trappers, hunters, and soldiers, who looked doubtfully on men who did not drink and gamble, and who observed the seventh day.

Doctor Whitman, returning with the fur convoy, arrived at Rushville one Saturday evening. He did not make himself known, but the following Sunday he walked down the aisle of the church with his two Indian boys and sat down by his mother.

"Well, well!" the good lady exclaimed aloud. "Here is Marcus Whitman," having believed him to be two thousand miles away. The Mission Board now authorized Doctor Whitman to engage proper associates for his return. This order he fulfilled by marrying Narcissa, the daughter of Judge Prentiss, of Prattsburg, N. Y., and enlisting the Reverend H. H. Spalding, who had just married Miss Hart. These four young people then started on their honeymoon trip of three thousand miles, accompanied by the two Indian boys, and Mr. W. H. Gray, of Utica, N. Y. By sleigh and canal, through mud and slush, they reached the Ohio River. After an uneventful journey down the Ohio and up the Mississippi, the party left St. Louis March 31 on the steam-boat "Chariton" for the journey up the Missouri, to join the fur convoy at Council Bluffs. The mountaineers, however, hearing there were women

in the party, refused to wait. Feeling it was unsafe to go on without their protection, Mr. Spalding wanted to go back; but Mrs. Spalding said: "I have started for the Rocky Mountains and I am going." There were reasons for her husband's reluctance. Already he had been kicked by a cow from the ferry-boat into the river, a Kansas cyclone had lifted his tent and blanket and left him prone and uncovered, and his bones were now rent with ague.

Nevertheless the six now started out alone. Doctor Whitman drove the four-horse wagon, Mr. Spalding took charge of the light two-horse wagon, and the Indian boys drove the mules and cows. They made a desperate race and in four days caught up with the convoy. From the journals and letters of Mrs. Whitman, Mr. Spalding, and Mr. Gray, we get a vivid account of this journey, on which the first white women and the first wagon crossed the Rocky Mountains—a journey full of significance in the future history of Oregon.

"Since we have been here," writes Mrs. Whitman to her family, "we have made our tent. It is made of bed ticking. Is conical in form, and large enough for us all to sleep under, viz.: Mr. Spalding and his wife, Dr. Whitman and wife, Mr. Gray, Richard Tac-i-tu-tas, and John I-tes; quite a little family; raised with a center pole, and fastened down with pegs, making a large circle. Here we shall live, eat and sleep all summer to come, at least, perhaps longer. We spread our India rubber cloth on the ground, then our blankets and en-

camp for the night. We take plenty of Mackinaw blankets, which answer for our bed and bedding and when we journey place them over our saddles and ride on them. I wish you could see our outfit.

"I had made for me in brother Augustus's shoe-store in Rushville a pair of gentleman's boots. We have, each of us, a life preserver, so that if we fall into the water we shall not drown. They are made of India rubber cloth, air tight, and when filled with air and placed under the arm, will prevent one from sinking. Each of us takes a plate, knife, fork, and tin cup. Husband has got me an excellent side saddle and a very easy horse. He made me a present of a mule to ride the other day. I do not know which I shall like best. Richard says 'That's a very bad mule—cant catch buffaloes.' That is the test with him.

"Alas my husband does not come tonight. The wind blows so hard that I expect he cannot cross the river. Brother Gray is with him; I shall not feel so anxious about him on that account, so adieu for tonight. It is most ten o'clock and all the family have gone to rest. I should like to tell you how the western people talk if I had room. Their language is so singular, I hardly understand them. In speaking of a quantity they say 'heap of man' 'heap of water,' 'she is a heap sick.' If you ask 'How is your wife to day?' 'Oh, she is smartly better, I reckon, but she is powerful weak; she has been mighty bad; what's the matter with your eye?'

"*Platte River, just above the Forks.* June 3rd 1836. We have just encamped for the night, near the bluffs, over against the river. The bottoms are a soft, wet plain, and we were obliged to leave the river for the bluffs. The face of the country yesterday afternoon and today has been rolling sand bluffs, mostly barren, quite unlike what our eyes have been satiated with for weeks past. No timber nearer than the Platte, and the water tonight is very bad, got from a small ravine. We have usually got good water previous to this.

"Our fuel for cooking since we left the timber has been dried buffalo dung, and it answers to very good purpose, similar to the kind of coal used in Pennsylvania. The present time in our journey is a very important one. The hunter brought us buffalo meat yesterday for the first time. Buffalo have been seen today but none taken. We have some for supper tonight. Husband is cooking it. No one of the company professes the art but himself. I expect it will be very good.

"*Saturday 4th.* The fur company is large this year; we are really a moving village; nearly four hundred animals, with ours, mostly mules, and seventy men. The Fur Company have seven wagons, drawn by six mules each, heavily loaded, and one cart drawn by two mules, which carries a lame man, one of the proprietors of the Company. We have two wagons in our Company. Mr. and Mrs. S., husband and myself ride in one. Mr. Gray and the baggage, in the other.

Our Indian boys drive the cows, and Dulin the horses. Young Miles leads the forward horses four in each team. Now E. if you want to see our camp in motion, look away ahead and see the pilot and the Captain, Fitzpatrick, just before him; next the pack animals, all mules loaded with great packs. Soon you will see all the wagons, and in the rear our Company. We all cover quite a space. The pack mules always string along, one after the other just like Indians. There are several gentlemen in the Company, who are going over the mountains for pleasure. Captain Stewart, an Englishman (Sir William Drummond) and Mr. Celam. We had a few of them to tea with us last Monday evening. Captains Fitzpatrick, Stewart, Major Harris and Celam. I wish I could describe to you how we live so that you can realize it. Our manner of living is far preferable to any in the States. I never was so contented and happy before, neither have I enjoyed such health in years. In the morning as soon as the day breaks, the first that we hear is the words, 'Arise, Arise.' Then the mules set up such a noise as you never heard, which puts the whole camp in motion. We encamp in a large ring, baggage and men, tents and wagons on the outside, and all the animals except the cows, which are fastened to pickets within the circle. This arrangement is to accommodate the guard, who stand regularly every night and day, also when we are in motion, to protect our animals from the approach of Indians, who would steal them. As I said the mule's

noise brings every man on his feet to loose them and turn them out to feed. Now H. and E. you must think it very hard to get up so early after sleeping on the soft ground, when you find it hard work to open your eyes at seven o'clock. Just think of me; every morning at the word 'Arise' we all spring. While the horses are feeding, we get breakfast in a hurry and eat it. By this time the words, 'Catch up. Catch up.' ring through the camp for moving. We are ready usually to start at six, travel till eleven, encamp, rest and feed, start again about two, travel until six or before, if we come to a good tavern, then encamp for the night.

"Since we have been on the prarie we have done our own cooking. When we left Liberty we expected to take bread to last us part of the way, but could not get enough to last us any distance. We found it awkward work to bake out of doors at first, but we have become so accustomed to it now that we do it very easily. Tell mother I am a very good housekeeper on the prarie. I wish she could just take a peep at us while we are sitting at our meals. Our table is in the ground, our table cloth is an India rubber cloth used as a cloak when it rains. Our dishes are made of tin, basins for tea cups, iron spoons and plates for each of us, several pans for milk, and to put our meat in when we wish to put it on the table. Each one carries his own knife in his scabbard and it is always ready for use. After the table is spread, making our own forks with sticks, and

helping ourselves to chairs, we gather around the table. It is the fashion in this Country to imitate the Turks Messrs. Dunbar and Allis supped with us, and they do the same. We take a blanket and lay down by the table, and those whose joints will let them follow the fashion; others take out some of the baggage. I suppose you know there are no stones in this country; not a stone have I seen of any size on the prarie. Let me assure you we relish our food none the less for sitting on the ground while we are eating. We have tea and plenty of milk which is a luxury in this country Our milk has assisted us very much in making our bread while we have been journeying. It was considerable work to supply ten persons with bread three times a day. We are done using it now. What little flour we have left we shall preserve for thickening our broth, which is excellent. I never saw anything like buffalo meat to satisfy hunger. We do not want anything else with it.

"*Platte River, south side, six days above the Fort Laramie Fork, near the foot of the Rocky Mountains, June 27th* 1836: Dear Brother and sister Whitman. We were in perplexity when we left Liberty, but it has been overruled for good. We were still in great perplexity there, while crossing with our baggage Husband became so completely exhausted with swimming the river on thursday that it was with difficulty he made the shore the last time. Mr. Spalding was sick; our two hired men were good for nothing; we could not

obtain much assistance from the Ottoes, for they were away from the village. We had but one canoe made of skins, and that partly eaten by dogs the night before. We got everything over by Friday night. We didn't get ready to start until Saturday morning. By this time the Company had four and a half days the advance of us. It seemed scarcely possible to overtake them, we having two more difficult streams to cross before they would pass the Pawnee villages. Beyond there we did not dare venture more than one day."

After much consultation the party decided to venture on alone, a Mr. Dunbar consenting to pilot them, for Mrs. Whitman is relating some of their vicissitudes before joining the Fur Company at the Loup Forks. The next day they met a large company of Pawnees going to Fort Laramie to receive their annuities. Many of them had never seen white women before, and the whites and Indians separated mutually pleased with one another. Hard drives were made to reach the company in order to go with it through the Pawnee village. The Indian boys were not able to bring their wearied cattle up with the wagons, so Doctor and Mrs. Whitman remained with them. Doctor Whitman had a tin cup tied to his saddle, and their supper consisted of the milk they took from the cows by the way. Camping out with only blankets and rubber coats in the open air, they mounted refreshed, and succeeded in joining the convoy at one o'clock that night.

"The next day we passed all their villages. We especially were visited by them, both at noon and night; we ladies were such a curiosity to them. They would come and stand around our tent, peep in, and grin in their astonishment to see such looking objects.

"Since we came up with the camp I rode in the wagons most of the way to the Black Hills. It is astonishing how well we get along with our wagons where there are no roads. I think I may say it is easier riding than on any turnpike in the States. June found us ready to receive our first taste of buffalo. Since that time I have had but little to do with the cooking. No one in our number relishes buffalo meat as my husband and I. He has a different way of cooking every piece of meat. All our variety consists in different ways of cooking. Mrs. Spalding who had been ill a greater part of the journey was not so fortunate. The bread had given out and the buffalo meat gave her the greatest agony. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'for a piece of bread from my mother's swill pail.' She seemed to exist, said one of her companions, on the odors of camphor, spirits of turpentine and of the sage brush filling the air."

At Fort Laramie it was the habit of the Fur Company to leave their wagons. Here the goods were repacked on horses and mules to be taken over the Rocky Mountains through the Great South Pass. Doctor Whitman, on the contrary, insisted on taking one of his wagons. After much discussion the Fur Company unwillingly

consented, adding a cart of the company and putting Doctor Whitman in charge of this wagon train. It was his task to find the most feasible route for his wagons. "He came into camp one night puffing and blowing, we are told, but in good spirits, right side up, with only one turn over for the wagon, and two for the cart." But he succeeded. He had demonstrated that a wagon road over the Rocky Mountains was practicable, and this fact not only made his wagon historic, but played an important part in the political history of Oregon.

On the Fourth of July the caravan entered the Great South Pass. Mr. Spalding, writing of this moment, says that the missionaries with the two Indian boys moving over to the Pacific side of the slope, with the Bible in one hand and the American flag in the other, fell on their knees and took possession of it as the home of American mothers and the Church of Christ. The scene, moral and physical, was thrilling. Mrs. Spalding exclaimed: "Is it a reality or a dream that after four months of painful journeying I am alive, and actually standing on the summit of the Rocky Mountains where the foot of a white woman has never before trod?" The advent of the women was as significant as that of the passage of the wagon. The mountaineers and trappers, many of whom had not seen a white woman since childhood, wept as they took them by the hand. One old mountaineer saw in their presence a deeper significance.

"There is something which the Honorable Hudson's

Bay Company cannot get rid of. They cannot send these women out of the country. They have come to stay."

Just beyond the Divide the Fur Company stopped. This was to be the rendezvous for the trappers, hunters, and Indians, who would bring in furs to exchange for goods. There were about four hundred of the whites and fifteen tribes of Indians. On the third day a grand review of the Indians was held, of which Mr. Spalding gives a spirited account.

"A national salute was given to the whites by the several nations. The Blackfeet tribe led off, and fairly won the admiration of the whites by their war equipment and fearfully painted horses, black or yellow, red or white, according to the natural color of the horse. Next followed the Nez Perces and Flathead tribes, who received equal applause for their masterly horsemanship, very natural sham fights, and their national airs consisting of a few striking words oft repeated, but sung in a plaintive tone, in which they were joined by a large band of young women, riding in an extended column behind, their wonderfully sweet voices keeping most excellent time, floating far through the air, their dresses profuse with heavy bands of blue and white cut beads, alternated with bands of mother-of-pearl and haiqua shells, brilliant in the sunbeams, their saddles rising in front and behind—natural and important supports—and their heavy cruppers and breast bands of the finest blue or scarlet red, elabo-

rately decorated with hawk bells and steel-top thimbles and fine bead work, hung with phylacteries of elk teeth and tin coils producing a regular, loud, but not harsh jingle as their fiery steeds pranced slowly along, seemingly unconscious, not only of their fiery dispositions but of their female riders.

"Several days were taken up with the review of one tribe after another. By general consent each tribe was given time and opportunity for display. There was some difference among the different tribes, the more hostile presenting the more furious spectacle, yet the general order was the same. After silence had settled down for a few moments, the attention would be suddenly called to a cavalcade of horsemen coming in sight around a point of timber or a hill and sweeping out upon the plains, moving forward in a slow trot or prance, presenting an extended and unbroken breast many columns deep, every horseman, except the women, without saddles, and riding upon a mountain panther or medicine wolf skin, thrown loosely over the horse, twenty or thirty of the war-chiefs, or warriors, upon the best horses, painted fearfully, and some wearing buffalo horns and bear claws, sweeping up and down in front of the column, harangueing in a loud and distinct voice, and some of the tribe nearly naked with buffalo horns on their heads and silver fox skins at their heels. Most of them had fine buckskin shirts and moccasins elaborately decorated with beads and porcupine quills, and with full-grown white wolf or panther skins stream-

ing in full length behind them, and with wild war caps of eagle feathers, black with red tips, extending far behind—all streaming and gleaming fearfully in the air, as these Jehus would sweep up and down, now brandishing their spears or muskets and bows, and now balancing them high over their heads; now wheeling and cross riding; now throwing themselves on one side of the horse, and wheeling and throwing themselves on the other side, and darting the spear under and before the horse's breast. All this accompanied by the constant pounding of a number of Rocky Mountain gongs, or Indian drums, the terrific screams of whistles made of the leg bone of the gray eagle and swan, the constant jingle of the medicine rattle box, tin coil, bear claws, and human bones trimmed with human scalps hanging upon every horse—interrupted now and then by a terrific battle yell, rounding off in a vibrating war-whoop, enough to curdle the blood in one's veins. In the center and a little in advance, is seen the patriarchal one, wearing an American coat and hat, and bearing in one hand the American flag, and in the other an enormous calumet, or the great pipe of peace.

"At a sufficient distance the white men and the friendly tribes are gathered around, while the hostile tribes in close squads, each under their own strong guard, form the other side. As the flag reaches within twenty rods of the great stone house, the old man stops; the young women close up and continue their singing, while the warriors and young men engage in a sham

battle, the American leaders standing in the door of the store, also holding the American flag. Suddenly the horsemen collect near the flag, and in an instant this great throng of horses, thickly crowded together, stands empty and quiet, their riders gone for the instant; but, as if by magic, and before the eye can follow them, they are seen already collected in a thick group near by, bounding up and down in the scalp dance, all being first upon one leg and then the other, taking three steps, keeping perfect time with the beat of the drum and the voice of the singers.

"Suddenly the flag drops and all is still. The old man approaches the white captain, the hand of friendship is extended, the pipe of peace passed around, and in a few moments the beaver belonging to that tribe begins to come in from the rear, and pack after pack is thrown at the feet of the old man who does the trading for the tribe. The price of each skin and the goods are fixed, and the articles are handed to the patriarch as fast as four or five clerks can attend to them, and he hands the articles back into the crowd, to whom they may belong."

The caravan had now travelled two days on the Pacific slope of the pass, reaching Green River, where the appointed rendezvous was to take place. Here the trappers and Indians had been waiting twelve days for the appearance of the Fur Company and missionaries. Of the trappers Mr. Spalding gives as picturesque a description as of the Indians:

"The mountaineers adopt very readily the manners, dress, habits even the gestures and walk of the Indian. A greater compliment could not be paid to a free trapper than to persuade him he had been mistaken for an Indian brave. His hair, suffered to attain its full length, is carefully combed out, and suffered to fall over his shoulders, or plaited and tied up with otter or weasel skin. A hunting shirt of buckskin, with heavy philacteries and circles of porcupine quills, falls to his knees, below which, leggings of the same, closely fitted to his calves, and beautifully ornamented with fine beads and heavy fringes, reaches to a pair of moccasins wrought with scarlet beads and porcupine quills. His blanket is girt about him with a red sash or otter skin, in which is bestowed his pipe, knife and tobacco pouch, the latter wrought with beads. His gun is lavishly decorated with brass tacks, vermillion and eagle's feathers. His horse, the noble minister to the pride, profit, pleasure, and often safety of the mountaineer, is often caparisoned in the most dashing and fantastic style. His Indian wife with her horse, selected for his prancing, and her saddle and baby cradle, are still more elaborately and expensively decorated, with pounds of black and white beads, haiqua shells, tin coil, elk teeth and hawk bells, finger rings, heavy bracelets, steel-top thimbles and cut glass beads, all glistening in the sunbeams and producing a cheering jingle, as she gallops alongside of her American 'hama' (man); their babe lashed to its cradle and swung on the fore horn of her

saddle, while two white parflesh portfolios, beautifully decorated with painted figures and heavy philacteries, containing her fire stick, sinews, awl, kimp and other necessaries are hung to the hind one.

"The yearly rendezvous was a hey-dey for these modern Nimrods. They collect together at the place appointed, and await the arrival of the traders caravan with anxiety, and greet the newcomers pork eaters with hearty cheer. They would entertain each other for hours with prodigious tales of wonders seen and wonders endured; of Indian fights, narrow escapes, and comrades scalped; of decoys, by means of Indians dressed in elk skins and apparently feeding about; of starvations, of buffalo hunts and buffalo feasts; of climbing snow mountains and carrying sweet cottonwood back to keep their animals from perishing; of swimming ice-floating rivers with packs on their backs to hunt for beaver skins; of Baalaam-ite mules; of Indians in ambush; of the beaver to trap; and of the luck stream, where he is brought to medecine. The eventful hours were also relieved by a display of horsemanship, in all their gay and fluttering attire; by horse races and foot races; by wrestling, jumping and pounding of noses; by boasting and counter boasting.

"In the mean time a brisk trade is kept up; the log stores of the Company are thronged late and early until beaver are gone, credit is gone, whiskey gone, grass gone, stores emptied, and the appointed day to break camp dawns, when suddenly the narrow valley

of Green river for ten miles is alive with horses, mules and human beings. The thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of horses are driven into their several camps and horse pens, lodge poles taken down, lodges rolled up and packed, and pack saddles on the mules, and the long cavalcade for St. Louis impatient to be in motion; the hearty hand shake and soul-invigorating 'God bless you' goes around. The home bound partner gives the signal by firing off his piece, followed instantly by a thousand volleys. The Canadians lead off in that soul-vivifying boat song, followed by the Mexican, the English, and the many Indian tongues, as these many natives and languages start off in all directions, the home-bound caravan for the rising sun; the Indian tribes for their distant mountain homes; the mountain trappers moving with them, or collecting in small bands, move off to choice trapping fields in the secluded glens of the distant dark mountains, to live over again their life of peril, danger, starvation and feasting, and to come together again with their number reduced by other sleepless foes. And the romantic valley relapses into pristine stillness and solitude."

II

The remainder and the most difficult part of the journey was yet to be made. This led through "the great and terrible wilderness," through the deep glens and precipices of the Bear River country and over the

burning volcanic wastes of the Snake River. The caravan had gone back, and the trappers separated. Fortunately some members of the Hudson Bay Company bound east arrived, and to two of their returning men, Thomas McKay and John McLeod, the little band was intrusted, by Captain Wyeth, their chief. The question of the wagon again came up. Their guides said it was impossible to take it. Doctor Whitman's helper refused to accompany them if the wagon went. Miles abandoned the party; however, the wagon went, but as a cart, two wheels and the axle-tree packed inside. Mrs. Whitman now resumes her diary:

"*July* 18*th*. Under the protection of Mr. McLeod and his company we left the Rendezvous and came ten miles in a southwesterly direction. The Flat-heads and some of the Snake Indians accompanied us part of the way. We make but one camp a day. We had a tedious ride, as we traveled until half past four. I thought of mother's bread as a child would but did not find it on the table; have been living on buffalo meat until I am cloyed with it.

"25*th*. Came fifteen miles today; encamped on Smith creek, a small branch of Bear River. The ride has been very mountainous—paths winding on the sides of steep mountains. In some places the path is so narrow as scarcely to afford room for the animal to put his foot. One after another we pass along with cautious step. Passed a creek on which was a fine bunch of gooseberries nearly ripe.

"Husband has had a tedious time with the wagon today. It got stuck in the creek this morning when crossing, and he was obliged to wade considerably in getting it out. After that in going between the mountains, on the side of one so steep that it was difficult to get the horses to pass, the wagon was upset twice. It was a greater wonder it was not turning somersaults constantly. It is not very grateful to my feelings to see him wearing himself out with such excessive fatigue, as I am obliged to. All the most difficult part of the way he has walked, in laborious attempts to take the wagon.

"*26th.* Did not move camp today. Mr. McKay has been preparing to send out trappers from this place. Husband has been sick today, and so lame with rheumatism as to be scarcely able to move. It is a great privilege to be still today, on his account, for he needs rest.

"*27th.* Had quite a level route today—came down near Bear River. Mr. McKay sent off about thirty of his men as trappers. Several lodges of Indians also left us to go in another direction, and we expect more to leave tomorrow. They wish to go a different route from Mr. McLeod. We are still in a dangerous country; but our company is large enough for safety. The cattle endure the journey marvellously well. They supply us with enough milk for our tea and coffee, which is indeed a luxury. We are obliged to shoe some of them because of sore feet. Have seen no buffalo

since we left the Rendezvous. Have had no game of any kind except a few messes of antelope, which an Indian gave us. We have plenty of buffalo meat which we purchased from the Indians—and dry it is for me. It appears so filthy. I can scarcely eat it; but it keeps us alive and we ought to be thankful for it. We have had a few meals of fresh fish also, which we relish well, and we have the prospect of obtaining plenty in two or three weeks more. Have found no more berries; neither have I found any of Ma's bread. Have six weeks steady journeying before us. Feel sometimes as if it were a long time traveling. Long for rest, but must not murmur.

"Feel to pity the poor Indian women, who are continually traveling in this manner, and know no other comfort. They do all the work and are the complete slaves of their husbands.

"28*th*. Very mountainous all the way today; came over another ridge; rode from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m. We thought yesterday the Indians were all going to leave us; but not one has. They fear to on account of the Blackfeet tribe, who would destroy them all if they could. One of the axle trees of the wagon broke today; was a little rejoiced; for we hoped they would leave it and have no more trouble with it. Our rejoicing was in vain, for they are making a cart of the back wheels this afternoon and lashing the fore wheels to it—intending to take it through in some shape or another. They are so resolute and untiring in their efforts they will

doubtless succeed. Had some fresh fish for breakfast and some antelope for supper sent by Mr. McLeod and other friends in camp. Thus the Lord provides and smooths all our ways for us, giving us strength.

"*July 29th.* Mr. Gray was quite sick this morning, and inclined to fall behind. Husband and I rode with him about two hours and a half, soon after which he gave out entirely. I was sent on, and soon after husband left him to come and get the cart; but I overtook an Indian, who went back and soon met husband, and both returned to Mr. Gray. The Indian helped him on his horse, got on behind him, supported him in his arms, and in this manner came slowly into camp. . . . This was welcome relief.

"We were hospitably entertained by Captain Thing, who keeps the fort," Mrs. Whitman continues, as one page of her diary noting their arrival at Fort Hall is missing here. "It was built by Captain Wyeth, a gentleman from Boston, whom we saw at the Rendezvous on his way East. Our dinner consisted of dry buffalo meat, turnips, and fried bread which was a luxury. Mountain bread is simply coarse flour and water mixed and roasted or fried in buffalo grease. To one who has had nothing but meat in a long time this relishes well. For tea we had the same, with the addition of some stewed service berries.

"The buildings of the fort are made of hewed logs, with roofs covered with mud bricks, chimneys and fireplaces being made of the same; no windows except

square holes in the roof, and in the bastion a few port holes large enough for guns only. The buildings are all enclosed in a strong log wall. This affords them a place of safety when attacked by hostile tribes, as they frequently are, this being in the Blackfoot country. Since dinner we visited the garden and cornfields. The buildings at Fort William on Laramie Fork of the Platte are made the same, but are larger and more finished than here.

"Here we have stools to sit on—there we had very comfortable chairs bottomed with buffalo skin. Thus you see we have a house of entertainment almost or quite as often as Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress did. We expect one more before we get to Walla Walla; that is Snake Fort belonging to Mr. McKay who is with us.

"From this on our company will be small. The Indians all leave us today, except one or two who will go with us to assist in driving the cattle—Kentuck, who went with Mr. Parker last year, and the chief, Rotten belly. The whole tribe are exceedingly anxious to have us go with them. They use every argument they can invent to prevail on us to do so—and not only argument but strategy. We all think it not best; we are very much fatigued and wish to get through as soon as possible. To go with them would take us two months or more, when we now expect to get to Walla Walla in twenty five days.

"*August 5th. Morn.* Came all of ten miles last

evening and did not arrive here until after dark. Mr. McLeod and his company started earlier than we did, intending to come but a little way. We could not get ready to come with him, and the man who piloted us led us wrong—much out of the way. Those we depended on to drive the cattle disappointed us. Husband and myself fell in behind them to assist John I-tes, who was alone with them. This made us later into camp than the rest of the company. We came through several swamps, and all the last part of the way we were so swarmed with musquitoes as to be scarcely able to see—especially while crossing the Port Neuf, which we did just before coming into camp. It is the widest river I have forded on horseback.

"It seemed as if the cows would run mad for musquitoes; we could scarcely get them along.

"Mr. McLeod met us and invited us to tea which was a great favor. Thus blessings gather thick around us. We have been in the mountains so long we find the scenery of this valley very grateful to the eye—a large stream on my right hand and one on my left, skirted with timber. At Fort Hall was our first sight of Snake River. We shall follow the south of it for many days. We have passed many places where the soil is good, and would be fertile if there were frequent rains; but usually the country is barren, and would be a sandy desert were it not for the sage brush.

"*Eve.* We passed the American Falls on Snake River just after dinner. The roar of the water is heard at a

considerable distance. We stopped during the greatest heat for rest and dinner. Now that the Indians have left us, we shall expect to make two camps. I expect this to be a great mercy to us two weak females, for it was more than we could well endure to travel during the heat of the day without some refreshment.

"*August 6th.* Route very bad and difficult today. We crossed a small stream full of falls. The only pass we could cross was just on the edge of rocks above one of the falls. While the pack animals were crossing, both ours and the Company's, there was such a rush as to crowd two of our horses over the falls, both packed with dried meat. It was with great difficulty they were got out, one of them having been in nearly an hour, much to his injury.

"*August 7th. Sabbath.* Came fifteen miles and camped on a fine place, with plenty of good grass for our weary animals. Thus are blessings so mingled, that it seems there was nothing else but mercy and blessing all the way.

"*August 8th, Snake River.* We have an excellent camp tonight; plenty of feed for cattle and horses. We think it remarkable that our cattle should endure the journey as well as they do. We have two sucking calves that appear to be in very good spirits; they suffer some from sore feet, otherwise they have come on well and will go through. Have come eighteen miles today, and have taken it so deliberately that it has been easy for us. The hunters came in last night

well loaded; they had been in the mountains two days after game, and had killed three elk and two antelope. This is the first elk meat we have had, and it is the last opportunity we have of taking any more game. We are told that many have traveled the whole distance from Rendezvous to Walla Walla without any fresh meat. We think ours will last us until we reach the salmon fishing at Snake Falls. Thus we are well provided for, contrary to our expectations. Mr. McLeod has excellent hunters; this is the reason we live so well. There is but little game, and this is found at a great distance from the route.

"11*th.* Tuesday and Wednesday have been tedious days, both for man and beast—lengthy marches without water; rocky and sandy. Had a present tonight of a fresh salmon; also a plate of fried cakes from Mr. McLeod. (Girls if you wish to know how they taste, you can have the pleasure by taking a little flour and water, make some dough and roll it thin, then take some beef fat and fry them. You need not put salt or pearl-ash in your dough. Believe me I relish them as well as I ever did any made at home.)

"13*th.* *Saturday.* We have come fifteen miles and have the worst route of all for the cart. We might have had a better one, but were misled by the Company, who started out before the leaders. It was two o'clock before we came into camp. They were preparing to cross Snake River. The river is divided by two islands into three branches, and it is fordable. The packs are

placed upon the tops of the highest horses, and in this way crossed without wetting. Two of the tallest horses were selected to carry Mrs. Spalding and myself over. Mr. McLeod gave his and rode mine. The last half we rode as much as a half a mile in crossing and against the current, too, which made it hard for the horses, the water being up to their sides. Husband had considerable difficulty in crossing the cart. Both cart and mules were turned upside down in the river and entangled in the harness. The mules would have been drowned, but for a desperate struggle to get them ashore. Then after putting two of the strongest horses before the cart, and two men swimming behind to steady it, they succeeded in getting it across. I once thought crossing the streams would be the most dreaded part of the journey. I can now cross the most difficult stream without fear. There is one manner of crossing which husband has tried, but I have not, neither do I wish to. Take an elk skin and stretch it over you, spreading yourself out as much as possible, then let the Indian women carefully put you on the water, and with a cord in the mouth they will swim and draw you over."

On Friday, August 19, the missionaries reached Fort Boisé, the home of Mr. McLeod, to whose kindness they owed so much during the journey, and where they were now to leave him. Here they rested over Sunday and examined their clothes. Mrs. Spalding had been ill the greater part of the journey, and her husband suffered various mishaps. In the Bear River

valley the Indians had started some antelope, after their usual manner, with yells and feathers and flags flying. This started the two mules of the cart, which ran down her horse, the cart passing over both horse and rider. Another day her horse stepped in a wasps' nest, and she was thrown with her feet hanging in the stirrup. Again in crossing the Snake River she grew dizzy, and was about to fall when her husband called: "Look at the deer coming down the mountain; we will have fresh meat for supper." Mrs. Spalding righted herself. "Keep your eye on the mountain!" he continued. She understood and crossed safely. It will have been noted how constantly the question of food occurs in the letters at the sacrifice of what might have been more interesting matter. But explorers and adventurers, like an army, move on the belly.

"22*nd.* Left the Fort yesterday, came a short distance to the crossing of the Snake River, crossed and encamped. The river has three branches, divided by islands as before. The first and second places were very deep, but we had no difficulty in crossing on horseback. The third was deeper still; we dare not venture on horseback. This being a fishing post of the Indians, we easily found a canoe made of rushes and willows on which we placed ourselves and saddles (the two women), when two Indians on horseback, each with a rope tied to the canoe, towed us over. O, if father, mother and the girls could have seen us

in our snug little canoe floating on the water. We were favorites of the company. No one else was privileged to ride on it. I wish I could give a correct idea of this little bark. It is simply bunches of rushes tied together and attached to a frame made of a few sticks of small willows. It was just large enough to hold us and our saddles.

"As for the wagon it is left at the Fort, and I have nothing to say about crossing it this time. Five of our cattle were left there also, to be exchanged for others at Walla Walla. Perhaps you will wonder why we have left the wagon, after having taken it so nearly through. Our animals were failing and the route in crossing the Blue Mountain is said to be impassible for it. We have the prospect of exchanging it for one at Vancouver.

"Now for Edward's amusement, and that he may know how to do it when he comes over the Rocky Mountains I will tell how we got the cattle over the rivers. Our two Indian boys, Richard and John have had the chief management of driving them all the way and are commendable for the patience they have shown. They have had some one or two to help them, but none are such steady drivers as themselves. When a stream is to be crossed, where it is necessary for the animal to swim, Richard comes to my husband and asks if he may go over with his horse and clothes and then come back after the cows. Having obtained consent, he rides over accompanied by his fellow drivers,

all stripped to the shirt. Then they return with their horses if the stream is wide and difficult. If not, they leave their horses, tie their shirts over their heads, and swim back, collect the cows and drive them through, all swimming after them. If the stream is very wide, and they return with their horses, they drive them swimming on their horses behind them. This saves them from the too great fatigue of swimming the river twice. They love to swim as they love to eat. . . . In this case all the horses and mules were driven across. Usually, the best Indian swimmer was selected, and mounted on a horse that was good for leading to go before the animals as a guide, while many others swam after them to drive them over. When once under way such a snorting and bellowing you never heard. At the same time you can see nothing but so many heads floating on the water. Soon they gain the opposite shore, triumphantly ascend its banks, shake themselves and retire to their accustomed employment."

At Lone Tree, a beautiful valley in the Powder River country, which takes its name from a solitary tree in this barren country, it was considered wise to divide the party, owing to the worn-out animals and the necessity of Doctor Whitman hurrying to Vancouver to see his former comrade, Mr. Parker. Accordingly Mr. Spalding and his wife remained behind with the baggage, animals, and the Nez-Percé chief for a guide. The weather was scorching, and at noon the advance party rested, and as usual made a shelter with blankets

stretched on willows or sticks and blankets beneath to lie on.

"28*th*. This morning lingered with my husband on the top of the hill that overlooks the Grand Ronde, at the foot of which is a beautiful cluster of pitch and spruce trees, but no white pine like that I have been accustomed to see at home. It is a circular plain, surrounded by lofty mountains, and has a beautiful river coursing through it skirted with quite large timber. The scenery while passing through it is quite delightful in some places, and the soil rich; in other places we find the white sand and sedge, as usual, so common to this country. We nooned upon the Grand Ronde River.

"The camas grow in abundance, and it is the principal resort of the Cayuses and many other tribes to obtain it. It resembles an onion in shape and color; when cooked it is very sweet and tastes like a fig. Their manner of cooking it is curious; they dig a hole in the ground, throw in a heap of stones, heat them to a red heat, cover them with green grass, upon which they put the camas, and cover the whole with earth. When taken out it is black. This is the chief food of many tribes during the winter. After dinner we left the plain and ascended the Blue Mountains. Here a new and pleasing scene presented itself—mountains covered with timber, through which we rode all afternoon; a very agreeable change. The hills reminded me of my native county of Steuben.

"29*th*. Had a continuation of the same scenery as yesterday afternoon. Rode over many logs and obstructions that we had not found since we had left the states. Here I met frequently old acquaintances in trees and flowers, and was not a little delighted; indeed I do not know as I was ever so much affected with any scenery in my life. The singing of birds, the echo of voices of my fellow travelers, as they were scattered through the woods, all had a strong resemblance to by-gone days. But this scenery was of short duration; only one day. Before noon we began to descend one of the most terrible mountains for steepness and length I have yet seen. It was like winding stairs in its descent, and in some places almost perpendicular. The horses appeared to dread the hill as much as we did. They would turn and wind around in a zigzag manner all the way down. The men usually walked, but I could not get permission to, neither did I desire it much. We had no sooner gained the foot of the mountain, when another more steep and terrible was before us. After dinner and rest we descended it. Our ride this afternoon exceeded anything we have had yet, and what made it the more aggravating was the fact that the path all the way was very stony, resembling a new macadamized road. Our horses feet were very tender, all unshod, so that we could not make the progress we wished. The mountain in many places was covered with black basalt. We were very late in making camp tonight. After ascending the

mountain we kept upon the main divide until sunset, looking in vain for water and a camping place. While upon this elevation we had a view of the Columbia river. It was beautiful. Just as we gained the highest elevation, the sun was dipping his disk behind the western horizon. Beyond we could see two mountains, Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens. These lofty peaks were of a conical form, separated from one another by a considerable distance. Behind the former the sun was hiding his rays which gave us a more distinct view of this gigantic cone. By this time our horses were in haste to be in camp, as well as ourselves, and mine made such lengthy strides in descending that it shook my sides surprisingly."

They were now approaching Fort Walla Walla, and animals as well as the travellers began to realize their impatience. The lengthy camp of the day before and the necessity of leaving two wearied horses with their packs delayed them. Meanwhile, following the course of the stream, they found an abundance of cherries such as they had left behind them in the East. According to the custom, runners were sent to the Fort announcing their arrival, and to prepare for their reception.

"*September* 1*st*, 1836. You can better imagine our feelings this morning than we can describe them. I could not realize that the end of our long journey was so near. We arose as soon as it was light, took a cup of coffee, ate of the duck we had given us last night,

and dressed for Walla Walla. We started while it was yet early, for all were in haste to reach the desired haven. If you could have seen us you would have been surprised, for both man and beast seemed to be impelled by the same force. The whole company galloped almost the whole of the way to the Fort. The first appearance of civilisation we saw was the garden, two miles this side of the Fort. The fatigues of the long journey seemed to be forgotten in the excitement of being so near the close. Soon the Fort appeared in sight, and when it was announced that we were near, Mr. McLeod, Mr. Pambrun, the gentleman of the house and Mr. Townsend (a traveling naturalist) sallied forth to meet us. After the usual introduction and salutation, we entered the Fort and were comfortably seated in cushioned chairs. They were just eating breakfast as we rode up, and soon we were seated at the table. . . . You cannot imagine what an appetite these rides over the mountains give a person. I wish some of the feeble ones of the States could have rode over the mountains; they would have said, like me, that victuals, even the plainest kinds, never relished so well before. After breakfast we were shown the novelties of the place. While at breakfast a young rooster placed himself upon the sill of the door and crowed. Now whether it was the first white woman, or out of compliment to the company I know not, but this much for him, I was pleased with his appearance. You may think me simple for speaking of

such a small circumstance. No one knows the feeling occasioned by objects once familiar, when it is heightened by no expectation of meeting with them. The door yard was filled with hens, turkeys and pigeons. In another place we saw cows and goats in abundance, and I think the largest and fattest cattle and swine I ever saw.

"We were soon shown to a room which Mr. Pambrun said he had prepared for us, by making two bedsteads or bunks on hearing of our approach. It was the west bastion of the Fort, full of port holes on the sides, but no windows, and filled with firearms. A large cannon, always loaded, stood behind the door by one of the holes. These things did not disturb me. I am so well pleased with a room to shelter me from the scorching sun that I scarcely notice them."

After a short rest at Fort Walla Walla the party descended the Columbia River in canoes, making the portage at The Dalles, where Mrs. Whitman gives a spirited account of her adventure with fleas, which attacked her with the ferocity of more formidable creatures. At Fort Vancouver they were hospitably received by the chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, Doctor McLaughlin, who, for his kindness to the American missionaries, subsequently fell into disrepute with the company, and attached himself to the new territory. By agreement Doctor Whitman and Mr. Gray were assigned to a mission among the Cayuse Indians at Waiilatpu, twenty-five miles from Fort Walla

Walla, and Mr. and Mrs. Spalding were sent one hundred and twenty miles eastward, to Clearwater River, among the Nez-Percés. Doctor Whitman and Mr. Gray accordingly left immediately for their new station, to prepare some sort of habitation, for which every board was sawed by hand. In December the house was ready, and the group left Fort Walla Walla on horseback for their new home.

"We found a house reared," writes Mrs. Whitman, "and the lean-to enclosed, a good chimney and fireplace, and the floor laid. No windows or doors except blankets. My heart truly leapt for joy as I alighted from my horse, entered, and seated myself before a blazing fire. (for it was now night.)

"We had neither drawer, bedstead, nor table, nor anything to make them of but green cotton wood. All our boards were sawed by hand. Here my husband and his two laborers—(two Owyhees from Vancouver—and a man who crossed the mountains with us), and Mr. Gray had been encamped in a tent since the 19th of October, toiling excessively hard to accomplish this much for our comfortable residence during the remainder of the winter.

"It is indeed a lovely situation. We are on a level peninsula formed by the branches of the Walla Walla River, on the base of which our house stands, upon the northeast corner near the shore of the main river. To run a fence across to the opposite river on the north from our house—this with the river, would en-

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close three hundred acres of good land for cultivation all directly under the eye."

Later Mrs. Ells, another of the intrepid missionary brides, who so soon followed the first adventurers, adds to the description of this home: "It is of adobe, mud dried in the form of brick, only larger. I cannot describe its appearance as I cannot compare it with anything I ever saw. There are doors and windows, but they are of the roughest material, the boards being sawed by hand and put together by no carpenter, but by one who knows nothing about the work. There are a number of wheat, corn, and potato fields about the house, besides a garden of melons and all kinds of vegetables common to a garden. There are no fences, there being no timber of which to make them. The furniture is very primitive: the bedsteads are of boards nailed to the side of the house sink-fashion; then some blankets and husks make the bed; but it is good compared with traveling accomplishments."

Later she mentions that Mrs. Whitman had secured some earthen dishes. However humble, here Mrs. Whitman dispensed a generous hospitality. Later she entertained Lieutenant Fremont, and she writes of the delicious pony steaks she was able to serve, finding wild horse a good substitute for beef. Doctor Whitman, who had the instincts of a home builder, in time added a blacksmith shop and a grist-mill. In 1839 another visitor to Waiilatpu, Mr. Thomas J. Farnham, says:

"It appeared to me quite remarkable that the doctor could have made so many improvements since the year 1836; but the industry which crowded every hour of the day, his untiring energy of character and the very efficient aid of his wife in relieving him in a great degree from the labors of the school, are perhaps circumstances which render possibility probable, that in three years one man, without funds for such purposes, without other aid for that business than that of a fellow missionary for short intervals, should fence, plow, build, plant an orchard, and do all the other laborious acts of opening a plantation on the face of that distant wilderness, learn the Indian language, and do the duties, meanwhile, of a physician to the associate stations on the Clearwater and Spokane."

Such testimony is valuable in disclosing the all-round characters of the missionaries of that day. They could preach and they could pray; equally they could build, plant, and work with their hands. To the Indian believing that the hunt only was worthy of his dignity, the example was not lost. Seeds were given to those Indians who would plant and cultivate. The Spaldings had brought with them a quart of wheat; a decade later the Nez-Percés had reaped "between twenty and thirty thousand bushels of grain." The cows that had struggled and suffered in the crossing of the Rockies had become herds, and Commodore Wilkes, who visited the Whitmans in 1841, tells of "the wheat in the fields seven feet high, and the corn nine feet in the tassel."

The wives were indeed helpmeets. Women delicately nurtured, they accepted their lot not only without a murmur, but with enthusiasm. One of these women had but one chair in ten years. Four sticks in the ground and a board across was a chair; three boards made a table. The food was cooked before an open fire. The greatest hardship was the lack of privacy. The Indians entered at all hours, and never knew when to take leave. Practically life was lived in the presence of curious, alien eyes. But Mr. Farnham writes that Mrs. Whitman was an indefatigable teacher, her school at that time containing fifty Indian children.

III

Unable to settle the boundary line between our new purchase beyond the Rocky Mountains and the British possessions, by agreement the country was held in joint occupancy. Practically the Hudson Bay Company was in control, and its interest lay in keeping Oregon as a fur country and the Indian in his wild state as a hunter and trapper. Before this domination of the Hudson Bay Company each successive American fur company had been obliged to give way. The American settler, however, largely represented by the missionaries, wished to civilize the Indian, to teach him to farm the lands, to raise cattle, and to win him from the war-path. This the settlers who followed in their wake also wished to do for themselves. Accord-

ingly, the number and increase of immigrants from each country was a matter of importance. At one time where the inhabitants came together for mutual protection against wolves, it was found there were fifty-two Americans against fifty of the British. This was regarded as a test case, and both parties realized the necessity of increasing their numbers.

At Fort Hall Captain Grant, the company's agent, was constant in his efforts at discouraging settlers from crossing the Rocky Mountains, by warning them of the obstacles they would encounter and the worthlessness of the country. Meanwhile, every effort by the same agencies to discredit Oregon as the home of the white man was unwearying in the States. The views of our statesmen concerning the country west of the Rocky Mountains, in the light of the present, is almost unbelievable.

"It is the mere riddlings of creation. It is almost as barren as the Desert of Sahara, and quite as unhealthy as the Campania of Italy," was quoted in Congress.

"I would not for that purpose [of agriculture] give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory. If there were an embankment of five feet to be removed, I would not consent to give five dollars to remove it," were the words of Senator McDuffie, of South Carolina.

The dangers of prophecy could not be better illustrated than at this period in Congress.

"What just man would sacrifice a single human life

to bring under our rule both Texas and Oregon?" said Charles Sumner.

"Are our Western brethren straightened for elbow-room, or likely to be for a thousand years?" asked Senator Winthrop.

"A railroad across twenty-five hundred miles of desert and mountains! The smoke of an engine across the terrible fissures of that rocky ledge, where the smoke of the volcano has only rolled before! . . . Nothing short of the lamp of Aladdin will suffice for such an expenditure," quoted Senator Dayton.

More significant was the opinion of Daniel Webster, who was negotiating the treaty with England concerning the boundary line, that "the Government is very likely to be endangered by a further enlargement of the territorial surface, already so vast, over which it is extended." In his opinion the valley of the St. John's River, on the boundary line of Maine, was worth as much as the Columbia ever would be. Meanwhile Sir George Simpson, Governor General of the Hudson Bay Company, said of this worthless country that they were "resolved, even at the cost of a hundred thousand pounds, to expel the Americans from traffic on the Pacific coast."

Picture to yourselves against this formidable array of power, influence, and money at home and abroad, a handful of missionaries, free trappers, and settlers, separated from civilization by almost impassable mountain barriers, yet equally determined to retain the

homes they had gone through so much to win, and at the same time their nationality. It is necessary to understand this in order to realize how unequal was the struggle and how great was the success.

Circumstances conspired to bring about a crisis. A short time before, a company of eighty immigrants had arrived from the Red River of the North, thus increasing the number of British settlers. Later came a small company of settlers from the States. Among the number was a young man named Amos Lawrence Lovejoy from Boston. These camped near Doctor Whitman's mission, and among the items of news they brought to the eager listeners was word of Mr. Webster's desire to exchange Oregon for the St. John's River country, in what is known as the Ashburton treaty. Meanwhile a council of the missionaries had been called with reference to missionary matters. While this was in session Doctor Whitman was sent for to attend a sick man at Fort Walla Walla. While there he learned that another large company of immigrants from the Red River country was on its way, causing great rejoicing at the Fort. Instantly realizing what the result of this large outnumbering of the Americans would mean, he hastily excused himself, jumped on his little cayuse, and in two hours was at his mission.

He had already determined to go East to lay certain matters before his Mission Board. Now he determined, although winter was approaching, to go immediately. His colleagues listened coldly and advised him to at-

tend to his missionary business and let politics alone. He rose from his seat and faced them.

"I was a man before I became a missionary; and when I became a missionary I did not expatriate myself."

It was useless to try to detain him, and the missionaries left to prepare letters to send home by him. Meanwhile Doctor Whitman sought out young Lovejoy, whom he asked to accompany him. After some reflection Lovejoy said he would. Doctor Whitman's impatience to be off led him to start two days earlier than he had intended and before the arrival of the letters he was to carry. Leaving a young physician in charge of the mission, the two set off on October 3, a bright, clear morning, Doctor Whitman on his faithful cayuse, with horses for Mr. Lovejoy and the guide, and mules for the supplies. Of this ride, which must be numbered among the famous rides of history, we depend on the narratives of Mr. Lovejoy, for Doctor Whitman was too busy a man for retrospect with the pen. In eleven days they had reached Fort Hall, where Captain Grant, warning them against mountain snows and Indians on the war-path, endeavored to delay their return until spring. Doctor Whitman was not the man to turn back, but he did change his route from the South Pass to the Spanish country, by way of Taos and Santa Fé, adding a thousand miles to the distance he was to traverse.

"On our way from Fort Hall to Fort Winte (Uintah), we had terribly severe weather. The snows were deep and blinding and we lost much time. After arriving

at Fort Winte, and making a few purchases we changed guides and started for Fort Uncompahgre. After being out some four or five days we encountered a terrific storm, which forced us to seek shelter in a deep ravine where we remained snowed in for four days, at which time the snow had somewhat abated, and we attempted to make our way to the highlands, but the snow was so deep and the winds so piercing cold, we were compelled to return to camp and wait a few days for change of weather. Our next effort to reach the highlands was successful; but after spending several days wandering around in the snow, without making much headway, our guide told us that the deep snow had so changed the face of the country that he was completely lost and could take us no further. This was a terrible blow to the doctor, but he was determined not to give it up without another effort.

"We at once agreed that the doctor should take the guide and return to Fort Uncompahgre and get a new guide, and I remain in camp with the animals until he should return, which he did in seven days with a new guide and we were on our route again."

It is impossible here not to be struck with young Lovejoy's omission to tell anything of his own loneliness, uncertainty, and sufferings, shut up in the fastnesses of his ravine during these seven days, his only companions a faithful dog that had followed them, and the animals under his care. In this omission is a touch of unconscious heroism we must not overlook.

"Nothing of much import occurred but hard and slow traveling until we reached Grand River, which was frozen on either side about one third across. Although so intensely cold the current was so rapid that about one third of the river in the center was not frozen. Our guide thought it would be dangerous to attempt to cross the river in its present condition, but the doctor, nothing daunted, was the first to take the water. He mounted his horse; the guide and myself shoved the doctor and his horse off the ice into the foaming stream. Away he went completely under the water, horse and all, but came directly up, and after buffeting the rapid foaming current he reached the ice on the opposite shore a long way down the stream. He leaped from his horse on the ice and soon had the noble animal by his side. The guide and myself forced the pack animals in, and following the doctor's example were soon on the opposite shore, drying our clothes by a comfortable fire.

"We reached Taos in about thirty days having suffered greatly from cold and scarcity of provisions. We were compelled to use mule meet, dogs and other such animals as came in our reach. We remained at Taos a few days only, and started for Bent's and Savery's Fort, on the head-waters of the Arkansas River. When we had been out some fifteen or twenty days we met George Bent, a brother of Governor Bent on his way to Taos. He told us that a party of mountain men would leave Bent's Fort in a few days for St.

Louis, but said we could not reach the fort with our pack animals in time to join the party. The doctor being very anxious to join the party so as he could push on as rapidly as possible to Washington, concluded to leave myself and guide with the animals, and he himself taking the best animal, with some bedding, and a small allowance of provisions, started alone, hoping by rapid travel to reach the fort in time to join the St. Louis party, but to do so he would have to travel on the Sabbath, something we had not done before.

"Myself and guide traveled on slowly and reached the fort in four days, but imagine our astonishment, when on making inquiry about the doctor we learned he had not arrived, nor had he been heard of. I learned that the party for St. Louis was in camp at the Big Cottonwood, forty miles from the fort, and at my request, Mr. Savery sent an express, telling the party not to proceed any further until we learned something of Doctor Whitman's whereabouts, as he wished to accompany them to St. Louis. Being furnished by the gentlemen of the fort with a suitable guide, I started in search of the doctor, and traveled up the river about a hundred miles. I learned from the Indians that a man had been there who was lost and was trying to find Bent's Fort. They said they had directed him down the river and how to find the fort. I knew from their description that it was the doctor. I returned to the fort as rapidly as possible but the doctor had not arrived. We had all become very anxious about him.

"Late in the afternoon he came in very much fatigued and despondent; he said he knew that God had bewildered him to punish him for traveling on the Sabbath. During the whole trip he was regular in his morning and evening devotions, and that was the only time I knew him to travel on the Sabbath. The doctor remained all night at the fort, starting early the following morning to join the St. Louis party. The doctor proceeded to Washington. I remained at Bent's Fort until Spring and joined the doctor the following July on his way to Oregon in company with a train of emigrants."

This concludes Mr. Lovejoy's narrative. There remained, however, a distance of four hundred miles to be traversed until Doctor Whitman reached St. Louis. It was now early in January and the winter at the height of its severity. Concerning the journey until Doctor Whitman joined the caravan on its way to St. Louis, we gain some details from Senate Document No. 37 of the Forty-first Congress relating the perils of the expedition.

"On that terrible 13th of January 1843, when so many in all parts of the country froze to death, Dr. Whitman, against the advice of his Mexican guide, left his camp in a deep gorge of the mountains of New Mexico, in the morning to pursue his journey. But on reaching the divide, the cold became so intense, and the animals actually becoming maddened by the driving snows, the doctor saw his peril and attempted to retrace his steps, and if possible to find his camp as

the only hope of saving their lives. But the drifting snow had totally obliterated every trace, and the air becoming almost as dark as night by the maddening storm, the doctor saw it would be impossible for any human being to find camp, and commending himself and his distant wife to his covenant-keeping God, he gave himself, his faithful guide, and animals up to their snowy grave, which was fast closing about them, when the guide, observing the ears of one of the mules intently bent forward, sprang upon him, giving him the reins exclaiming: 'This mule will find camp if he can live to reach it.' The doctor mounted another and followed it. The faithful animal kept down the divide a short distance, and then turned square down the steep mountain. Through deep snow drifts, over frightful precipices, down, down, he pushed, unguided, unurged—as if he knew the lives of the two men and the fate of the great expedition depended upon his endurance and faithfulness—and into the thick timber, and stopped suddenly over a bare spot, and as the doctor dismounted—the Mexican was too far gone—behold the very fireplace of their morning camp. Two brands of fire were yet alive and smoking; plenty of timber within reach. The buffalo hides had done much to protect the doctor, and providentially he could move about and collect dry limbs, and soon had a rousing fire. The guide revived, but both were badly frozen. They remained in this secluded hole in the mountains several days, until the cold and the storm abated.

"At another time with another guide on the headwaters of the Arkansas, after traveling all day in a terrible storm, they reached a small river for camp, but without a stick of wood anywhere to be had except on the other side of the river, which was covered with ice, but too thin to support a man erect. The storm cleared away and the night bid fair to be intensely cold; besides they must have a fire to prepare bread and food. The doctor took his axe in one hand and a willow stick in the other, laid himself upon the thin ice, and spreading his arms and legs he worked himself over on his breast, cut his wood, slid it over and returned in the same way.

"This was the last time the doctor enjoyed the luxury of his axe—so indispensable at that season of the year in that country. That night a wolf poked his nose under the foot of the bed where the axe had been placed for safe-keeping, and took it off for a leather string that had been wrapped around the split helve."

Making a brief stop at Westport, Mo., where he occupied himself in arranging for a company of immigrants to go to Oregon in the spring, he hastened on to St. Louis, where he was a guest of Doctor Edward Hale. Here also as a guest was a young man named William Barrows, who supplements young Lovejoy's narrative.

"The announcement of his arrival in a little city of twenty thousand inhabitants was a novelty and a

surprise. In those times it was a rare possibility for one to come up in mid-winter from Bent's Fort or Santa Fé, much more from Fort Hall and Columbia. The Rocky Mountain trappers and traders, the adventurers in New Mexico, and the contractors for our military posts, the Indian men laying up vast fortunes, half from the Government, half from the Indians, gathered about Doctor Whitman for fresh news from their places of interest. . . . But the doctor was in great haste, and could not delay to talk of beaver, and Indian goods, and wars and reservations and treaties. He had questions and not answers. Was the Ashburton treaty concluded? Did it cover North America? Where, whose and what did it leave Oregon?

"Marcus Whitman once seen in our family circle, telling of his business, he had but one—was not a man to be forgotten by the writer. With all the warmth, and almost the burden of skin and fur clothing he bore the irresistible marks of cold and merciless storms of his journey. His fingers and nose had been frost-bitten, and were giving him much trouble. Doctor Whitman was mid-way between Oregon and Washington, and carried business of weighty import, that must not be delayed by private interests and courtesies. In the wilds and storms of the mountains he had fed on mules and dogs, yet now sumptuous and complimentary dinners had no attraction for him. He was happy to meet men of the army, commerce and fur, but he must hasten on to meet Daniel Webster. Exchanging saddle

for stage—for the river was closed by ice—he pressed on and arrived at Washington March 3rd."

Behold a man, sturdy, compact in build, of medium size, with a four months' growth of hair on his face and head; dressed in buckskin breeches, with fur leggins and boot moccasins, a long coat of "duffle" with a blue border, overtopped by an overcoat with a hood of buffalo skin, the blue border showing beneath. We are told that at Cincinnati a friend insisted on his buying a proper suit of clothes. In these he went to Washington. The Ashburton treaty had been signed, but did not touch on Oregon. Thus much he had learned at St. Louis. There was yet time to save Oregon. Immediately on arriving Doctor Whitman sought an interview with Mr. Webster, which on both sides was sharp and decisive. Mr. Webster, through Sir George Simpson, believed the journey over the Rocky Mountains impracticable for wagons, and consequently for settlers, and the Oregon country not worth having. Doctor Whitman's task was to dispel this belief. He had taken a wagon over the road. He knew the country and its value. Mr. Webster was not convinced, and Doctor Whitman secured an appointment with President Tyler, who proved a sympathetic listener. Here was a man who asked nothing for himself and everything for his country.

"Doctor Whitman, your long ride and frozen limbs speak for your courage, and patriotism; your missionary credentials are good vouchers for your character."

The possibilities of immigration were presented not only to the President and the secretary of war, but before various members of Congress. On this everything seemed to hang, and Doctor Whitman promised to demonstrate its success. A wagon-road over the Rockies! He had done it once; he could do it again. This was the turning-point. The secretary of war, Porter, who had listened eagerly, promised to do all he could to aid the scheme, even to send, if necessary, Captain Fremont and a company of troops. In confirmation much later the son of President Tyler says, in the history of his father's administration: "To Mr. Tyler's sensible encouragement of Whitman the missionary in hastening over emigrants and his selection of John C. Fremont to explore the Rocky Mountains was due the success of the United States in preventing Great Britain from getting possession of Oregon and the California coast."

Straightway in a pamphlet and in newspapers Doctor Whitman set about making known throughout the country the advantages of Oregon, its climate and fertility as a home for settlers. Meanwhile he went to Boston about the affairs of the mission. Here he was received coldly. Had he not left his station without permission and with only the unwilling consent of his colleagues? Evidently in explanation he made known his further views for Oregon, inasmuch as the Board gave grudgingly their permission "to take back a small company of intelligent and pious laymen to settle near

the mission, but without expense to the Board, or any connection with it."

Oregon, however, was in the air. A number of proposed immigrants held a rendezvous at Independence, Mo., and sent for Doctor's Whitman's advice. Various bands of settlers were starting up here and there. From his own rare testimony we have the following letter to his brother-in-law:

"*May 28th St. Louis.* You will be surprised to learn that I am here yet. I have been waiting for three weeks. . . . I shall start tomorrow or next day. Some of the emigrants have been gone over a week and others are just going. The number of men will be over two hundred besides women and children. This tells for the occupation of Oregon. A great many cattle are going but no sheep from a mistake of what I said in passing. . . . As now decided in my mind, this Oregon will be occupied by American citizens. Those who go will open the way for more another year. Wagons will go all the way."

A rendezvous was appointed at Weston, Mo., near where Kansas City now stands, but it was not until the middle of June that the company with Doctor Whitman caught up with the advance column on the Platte River. The caravan had its pilot, but Doctor Whitman's services were in constant demand. It being necessary to ford the South Fork, boats were made of the wagons, sewed up in green buffalo hides, the flesh inside. In these the baggage was laid and ferried

across, four days being required for the passage. They had now travelled four hundred miles in about forty days, and on July 14 Fort Laramie, in Wyoming, was reached, and here Doctor Whitman was again joined by young Lovejoy. Two days were spent in making good the wagons, and the caravan took up its march.

"The Laramie River was so high from melting snow it could not be forded. Boats were made out of the wagon beds to use as a ferry, but no one could be found to risk himself in swimming over the river to carry a line but Doctor Whitman, which he did successfully. With the line made fast around his waist, he plunged in and soon landed safe on the other shore, thus forming a complete ferry," writes Mr. Waldo, one of the company. On the North Fork of the Platte they met with another difficulty. Here it was possible to ford, but the river was full of quicksands. Three days Doctor Whitman crossed and recrossed the river, trying to find a proper ford. At last one was found, but the drivers were unwilling to risk it. Picking out the strongest team, he placed that in front; but let Doctor Atkinson, who was present, relate the crossing:

"Those who heard Doctor Whitman at the North Platte River bid the emigrants throw away their skin boats prepared for crossing, and saw him for three days crossing and recrossing that wide stream, swimming his horse to find the best ford, and at last heard him order the teams and wagons to be chained together and driven in one long line across the ford for two miles (that river

swollen by spring floods) cheering the drivers, permitting not a moment's halt, lest they should sink in the quicksands, will never forget the man or the deed."

"An emigrant's wife was sick," writes Jesse Appergale. "The doctor had the wagon driven aside, a tent pitched, and a fire kindled. As the sun went down the wagon rolled into camp, with a cheery look on the doctor's face. 'Mother and child are doing well.' His experience and indomitable energy. His constant advice was 'travel, travel, travel. Nothing else will take you to the end of your journey. Nothing is wise that causes you delay.'" Such were among the many and various duties of Doctor Whitman, as guide, philosopher, and friend to the wearied but hopeful band.

On the 3d of August the Rocky Mountains came in sight; two days later they entered the Great South Pass, and in three days they were looking toward the Pacific Ocean. Having learned that the Catholic missionaries had discovered a shorter route through Fort Bridger, they decided to take it, and arrived at the fort on the Black Fork of Green River by the middle of August. In thirteen days they had reached Fort Hall, the Hudson Bay Company trading post on the Snake River, set in a wide, fertile, well-watered valley covered with luxuriant grass on which the company's herds of horses and cattle grazed. To the eyes of the wearied immigrants it was indeed the promised land.

"When we arrived at Fort Hall, I heard the Commandant tell the immigrants that Doctor Whitman

would starve them all to death if he got them down in the Snake River country. He said they never could get their wagons to the Columbia in their lives," writes Percy B. Whitman, his nephew. "I went and told Doctor Whitman about it, and he got the immigrants together, and gave them a harangue. He told them he could get them to the Columbia River, if he lived; that they had just to stick to their wagons, and follow him, and he would get them through. There had been other small immigrations with wagons, and they had all come that far and left their wagons, and got rid of their cattle, by driving them off, and giving them away. I heard Doctor Whitman urge his followers to hold their cattle, as they were the ones that would make their living when they got to the Willamette. He also told them they could not break the soil properly with Indian ponies. They all stuck to their wagons."

"We had now arrived at the most critical part," says Peter Burnett, in his *Recollections*, "in our most adventurous journey; and we had many misgivings as to our ultimate success in making our way with our wagons, teams, and families. We had yet to accomplish the untried and most difficult portion of our long and exhausting journey. We could not anticipate at what moment we might be compelled to abandon our wagons, pack our scant supplies on our poor oxen, and make our way on foot through this terrible rough country, as best we could. We fully comprehended the situation; but we never faltered in our inflexible

determination to accomplish the trip, if within the limits of possibility, with the resources at our command. Doctor Whitman assured us we could succeed, and encouraged and aided us with every means in his power. I consulted Mr. Grant as to his opinion of the practicability of taking our wagons through. He replied that while he would not say it was impossible for us Americans to make the trip with our wagons, he could not himself see how it could be done. He had only traveled the pack-trail, and certainly no wagons could follow that route; but there might be a practical road found by leaving the trail at certain points."

The caravan left Fort Hall August 30, under Doctor Whitman's guidance, and proceeded several hundred miles down the Snake River, which had to be crossed and recrossed.

"In crossing Snake River Doctor Whitman hitched all the wagons together. I had a stout team of oxen and I thought I could make it without hitching on. I drove in behind the last caravan. The wagons and team formed a dam, and raised the water and threw it back on me until it was beating my team down to a precipice and whirlpool not more than thirty yards below. I turned their heads up stream or tried to to see if they could hold up, but they could not move. Stood there until the whole train went out safely and left me in the river. Doctor Whitman rode in with a rope and told me to hitch it on my lead oxen; he tied it on to the horn of his saddle and towed me out. As to the

caravan he tied the rope on his wrist. They swung down stream, but as soon as he touched bottom on the other side, they were safe."

The caravan reached Fort Boisé November 20, making nearly three hundred miles in twenty-one days, over a most difficult road.

On October 1 they reached Grande Ronde, the beautiful valley in the Blue Mountains described by Mrs. Whitman; but from here the worst part of their journey over the Blue Mountains was to be encountered. Here they were overtaken by a severe snow-storm; their cattle got astray in the forests, and many were lost, and the roads were almost impassable. Still, at the cost of much suffering, they overcame all obstacles, and October 10 arrived at the Whitman mission at Waiilatpu, where they went into camp, "and were regaled with Indian corn, peas, and Irish potatoes. We had been so long time without fresh vegetables that we were almost famished and consequently feasted exceedingly," writes one of the number.

A new difficulty met Doctor Whitman. His grist-mill had been burned down by the Indians.

"After a severe journey of four days we reached Waiilatpu, Dr. Whitman's station, where he had many most unpleasant matters to settle." Doctor Elijah White, Indian sub-agent, writes to the government: "Feather Cap commenced weeping. Tauatwai said the whites were more to blame than the Indians; that three fourths of them, though they taught the purest doc-

THE WHITMAN MISSION (WAIILATPU) IN 1843

trines, practised the greatest abominations, referring to the base conduct of many in the Rocky Mountains; acknowledged that in his opinion that the mill was burned purposely by some persons disaffected to Dr. Whitman."

With characteristic energy Doctor Whitman soon had the mill rebuilt and was grinding flour to supply the caravan, which as soon as humans and animals were rested started for Fort Walla Walla with a guide Doctor Whitman provided. This guide conducted them to The Dalles. There they took boats for Fort Vancouver, where they arrived on November 7.

Thus ended that eventful journey which began on October 3, thirteen months before. "This was the turning point. This immigration determined the right of settlement. 'Whitman and Oregon' became the watchword of the immigration of 1844." The man whose deeds we celebrate, but who seldom spoke for himself, wrote home to his Board:

"Two things, and it is true those which were the most important, were accomplished by my return to the States. By means of the establishment of the wagon road, which is due to that effort alone, the emigration was secured and saved from disaster in the fall of 1843. Upon that event the present acquired rights of the United States by her citizens hung."

To the secretary of war he says in a letter: "The government will now doubtless for the first time be apprised through you, by means of this communication,

of the immense migration of families to Oregon which has taken place this year. I have, since our interview, been instrumental in piloting across the route described in the accompanying Bill, and which is the only eligible wagon road, no less than three hundred families, consisting of one thousand persons of both sexes, with their wagons amounting in all to more than one hundred and twenty, six hundred and ninety four oxen, and seven hundred and seventy three loose cattle."

During the absence of Doctor Whitman a provisional government had been formed. The arrival now of this caravan established beyond all question that the American settlers outnumbered and would outvote the British. The news went further. It was carried to England. Mr. Webster had proposed the 49th parallel as the boundary line between the United States and the British possessions. This England had rejected. England now proposed the 49th parallel as the boundary line, and the United States accepted. The treaty was signed August 6, 1846.

One year later Marcus Whitman and his wife were murdered by Indians at their station, Waiilatpu. Various disturbing elements had stirred up the Indians. To these was added an epidemic of measles from which many died. Their deaths were attributed to Doctor Whitman, whose days were spent in attending them. A half-grown Indian boy told the Indians that he had overheard Doctor Whitman planning to poison them in order that the whites could take their lands. This

tale was followed by a massacre in which fourteen whites were killed and fifty men, women, and children were taken captive. Among the killed were Marcus Whitman and his wife. But his work still lives.

STEPHEN RIGGS

FORTY YEARS WITH THE SIOUX

STEPHEN RIGGS

FORTY YEARS WITH THE SIOUX

"MY first school house was a log cabin, with a large open fire place, a window with four lights of glass where the master's seat was, while on the other two sides a log was cut out and old newspapers pasted over the hole through which the light was supposed to come, and the seats were benches made from slabs. One of my first teachers was a drunken Irishman, who often visited the tavern near by and came back to sleep the greater part of the afternoon. This gave us a long play spell. But he was a terrible master for the remainder of the day. Notwithstanding these difficulties in the way of an education we managed to learn a good deal."

This school-house was near Steubenville, O., where early in the century Stephen Riggs was born. His parents, of Scotch-Irish descent, had emigrated from the wilderness in Pennsylvania. Of these days he relates that, living in an unfinished cabin, the mother was left alone with three young children, when a big bear, pushing aside the quilt that served for a door, sat down on his haunches and calmly stared at the frightened family and the fire roaring in the big chimney, and then respectfully retired.

The boy Stephen expected to learn a trade, but a younger brother who was to be educated having died, he fell heir to his privileges. Studying at the Latin school at Ripley, O., he finished his course at Jefferson College, and then studied theology at Allegheny.

Mary Longley, who has a large part in this narrative, was the daughter of General Thomas Longley, of Massachusetts, who fought in the War of 1812. She was educated as a teacher by Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary. For her first teaching at Williamstown, Mass., she received a dollar a week, and felt herself passing rich at twelve dollars a quarter. A teacher being needed for a school established by a philanthropic merchant of New York in southern Indiana, she was chosen, and was sent west in the care of the Reverend Dyer Burgess, at whose house young Riggs was then stopping. In this manner these two young people were brought together, and determined to unite their lives in the service of the Indians of the Northwest.

Railroads were almost unknown in those days. People travelled by steamboat and stage. From New York the young couple travelled over the Alleghenies by stage and then took passage down the Ohio, and thence into the Mississippi, of which voyage they write as of exploration over unknown waters in an unknown land. After nearly three months of almost continuous journey, and having reached the impressive scenery of the upper Mississippi, Mr. Riggs writes:

"We were in the wilds of the West, beyond the cabins of the pioneer. We were passing the battle fields of Indian story. Nay more, we were already in the lands of the Dakotas, and passing by the teepees and villages of the red man, for whose enlightenment we had left friends and home. Was it strange that this was a week of intense enjoyment, of education, of growth in the life of faith and hope? And so as I said in the beginning, on the first day of June 1837, Mary and I reached in safety, the mouth of the Minnesota in the land of the Dakotas."

Mary writes in her first letter home:

"*Lake Harriet June 22nd.* We are now on missionary ground, and are surrounded by those dark people of whom we often talked at your fireside last winter. I doubt you will still think and talk about them, and pray for them also. And surely your grandchildren will not be forgotten.

"The situation of the mission houses is very beautiful—on a little eminence, just upon the shore of a lovely lake skirted with trees. About a mile North of us is Lake Calhoun, on the margin of which is an Indian village of but twenty lodges. Most of these are bark houses, some of which are twenty feet square, and others are of tents of skin or cloth. Several days ago I walked over to the village, and called at the house of one of the chiefs. He was not at home but his daughters smiled very good naturedly upon us. We seated ourselves on a frame extending on three sides of the house,

covered with skins, which was all the bed, sofa and chairs they had.

"Since our visit to the village, two old chiefs have called upon us. One said this was a very bad country —ours was a good country—we had left a good country and had come to live in a bad country and he was glad. The other called on Sabbath evening, when Mr. Riggs was at the Fort, where he preaches occasionally. He inquired how I liked the country, and said it was bad. What could a courtier say more?

"The Indians come here at all hours of the day, and without ceremony sometimes dressed and painted very fantastically, and again with scarcely any clothing. One came in yesterday dressed in a coat, a calico shirt, and cloth leggins, the only one I have seen with a coat, excepting two boys who were in the family when we came. The most singular ornament I have seen was a large striped snake, fastened among the painted hair, ribbons and feathers of an Indian's head-dress in such a manner that it would coil around in front and dart out its snake head, or creep down upon the back at pleasure. During this the Indian sat perfectly at ease, apparently much pleased at the astonishment and fear manifested by some of the family.

"*Home July 8th*, 1837. Would that you could look in upon us; but as you cannot I will try to give you some idea of our home. The building fronts the lake, but our part opens upon the woodland back of its western shore. The lower room has a small cooking stove,

given us by Mrs. Burgess, a few chairs and a small table, a box and barrel containing dishes and a small will-be pantry, when completed under the stairs, filled with flour, corn-meal, beans, and stove furniture. Our chamber is low and almost filled with a bed, a small bureau and stand, a table for writing made from a box, and the rest of our half dozen chairs and one rocking chair cushioned by mother's forethought.

"The rough loose boards in the chamber are covered with a coarse hair-and-tow carpeting to save labor. The floor below will need some cleaning, but I shall not try to keep it very white. I have succeeded very well, according to my judgement in household affairs, that is, very well for me.

"Some Indian women came in yesterday bringing in strawberries, which I purchased with beans. Poor creatures, they have very little food at this season of the year, and we feel it difficult to know how much it is our duty to give them.

"We are not troubled with all the insects which used to annoy me in Indiana, but the musquitoes are much more abundant. At dark swarms fill our rooms, deafen our ears, and irritate our skins. For the last two evenings we have filled our rooms with smoke, almost to suffocation to disperse these our officious visitors."

The young couple remained at Lake Harriet three months, after a brief stay at Fort Snelling, trying to learn the language of the Dakotas, and laughing at their blunders. Some time after, this mission was the

scene of a battle between the Ojibwas and the Sioux, and was given up. They were now to set forth for their permanent home at Lac qui Parle by way of the picturesque St. Peter's River. Mary writes:

"Perhaps you may feel some curiosity respecting our appearance and our barge. Fancy a large boat of forty feet in length, and perhaps eight in width in the middle, capable of carrying five tons, and manned by five men, four at the oars, and a steersman at the stern. Near the center are our sleeping accommodations, neatly rolled up, on which we sit, and dine and breakfast on bread and cold ham, wild fowl, etc. We have tea and coffee for breakfast and supper. Mrs. Prescott does not pitch and strike the tent as the Indian women usually do; because the boatmen do it, and her husband does not require as much of her as an Indian man. They accommodate us in their tent which is large enough for two beds. Here we take our supper, sitting on or by the matting made by some of these western Indians, and then, after worship, lie down to rest.

"*Monday Sept. 4th.* Again we are on our way up the crooked St. Peters, having passed our Sabbath in the tent in the wilderness, far more pleasantly than we spent in St. Louis. Last Saturday I became quite fatigued sympathizing with those who drew the boat on the Rapids, and with following my Indian guide, Mrs. Prescott, through the woods to take the boat above them. The fall at this stage of the water, was, I should think, two feet, and nearly perpendicular, ex-

cepting a very narrow channel where it was slanting. The boat being lightened, all the men attempted to force it up, some by the rope attached to the boat, and others by pulling and pushing it as they stood by it on the rocks and in the water. Both the first and the second attempts were fruitless. The second time the rope was lengthened and slipped around a tree on the high bank, where the traders wife and I were standing. Her husband called her to hold the end of the rope, and as I could not stand idle, though I knew I could do no good, I joined her, watching the slowly ascending boat with the deepest interest. A moment more and the toil would have been over, when the rope snapped and the boat slid back in a twinkling. It was further lightened and the rope doubled, and then it was drawn safely up and re-packed in about two hours and a half from the time we reached the Rapids.

"*Tuesday Sept. 5th.* In good health and spirits we are again on our way. As the river is shallow and the bottom hard poles have been substituted for oars; boards placed along the boat's sides serve as a pathway for the boatmen, who propel the boat by fixing the pole in the earth and at the prow, and pushing until they reach the stern.

"At Traverse des Sioux our land journey of one hundred and twenty five miles to Lac-qui-Parle commenced. Here we made the acquaintance of a somewhat remarkable French trader, by name Louis Provencalle, but commonly called Le Bland. The Indians called him

Skadan, Little White. He was an old voyageur, but could neither read nor write, but, by a certain force of character, he had risen to the honorable position of trader. He kept his accounts with his Indian debtors by a system of hieroglyphics.

"For the next week we were under the convoy of Dr. Thomas S. Williamson and Mr. Gideon H. Pond, who met us with teams from Lac-qui-Parle. The first night of our camping on the prairie Dr. Williamson taught me a lesson I shall never forget. We were preparing the tent for the night, and I was disposed to let the roughness of the surface remain, and not even gather grass for a bed, which the Indians do, on the ground, as I said that it was for only one night. 'But,' the Doctor said, 'there will be a great many one nights.' And so I have found it is best to make the tent comfortable for one night."

"This was our first introduction, Mary's and mine," Mr. Riggs writes, "to the broad prairie of the West. At first we kept in sight of the woods of the Minnesota, and our road lay among little groves of timber. By and by we emerged into the broad savannahs—thousands of acres of meadow unmowed, and broad rolling country covered, at this season of the year, with yellow and blue flowers. Everything was full of interest to us, even the Bad Swamp, 'Wewe Shecwa,' which so bent and shook under the tramp of our teams, that we almost believed that it would break through and let us into the earth's centre. For years after this was our great

fear of prairie travelling, always reminding us very forcibly of Bunyan's description of the Slough of Despond."

With two ox teams and wagon the travellers spent thirteen days on the journey. Mary notes getting a dozen eggs from a little Indian girl, the first she had had since leaving the States. At Lac qui Parle they shared the home of Doctor Williamson, the upper part being assigned them. A bedstead was made by boring holes and driving slabs into the logs across which boards were laid, and quilts nailed to the rafters gave further protection from the weather. Here their cooking stove was set up, but as they had no cooking utensils the other women contributed a kettle and a pan. Mary could make no light bread, having been a school-teacher, and neither she nor her husband could milk the cow. She grew up in New England, where only men do the milking, and her husband in Ohio where the women alone milked in those days. At first it "took us both to milk the cow, and it was poorly done," Mary's husband writes. In this room they lived five years, and here three children were born. Here they received their Indian visitors, and here the New Testament in the language of the Dakotas and the Dakota dictionary was prepared. "It was a consecrated room." The village of Lac qui Parle numbered four hundred of the Wahpeton, or Leaf-village band of the Dakotas, a band very poor and very proud. One of the noted things that occurred during the autumn was a marriage between two of the missionaries, Miss Poague and Mr. Pond.

"*Nov.* 2. Yesterday the marriage referred to was solemnized. Could I paint the assembly, you would agree with me that it was deeply and singularly interesting. Fancy, for the moment, the audience who witnessed the scene. The rest of our missionary band sat near those of our number who were about to enter into the new and sacred relationship, while most of the room was filled with our dark-faced guests, a blanket or a buffalo robe their chief wedding garments, and coarse and tawdry beads, brooches, and paint and feathers their wedding ornaments. Here and there sat a Frenchman or half-breed, whose garb bespoke their different origin. No turkey or eagle feathers adorned the hair, or parti-colored paint the face, though even their appearance and attire reminded us of our location in this wilderness.

"Mr. Riggs performed the wedding ceremony, and Dr. Williamson made the concluding prayer, and, through Mr. Rienville, briefly explained to the Dakotas the ordinance and its institution. After the ceremony Mr. Rienville and family partook with us of our frugal meal, leaving the Indians to enjoy the feast of potatoes, turnips, and bacon, to which the poor, the lame and the blind had been invited. As they were not aware of the supper provided, they did not bring their dishes, as is the Indian custom, so that they were scantily supplied with milk-pans, etc. This deficiency they supplied very readily by emptying the first course, which was of potatoes, into their blankets, and passing their dishes for a supply of turnips and bacon.

"I know not when I have seen a group so novel as when on repairing to the room where these poor creatures were promiscuously seated. On my left sat an old man nearly blind; before me the woman who dipped out the potatoes from a five-pail boiler sat on the floor; and near her was an old man dividing the bacon, clenching it firmly in his hand, and looking up occasionally to see how many there were requiring a share. In the corner sat a lame man eagerly devouring his potatoes, and around him were scattered women and children. When the last ladle was filled up from the large pot of turnips, one by one they hastily departed, borrowing dishes to carry home the supper to divide with the children who had remained in charge of the tents."

These exiles led a busy, useful life. The men were translating the New Testament into Dakota. They met at Fort Rienville, so called because the house was enclosed in a stockade for fear of the warlike Ojibwas. This was common meeting ground. Around the big wood fire the chief Indian men of the village gathered to talk and smoke, while the white men worked, aided by Mr. Rienville, who had long been interpreter between the French and Dakotas. Mary and the white women taught school, the lessons being painted with a brush on old newspapers and hung on the walls of the schoolhouse. According to Indian custom, the whites were given Indian names. The first-born baby boy was called Zitkadan Washtay, meaning Snow Bird. To Mary they gave the name Pa-yu-ha, which means

Curly Head; the father became Ta-ma-ko-che or His Country.

"The winter," Mr. Riggs writes, "as it passed had other lessons for us. For me it was quite a chore to cut and carry up enough wood to keep our somewhat open upper room cosey and comfortable. Mary had more ambition than I to get native help. She had not been accustomed to do a day's washing. It came hard to her. The other women of the mission preferred to wash for themselves rather than train natives to do it. And indeed, in the beginning, that was found to be no easy task. For, in the first place the Dakota women did not wash. Usually they put on a garment and wore it until it rotted off. No good decent women were found willing to do for white women what they would not do for themselves. We could hire all the first women of the village to hoe corn or dig potatoes, but not one would take hold of the wash-tub. So it was that Mary's first washer-women were of the lowest class, and not very reputable characters. But she persevered and conquered. Only a few years passed when the wash-women of the mission were of the best women of the village. And the effort proved a great public benefaction. The gospel of soap was indeed a necessary adjunct and outgrowth of the Gospel of Salvation.

"*Jan.* 10. The Dakota tent is formed of buffalo skins, stretched on long poles placed on the ground in a circle, and meeting at the top, where a hole is left from

which the smoke of the fire in the centre issues. Others are made of bark tied to the poles in a similar manner. A small place is left for a door of skin stretched on sticks, and hinged with strings at the top, so that the person entering raises it from the ground and crawls in. At this season of the year the door is protected by a covered passage formed by stakes driven into the ground several feet apart, and thatched with grass. Here they keep their wood, which the women cut this cold weather, the thermometer at eighteen to twenty degrees below zero. And should you lift the little door, you would find a cold, smoky lodge about twelve feet in diameter, a mother and her child, a blanket or two, or a skin, a kettle, and possibly in some of them a sack of corn.

"*Thursday eve., Jan. 11th.* Quite unexpectedly this afternoon we received an invitation to a wedding at Mr. Rienville's, one of his daughters marrying a Frenchman. We gladly availed ourselves of an ox-sled, the only vehicle we could command, and a little before three o'clock we were in the guest-chamber. Mr. Rienville who is part Dakota received us with French politeness, and soon after the rest of the family entered. These with several men and women of the Dakotas, seated on benches formed not an uninteresting group. The marriage ceremony was in French and Dakota, and was soon over. Then the bridegroom rose, and shook hands with his wife's relations and kissed her mother, and the bride also kissed all her father's family.

"When supper was ready we repaired to a table amply

supplied with beef and mutton, potatoes, bread and tea. Though some of them were not prepared as they would have been in the States, they did not seem so singular as a dish that I was unable to determine what it could be, until an additional supply of blood was offered me. I do not know how it was cooked, though it might have been fried with pepper and onions, and I am told it is esteemed very good. The poor Indians throw nothing away, whether beast or bird, but consider both inside and outside delicious broiled on the coals."

"*April* 5. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Pond and myself walked to 'the lodges,'" Mary writes. "As the St. Peters now covers a large part of the bottom, we wound our way in the narrow Indian path on the side of the hill. An Indian woman with her babe fastened upon its board at her back, walked before us, and as the grass on each side of the path made it uncomfortable walking side by side, we conformed to Dakota custom, one following the other. For a few moments we kept pace with our guide, but she soon outstripping us, turned a corner and was out of sight.

"After counting thirty lodges stretched along below us, we descended and entered one where we found a sick woman, who said she had not sat up for a long time, lying on a little bundle of hay. Another lodge we found full of corn, the owners having subsisted on deer and other game while absent during the winter.

"When we called at Mr. Rienville's which was a little beyond, we returned through the heart of the

village, attended by such a retinue as I have never before seen, and such strange intermingling of laughing and shouting of children and barking of dogs as I have never heard. Amazed and almost deafened by the clamor, I turned to gaze upon the unique group. Some of the older girls were close upon our heels, but as we stopped, they also halted, and those behind slackened their pace. Boys and girls from four to twelve years of age, some wrapped in blankets, more without, and quite a number of boys almost or entirely without clothing, with a large number of dogs of various sizes and colours presented themselves in an irregular line. As all of the Indians here have pitched their lodges together, I suppose there may have been thirty or forty children in our train.

"This evening two Indian women came and sat awhile in our happy home. One of them had a babe about the age of Alfred. You would have smiled to see the plump undressed child peeping out from its warm blanket like a little unfledged bird from its mossy nest.

"The ducks had now come northward, and one of the missionaries wishing to see the Indians more intimately went out with a hunting party. As there had been rumors of peace between the Dakotas and Ojibwas it was thought not unlikely they would meet messengers from the Ojibwas. As was expected Hole-in-the-day and ten Ojibwas came to their teepees. Although the weather having turned cold, and there was very little

to eat, the Dakotas killed two dogs and gave them a feast. That night, notwithstanding the Ojibwa chief had said he had come to smoke the pipe of peace, he and his warriors got up after midnight and killed the sleepers in three teepees. Out of fourteen in the morning only one woman and a badly wounded boy survived. The missionary, Mr. Pond, Hound Wind, and the other members of the party in the three other teepees buried the dead and returned sorrowfully back to Lac-qui-Parle. The entire village gave itself up to mourning and the women with dishevelled heads and ragged clothes surrounded the mission house with cries and songs, begging in the name of the first born, knowing the way to the parent's sympathies.

"The first man to learn to read and write his language was Eagle Help, a war prophet and war leader. Notwithstanding he had been helping in the translation of the New Testament, he determined to go on the war-path against the Ojibwas. He accordingly went into communication with the Spirit world, for he claimed that after fasting, praying and dancing he could see in a trance the whole panorama, lake, prairie or wood in which were his enemies, the Ojibwas, in canoe or on the land, when the Spirit would say to him 'Up Eagle Help, and kill.' So now he made his 'yoomne wachepe,' or circle dance in which all the village took part. The young men painted themselves for war; they feasted and fasted and danced the no-flight dance and made their hearts brave by reciting the past deeds of their

warriors. Vainly the missionaries argued and entreated, knowing what fate would befal the Ojibwa women and children. Finally they said they would pray that the war party should not be successful. This greatly enraged the Indians, who slaughtered two of their cattle before starting out. As it happened after a long tramp the war party returned, not having seen an Ojibwa. This they attributed to the prayers of the missionaries, and promptly killed another of their unoffending animals. After this it was some months before Eagle Help again became their friend and helper. Meanwhile the school suffered through the suspicions of the Indians, and the children stopped learning their 'wancha, nonpa, yamne,'—their one, two, three, up to ten. This was done by bending the fingers. When all were bent and gathered into two bunches, these were let loose like geese flying away. Eleven was ten more one; twenty was two tens. For each ten a finger was kept bent; when all were bent it was 'opawinge,' one hundred."

Lac qui Parle was two hundred miles from Fort Snelling, the nearest post-office. The mail came about every three months through the fur traders. The preacher and his wife used to pray it would not come in the evening. If it did, "then good-by sleep." Once a year some one of the mission would go to Fort Snelling for the annual supplies. Mary had been at Lac qui Parle three years, and a little Isabella had also been added to the family. Now feeling well, she de-

cided to accompany her husband on his trip to the Fort, going with Mr. Rienville's annual caravan of furs.

"The prairie journey was pleasant and enjoyable," says her husband, "though somewhat fatiguing. We had our own team and could easily keep company with the long line of wooden carts, carrying buffalo robes and other furs. It was indeed rather romantic. But when we reached the Traverse des Sioux we were at our wit's end how to proceed further. That was the terminus of the wagon road. It was then regarded as impossible to take any wheeled vehicle by land to Fort Snelling. Mr. Sibley's fur boat, it was expected to have been at the Traverse, but it was not. And a large canoe which was kept there had floated away. Only a crazy little canoe, carrying two persons, was found to cross the stream with. Nothing remained but to abandon the journey or to try it on horseback. And for that not a saddle could be obtained. But Mary was a plucky little woman. She did not mean to use the word 'fail' if she could help it. And so we tied a buffalo robe and blanket on one of the horses, and she mounted it with a rope for a stirrup. Many a young woman would have been at home there, but Mary had not grown up on horseback. And so at the end of a dozen miles, when we came to the river where Le Sueur now is she was very glad to know that a large canoe had been found. In that she and baby Isabella, Mr. Rienville's girls took passage with an Indian woman or two to

paddle. The rest of the company went on by land, managing to meet the boat at night and camp together. This we did for the next four nights. The current was not swift. The canoe was heavy and required hard paddling. The Dakota young women did not care to work, and their helm's woman was not in a condition to do it. On the fourth day they ran ashore somewhat hurriedly and put up a tent, where the woman pilot gave birth to a baby girl. They named it 'By the way'! They remained on shore three quarters of an hour, on account of the rain, says Mary, when the woman and her child got back into the canoe ready to continue rowing."

After two weeks they started on their voyage home in a birch-bark canoe with a couple of French voyageurs as paddlers. The journey was a series of accidents, and finally a snag tore so large a hole in the canoe that they were obliged to walk to Traverse des Sioux, carrying the baby. After this experience Mary concludes that sleeping on the prairie in a tent drenched with rain, and walking through the wet grass with water gushing from the shoes at every step, is no more dangerous to the health than the exposures of fashionable life.

II

The Dakotas had a curious custom of being under the law, and being above the law. It was always competent for a Dakota soldier to punish another man for a mis-

demeanor, if the other man did not rank above him in savage prowess. For example, if a Dakota man had braved an Ojibwa with a loaded gun pointed at him, and had gone up and killed him, he ranked above all men who had not done a like brave deed. And if no other man in the community had done such an act of bravery, then this man could not be punished for anything, according to Dakota custom.

This law was curiously practised with reference to Anawangamane (walks galloping on). He was the first full-blooded man to accept the new religion. "Your church is made up of women. If you had gotten us in first, it would have amounted to something. But now there are only women. Who would follow after women?" It was this taunt that made the conversion of this Dakota warrior of importance, for he had been "a very dare-devil on the war-path." Anawangamane was now above the law. So now when he put on white man's clothes, and planted a field of corn and potatoes, no Indian dared to cut his tent, kill his dog, or break his gun, as they would otherwise have done in their scorn. Thus by reason of this custom the Dakota's success as a warrior protected him in this act of moral courage.

"*Lac-qui-parle March* 27 1841. Until this the seasons for sugar making have been unfavorable since we have been here. But this spring the Indian women have been very successful, and several of them after melting and straining proved excellent and reminded

us of home sugar. However, it does not always need purifying, as some are much more cleanly than others, here as well as in civilized lands. Sugar is a luxury for which these women are willing to toil hard, and often with but small recompense. Their camps are frequently two or three miles from their lodges. If they move to the latter, they must pack corn for their families; and if not, with kettle in hand they go to their camps, toil all day, and often at night return with their syrup or sugar and a back-load of wood for their husband's use next day. Thus their sugar is a hard earned luxury. But they have others, which they sometimes offer us, such as musk-rats, beavers' tails and tortoises. I have never tried musk-rats, but husband says they are as good as pole-cats—another delicacy."

The most agreeable and successful days of this camp of voluntary exiles were drawing to a close. Everything contributed to the alienation of the Indians. The principal cause was the increasing drunkenness, by reason of the whiskey of the traders. Three young Dakota boys had been taken by them to Ohio. When the missionary party were returning home and nearing the Chippewa River, they met a party of Ojibwas carrying two fresh scalps. One proved to be that of the brother of one of the boys who had been coming to meet him. A woman ran back with the news, and when the mission party arrived they were met by the whole village of maddened Dakotas, who insisted that they were the cause, and one enraged Indian shot one of the

horses of the team, which obliged the women to walk the rest of the way under the broiling sun. Mary's brother Thomas had accompanied them back from their visit to the States. Shortly after, he was drowned, and this to the Indians was a sign that their water-god was offended because of the missionaries living at Traverse des Sioux, to which they had removed. Their sorrow was too great for tears. Old Black Eagle chided them for this. "The ducks, the geese, and the deer," he said, "when one is killed, make an outcry about it, and the sorrow passes by. The Dakotas too, like these wild animals, make a great wailing over a dead friend—they wail out their sorrow and it becomes lighter; but you keep your sorrow and it becomes heavier."

Everything that could be was stolen. An axe or hoe could not be left out-of-doors; a towel would be taken from its nail; scissors or any small article could not be left unguarded for a moment. The men said they did not steal but the women were all "wamanonsa." The men, however, killed the mission oxen, and shot arrows into the horses of their guests. After a few years of these troubles, they moved back to Lac qui Parle and built a cabin. But troubles did not cease. For failures in crops, the absence of deer or buffalo, the missionaries were blamed. The children who came to school, the parents insisted, should be paid for coming; threats were made to cut the blankets of those who could read. Mary and the baby, going down the Minnesota in a canoe, received a volley of buckshot, but

fortunately were not touched. The time had come when their relations with the Indians had to be placed on some satisfactory basis. Accordingly the principal men of the village were asked to a conference.

"The Indians said we were trespassers in their country, and they had a right to make reprisals. We used their wood and their water, and pastured our animals on their grass, and gave them no adequate pay. We had helped them get larger corn patches by ploughing for them, we had furnished food and medicines for their sick ones, we had often clothed their naked ones, we had spent and been spent in their service, but all this was, in their estimation, no compensation for the field we planted, the fuel we used, the grass we cut, and the water we drank.

"My wife and I had been sent back to Lac-qui-Parle," said Mr. Riggs, "but we would stay only on certain conditions. We knew them and they knew us. If we could stay with them as friends and be treated as friends, we would stay. We came to teach them and their children. But if then, or any time afterwards, we learned that the whole village did not want us to stay, we would go home to our friends. For the help we gave them the water must be free, the wood to keep us warm must be free, the grass our cattle ate must be free, and the field we planted must be free; but when we wanted the best timber to build houses with, which we would do, I would pay them liberally for it. This arrangement was satisfactory, and soon afterwards we

bought from them the timber we used in building two frame houses. A respite came with better crops, and the return of the buffalo which put the Indians in a better humor. An addition to the mission force, of which one, Miss Jane Williamson, who will always be remembered by the Dakotas as 'Dowan Dootawin,' or Red Song Woman, for her tender interest in their children, gave them renewed hope. Moreover, the dictionary and grammar of the Dakota language was now ready for publication.

"During these two buffalo winters, almost the whole village removed up to the Pomme de Terre, or Owobaptay River, as the Dakotas called it. That was a better point to hunt from, and to prevent the buffalo from being driven off, and for the regulation of the hunt they organized a Soldier's Lodge. This was a large tent pitched in the centre of the camp, where the symbols of power were kept in two bundles of red and black sticks. These represented the soldiers—those who had killed enemies and those who had not. To this tent the women brought offerings of wood and meat; and here the old and young men often gathered to feast, and from these headquarters went forth through an Eyanpaha, or cryer, the edicts of the wise men."

Calamity again beset the mission in the accidental burning of their new home and its contents, which set fire to the second house, and the family took refuge in the little adobe church. It was then decided to move the mission nearer the Yellow Medicine Agency, and

out of this arose that interesting experiment, the Hazelwood Republic. There was now a respectable number of young men, bloods and half-breeds, who had cut their hair, put on white clothes, and tilled the fields. The constitution of Minnesota provided that Indians might become citizens by satisfying the authorities of their progress in civilization. The President, who was to be elected every two years, was Paul Mazakootamane. The Hazelwood Republic prospered, a boarding-school for Indian children was established, and Mr. Riggs presented them with the first reading-book in their own tongue, which was the first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

On the Minnesota and Iowa line is a beautiful lake, in Indian "Mysterious Water," but known to us as "Spirit Lake." Here was a white settlement of fifty people. In the winter of 1857 a roving band of Leaf Shooters under Inkpadoota, "Scarlet End," in a bad humor because the hunting was bad, and also hungry, descended on the settlement, killing forty people and carrying off four women captive. Word was sent to Fort Ridgeley and a party of soldiers sent out to rescue them. But in the deep snows the Indians escaped with their captives. In the spring word came to Yellow Medicine that Sounding Heavens and Gray Foot had brought one of the women to Lac qui Parle.

"We lost no time in going up to Lac-qui-Parle. At the trader establishment, then in the keeping of Wee-yooha, the father of Nawangmanewin, the wife of

Sounding Heavens, we found Mrs. Marble, rather a small, but good-looking white woman, apparently not more than twenty five years old. She was busily engaged with Mrs. Sounding Heavens in making a calico dress for herself. When I spoke to her in English she was quite reserved. I asked her if she wanted to return to her friends. She replied 'I am among my friends.' She had indeed found friends in the two young men who had purchased her from her captors. They took her to their mother's tent, who had many years before become a member of the Lac-qui-Parle church, and been baptized by the Christian name of Rebekah. They clothed her in the best style of the Dakota women. They gave her the best they had to eat. They brought her to their planting place, and furnished her with materials to dress again like a white woman. It was no wonder she said 'I am among my friends.' But after talking awhile she concluded it would be best for her to find her white friends.

"Mrs. Marble's husband had been killed at Spirit Lake. Her story was that four white women were reserved as captives. They were made to carry burdens, and walk through the melting snow and water. When they came to the Big Sioux it was very full. The Indians cut down a tree, and the white women were expected to walk across that. One of the women fell off, and her captor shot her in the water. Her fellow captives thought she was better off dead than alive. When Mrs. Marble was rescued from her captors two others

still lived, Mrs. Nobles and Miss Abby Gardner. The Indians were then west of the Big Sioux, in the valley of the James or the Dakota River. We took Mrs. Marble down, accompanied by Sounding Heavens and Gray Foot, and their father, Wakanmane. She remained a few days at our mission home at Hazelwood, and in the meantime, Major Flandreau, who was Indian agent, paid the young men $500 in gold, and gave them a promissory note for the same amount. This was a very creditable reward.

"But what was more important to be done was to rescue the other women, if possible. We had Dakota men whom we could trust on such a mission better than we could trust ourselves. There was Paul Mazakootamane, the President of the Hazelwood Republic. White people said he was lazy. There was truth in that. He did not like to work. But he was a real diplomatist. He could talk well, and he was skillful in managing the Indians. For such a work there was no better man than he. Then there was John Otherday, the white man's friend. He could not talk like Paul; but he had rare executive ability, and he was a fearless fellow. There was no better second than he. For the third man we secured Mr. Grass. These three we selected, and the agent sent them to treat for Mrs. Nobles and Miss Gardner. They took with them an extra horse and a lot of goods. In about three weeks they returned, and brought Miss Gardner. Mrs. Nobles had been killed before they reached Scarlet End's camp.

"This was the beginning of the end. One of Inkpadoota's sons ventured into the Yellow Medicine settlement, where he was killed by the soldiers and his wife taken prisoner. Then came Major W. T. Sherman, whom we were later to know as General Sherman, with his battery and orders from Washington that the Spirit Lake murders must be punished, and the Indians must do it on condition of receiving their annuities. After much parleying and several war scares, Little Crow and a hundred Dakota braves set out to hunt Scarlet End and his band. They came upon them at a lake, and a night battle took place in the reeds and water. They then returned and received their annuities. As the murders were never properly punished, the Indians held the government in contempt, and the seeds were sown for the later and more serious outbreak. Unhappily the Republican administration that had just come into power decided to give the Indians their annuities in goods rather than in money. The Indians were greatly disappointed, and the result was that the agency had to feed the Indians all winter. This policy was afterward changed, but it was necessary to await a new appropriation.

"The whole four thousand Indians were now gathered at Yellow Medicine. The Sissetons of Lake Traverse had hoed their corn and come down. It was the regular time for receiving their annuities before the corn needed watching. But the annuity money had not come and the agent did not know when it would come. He had not sent for them and he could not feed

them—he had barely enough provisions to keep them while the payment was being made. The truth was he had used up all the provisions on them in the previous winter. So he told them he would give them some flour and pork and they must go home and wait until he called them. They took the provisions, but about going home they could not see it in that way. It was a hundred miles up to their planting place, and to trudge there and back with little or nothing to eat, and carry their tents and baggage and children on horse-back and on dog-back, and on women-back, was more than they cared to do. Besides there was nothing to eat at home. They must go out on the buffalo hunt, and then they might miss their money. And so they preferred to stay, beg and steal or starve.

"But stealing and begging furnished but a very scanty fare, and starving was not pleasant. The young men talked the matter over and concluded that the flour and pork in the warehouse belonged to them, and there could not be much wrong in taking it. And so one day they marched up to the storehouse with axes in hand and battered the door down. They had commenced to carry out the flour when the Lieutenant and ten men turned the howitzer upon them. This led the Dakotas to desist, for they were unarmed. But they were greatly enraged and threatened to bring their guns and kill the little squad of white soldiers. And to make this seem more likely, the Sioux tents were at once struck and removed several miles. Agent Gal-

breath sent word that he wanted help. And when Mr. Moore and I drove down, he said 'If there is anything between the lids of the Bible that will meet this case, I wish you would use it.' I told him I thought there was; and advised him to call a council of the principal men and talk the thing over. Whereupon I went to the camp of Standing Buffalo, the chief of the Sissetons, and arranged for a council that afternoon.

"The chiefs and braves gathered. The young men who had broken the doors down were there. The Indians argued that they were starving, and that the flour and pork had been purchased with their money. It was wrong to break in the door, but now they would authorize the agent to take their money and repair the door. Whereupon the agent agreed to give them some provisions, and insisted on their going home; which they agreed to do. The Sissetons left on the morrow, and so far as they were concerned the difficulty was over. Peace and quiet now reigned at Yellow Medicine. Mr. Moore occupied himself in shooting pigeons, and we all became quite attached to Mrs. Moore and himself."

The Mr. and Mrs. Moore alluded to were a young married couple from Philadelphia on a wedding tour, which proved much more eventful than they had anticipated. Peace was of short duration. On Sunday, August 17, the outbreak began in a saloon in one of the border settlements. It was thought at first to be but a drunken quarrel. At the same time, shortly before,

a Tee-yo-tee-pe, or Soldier's Lodge, had been organized, which is never done except for a hunt or for war. Against his wish Little Crow joined it, for, as the Indians said, "Your hands are now bloody." The news that the Indians were killing the whites was carried to Fort Ridgeley, and Captain Marsh and fifty men were sent out against them. Of these half were killed, the rest barely escaping. While this was going on the inhabitants of Hazelwood were peacefully at church. It was not until Monday evening that the news reached them; strange Indians were already there stealing their horses, and friendly Dakotas warned them of their danger.

"It was after midnight before we thought of leaving. The young folks had lain down and slept awhile. By and by Paul came and asked me to give him some blue cloth I had—he must dress like an Indian to be safe. They evidently felt that we might not be safe, and our staying would endanger them. This was made more serious by reason of Mrs. Moore and our three daughters. Indian men would kill us to get possession of them. Thus the case was stated by our neighbors. Afterwards we had reason to know that they had argued rightly.

"And so we waked up the children and made preparations to depart. But it was only to be temporary. The plan was to go down to an island in the Minnesota River, and remain until the danger was overpast. Mr. Moore looked to his revolver, the only

reliable weapon among us. Thomas and Henry [the writer's sons] got their double barrelled shot-gun, Mary put up a bag of provisions, but unfortunately we forgot it when we departed. Fortunately again it was brought to us in the morning by Zoe, a Dakota woman. Each one had a little baggage, but there was not enough extra clothing in the company to make us comfortable at night. When daylight came we were all over on the island, but our team was left, and was stolen, with the exception of one horse."

How soon their hiding-place might be discovered by unfriendly Indians no one knew; so it was determined to get away. Fortunately they were joined by another party having a team of horses and an ox team. Into these were placed the baggage, and the women and children unable to walk. They had gone but a short distance when they met a wounded man, his comrades having been killed near the mouth of the Chippewa. Although the wagons were full, they made a place for him. Now and then they were joined by other fleeing whites until their company numbered forty. Their desire was to go across country, hoping to strike some town.

"The evening came with a slow continued rain. The first night we were out the younger children cried for home. The second night some of the older children would have cried if it had been any use. We had no shelter. The wagons were no protection against the continued rain, but it was natural to crawl under them.

The drop, drop, drop all night long from the wagon beds, on the women and children, who had not more than half covering in that cold August rain, was not promotive of cheerfulness.

"Thursday morning found us cold and wet and entirely out of cooked food. Since the first night we had not been where we could obtain wood. And then and since we should have been afraid to kindle a fire, lest the smoke should betray us. But now it was necessary we should find wood as speedily as possible. So our course was taken toward a clump of trees in sight. When we came upon them we found them entirely surrounded by water. But the men waded in and brought wood enough for camping. There we spent the afternoon and night. There we killed one of the cows. And there we baked bread and roasted meat on the coals, having neither pot nor pan to do it in."

Elsewhere one of his daughters says that the dough was mixed in a bag—flour, salt, and water being the ingredients—moulded on a box into cakes a hand's-breadth in size, and baked on forked sticks. While thus engaged they were met by a travelling photographer, a Mr. Ebell, who made a stereographic view of the party. Finding they were making such slow progress, the defenceless party concluded to turn southward to Fort Ridgeley, sixteen miles distant, and get in there under cover of the night.

"The darkness came upon us when we were still seven or eight miles away; and then in the gloaming

appeared on a little hill-top two Indians on horse-back. They might bring a war-party upon us. So we put ourselves in the best position for defence. Martha and Anna had generally walked with the boys. Now they piled on the wagons, and the men and boys with such weapons as they had marched by their side. As the night came on we began to observe lights as of burning buildings, and rockets thrown up from the garrison. What could the latter mean? We afterwards learned they were signals of distress.

"In our one horse buggy, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter drove ahead of the party, and he crawled into the garrison. He found that the Indians had beleaguered them, had set fire to all the out-buildings of the fort, appropriated all their stock, had been fighting all day, and now had retired to the ravine as the night came on. The fort was already crowded with women and children, and scantily manned by soldiers. We could come in they said, but our teams would be taken by the Indians. They expected the attack would be renewed the next day.

"When Mr. Hunter returned we stopped in the road and held a hasty consultation, as we feared we were already followed. We had just passed a house where the dogs alone remained to bark which they did furiously. Just then some of our party stumbled over the dead body of a man. There was no time to lose. We decided not to go in, but to turn out and go around the fort and its beleaguering forces, if possible. The four

men who had fallen to our company—three Germans and an Irishman—dissented. But we told them no one should leave us until we were past the danger. And to prevent any desertion in this hour of trial Mr. Moore cocked his revolver and said he would shoot down the man who attempted to leave.

"It was ten o'clock and the night was dark. We turned square off the road, and went up northward to seek an old ford over the little stream that ran by the fort. The Lord guided us to the right place, but while we were hunting among the willows, there was a cry heard so much like a human cry that we were all quite startled. We thought it was the signal of an attack by the Indians. Probably it was only the cry of a fox. Just then Dr. Williamson came to me and said that perhaps he had counselled wrongly, and that if it was thought best, he was quite willing to go back to the fort. But I replied that we were almost around it, and it would be unwise to go back. And so we traveled on over the ravine and on up on the broad prairie beyond and received no harm. Our pulses began to beat less furiously as we traveled on toward three o'clock in the morning and felt that we were out of sight and hearing of the Sioux warriors. So we stopped to rest our weary cattle. Some slept for an hour, but the greater part kept watch.

"As we were around the fort, and around the danger as far as we knew, it was understood that the four men who wanted to leave in the night might leave us in the

morning. And, as it was possible they might have an opportunity to send a letter to Governor Ramsay before we should, Dr. Williamson and I attempted to write something by starlight. But nothing came of that letter. When the light began to dawn in the east, our party was aroused and moving forward. We had been guided aright in our travel, for here we were at the old Lac-qui-Parle crossing of Mud River. Here the four men left us, and as the sun arose we saw the sheen of their guns as they were entering the wood a few miles away. Only a little while after that, we heard the report of guns; the poor fellows had fallen in with the Sioux army, which in the early morning were on their way to attack New Ulm. We did not know their fate until afterwards.

"Our party now fell into the road that leads to Henderson, and traveled all that day in safety. But on the St. Peter's road, five or six miles to the right, we saw the burning stacks and houses, and afterwards knew that the Sioux were on that road killing white people all that day. It was the middle of the afternoon when we came to a deserted house. The dishes were on the table. We found cream and butter in the cellar and potatoes and corn in the garden. We stopped, cooked and ate a good square meal, of which we were greatly in need. Then we pushed on and came to another house some time after nightfall, which was deserted by the humans, but the cattle were there. Here we spent the night and would have been glad to

MR. MOORE COCKED HIS REVOLVER AND SAID HE WOULD SHOOT DOWN THE MAN WHO ATTEMPTED TO LEAVE

rest the Sabbath, but as yet there was too much uncertainty. Three or four hours' travel brought us to the cross roads, where the whole settlement seemed to have gathered. We there learned that a company of troops had passed up, and had turned across to St. Peter. This seemed to be a guarantee of safety and so we rested the remainder of the day, gathering in the afternoon to worship Him who had been our deliverer and our guide."

Mary and the children now found friends and civilization at Shakapoe, but her husband joined General Sibley's command as chaplain, for the Sioux were still on the war-path. Many had been killed and their wives and children taken captive. A detachment of soldiers had been sent out to gather in the dead, but were surrounded by the Indians, and sent messengers back for reinforcements. General Sibley then sent his whole force against the Indians.

"When our camp was in motion, the Indians came against us and surrounded us; but soon perceiving the force was not what they had seen the night before, they commenced making their escape, and we marched on to the original camp. It was a sad sight—dead men and dead horses lying in the hastily dug breast-works. Twelve men were found dead and we buried them in one grave. Thirty or forty were wounded and nearly the whole of the ninety horses were lying dead. They had suffered greatly for want of water, as the Indians had cut them off entirely from the stream."

The northern country was now fully aroused, and this defeat showed the necessity of being thoroughly prepared. A few weeks were given over to this preparation, and on the 21st of September the little army again took up its march northward, finding here and there a dead body and the ruins of buildings on every side. At Yellow Medicine the troops had stopped to gather food from the fields of potatoes and corn, when some of the soldiers were fired on. Immediately Indians appeared on every side. The battle lasted several hours, and resulted in the final defeat of the Indians, who fled and sought refuge in the British possessions. As General Sibley had sent them word that what he desired were the captives, Little Crow now left these in the possession of the friendly Indians at what came to be known as Camp Release.

"Now they came into our hands, nearly a hundred, besides half-breeds, many of whom had been in a kind of captivity. The white women had dressed up as well as they could for the occasion, but many of them only showed their relationship by their faces, hands and hair—they were dressed like Indians. It was a time of gladness for us. White men stood and cried for joy. We took them all to our camp, and wrapped them all up as well as we could. Some of the women complained because we did not furnish women's clothes; but that was unreasonable. This was Camp Release.

"No sooner had the white captives been brought

over to our camp than from various sources we began to hear of Indian men who had maltreated these white women, or had been in some way engaged in the massacres of the border. On the morrow General Sibley requested me to act as the medium of communication between these women and himself, inviting them to make known any acts of cruelty or wrong they had suffered at the hands of the Dakota men during their captivity. The result of this inquiry was the apprehension of several men who were still in the Sioux camp, and the organization of a military commission to try such cases. Naturally we had supposed that the men who knew themselves guilty would have fled with Little Crow to Manitoba. The greater number of such men had undoubtedly gone, but some were found remaining who had participated in individual murders, and some who had abused white women, and more who had been mixed up in the various raids on the white settlements."

The result of this inquiry was the trial of four hundred Indians, of whom only fifty were cleared. Subsequently thirty-eight were hanged.

"As the time of their death approached, they manifested a desire to say something to their Dakota friends, and also to the white people. I acceded to their request, and spent a whole day with them, writing down such things as they wanted to say. Many of them, the most of them, took occasion to affirm their innocence of the charges against them of killing individuals.

But they admitted and said of their own accord that so many white people had been killed by the Dakotas that public and general justice required the death of some in return. This admission was in the line of their education. Perhaps it is not too much to call it an instinct of humanity."

For the security of the frontier, General Sibley organized a military expedition which Mr. Riggs accompanied as interpreter to the corps of Dakota scouts. The families of these were maintained at Scouts Camp as it was called, and here the missionary work was continued. The prisoners and their families, numbering over fifteen hundred, were confined in a stockade at Fort Snelling, and subsequently at Davenport, Iowa. During this time, a period over two years, he stayed by them. The prisoners asked for books. Slates and pencils were given to them and prison came to be a school. They began to sing and pray morning and evening of their own accord. Hundreds of men who refused to listen to the missionaries before now wanted to hear them, just as scores of men who had refused to learn to read now were the most eager. Their own gods had failed them, as was manifested. The conjurers and medicine men were speechless. Even the women taunted them saying: "You boasted great power as 'wakan' men; where is it now?" The result was a great revival among the prisoners.

"The first communion in prison made a deep impression upon myself. It began to throw light upon per-

plexing questions that had started in my own mind as to the moral meaning of the outbreak. God's thought of it was not my thought. As the heavens were higher than the earth, so his thoughts were higher than mine. I accepted the present interpretation of events, and thanked God and took courage."

After peace was restored it took some time to repair the ravages of the Indians on the mission stations. Meanwhile, Stephen Riggs, with Mary, made his winter residence at Beloit, Wisconsin, where he continued his translation of the New Testament into the language of the Dakotas. Their summers were spent among the mission stations of Minnesota and Nebraska.

It was at Beloit where Mr. Riggs lost his faithful helper, Mary, and then, some years later, Mr. Riggs passed away, but not until the entire Bible had been rendered into the Sioux tongue.

JOHN LEWIS DYER

SNOW-SHOE ITINERANT

JOHN LEWIS DYER
SNOW-SHOE ITINERANT

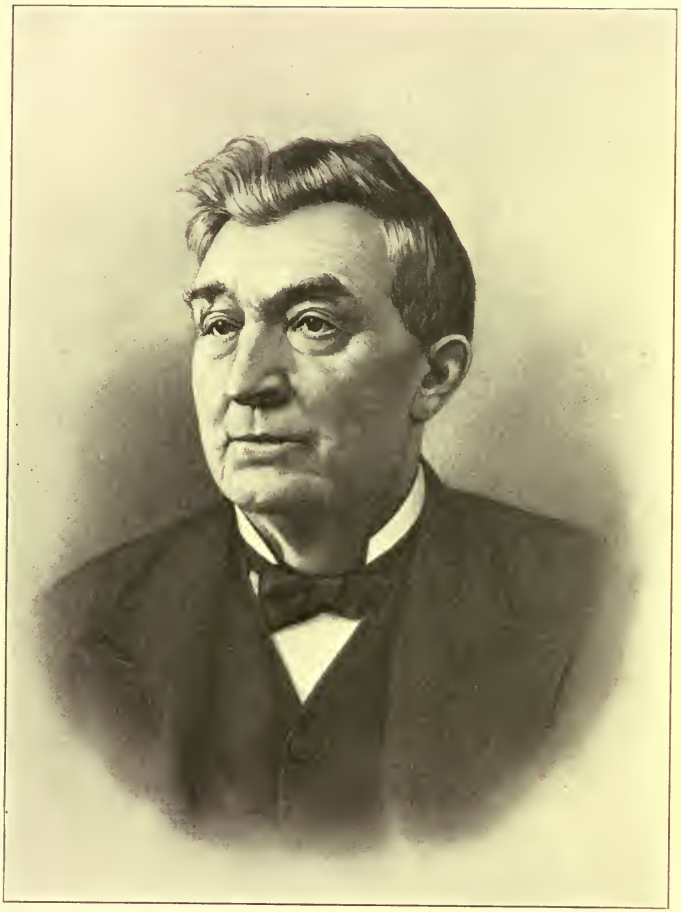
IT requires an effort of mind for us to think of Kentucky and Illinois as the frontier. But to-day there is no part of the United States that presents such opportunities for adventure as did the land lying west of the Alleghanies and east of the Mississippi after the War of the Revolution. The storm and stress of that period left the people sensitive, impressionable, keenly alive both to the extremes of dissipation and to the ecstasies of religious fervor, both being forms of action constantly coming to close quarters with one another, and furnishing a conflict that played an important part of the life and struggle toward the civilization of the Middle West.

One of the chief of these combatants was Father Dyer, as he was known in the familiar language of the day. Adventure was in his blood. His great-grandfather was a stowaway from England who, captured on board ship, was sold to work out his passage money. This done he went to Pendleton County, Virginia, where he became a comfortable land-owner. Here he married and his children were born. One of these was John Dyer, the grandfather of the "Snow-Shoe Itinerant," who took up the family spirit for adventure, and moved

with his wife and young family to Kentucky, where he remained for ten years, and thence to Ohio, seeking a stronghold against the Indians, near Chillicothe. Here he established the first grist-mill in central Ohio, known as Dyer's Mills. He was something of a character. He had also a saw-mill, and, seeing a fine cherry log brought in, he saved enough of it to make for himself a handsome coffin. This he had stored in his loft until it was required for use.

Here Samuel Dyer, his son, was married to Cassandra Foster, the daughter of Lewis Foster, a local preacher, who with his family had blazed his way from Pennsylvania to Chillicothe. These two were the parents of John Lewis Dyer, who was born March 16, 1812, near the old mill, and in whom both religious fervor and a love of adventure were harmoniously united toward the same ends. The Indian in his native state had been steadily crowded westward by the impetuous frontiersmen. With the Indian John Dyer never caught up. He was to deal with the turbulent settlers, triumphant in their contest with the Indian, and now battling with the virgin forests, the malarious swamps, and the hidden wealth of the rocks. No Indian was ever more in need of the preacher's counsel and warning than the settlers in this strife. He was brought up in a community in which both camp-meetings and whiskey were alike common. Of these he relates his own early impressions and their effect:

"My father was justice of the peace. Among the



JOHN L. DYER

men that frequented his primitive court was a Mr. T. who was generally half-drunk, and would persist, when in that condition, in shaking hands with me, although I was scarcely four years old. On one occasion seeing him coming, I hid behind mother, who was spinning flax on her little wheel, and said: 'He is drunk, and I will not shake hands.' But he saw me, and when I drew back, he said: 'What is the matter with that child?' She told him what I said. That raised his Irish. He stamped his foot, and said: 'That child will make a drunkard as sure as he lives. I have never seen a child that hated a drunken man but would surely be a drunkard.' I was badly frightened, but never forgot his angry prophecy. I was born with a love for whiskey. I cannot remember when, at the smell of it water did not gather on my tongue. But when ever I tasted it the thought of old T. came in my mind.

"Not long after another event came to save me. Father was laid up with rheumatism, and the young people of the neighborhood gathered to help pull his flax. As the custom was, he provided a quart of whiskey and a bucket of water, which I sat in the shade to dispense. Never did anything look so tempting. I thought I could mix the whiskey with water, so that it would not strangle me, and drink all I wanted and nobody know anything about it. So mixing up a half tin cup full, I drank it until it did not taste good any more. The next thing I remember was looking toward the house over a small field of wheat. The stalks

seemed to be about seven feet high, and the heads nearly a foot long, and they all appeared to be pitching over one another. So I thought it impossible to get home, lay down, and was carried to the house. This was my first and last 'drunk.'"

His experience of the religious ecstasies of the day took place at an equally early age. The rude pulpit, the embowered tents in the heart of the forests, furnished the scene. The gatherings of wagons, ox-teams, horsemen and women, of old friends and neighbors, were eagerly looked forward to, in the language of the day, as periods of refreshment. "The preachers were known almost as far as they could be seen by their saddle bags, in which most of their valuables were carried." They travelled large circuits, often swimming swollen streams and enduring all manner of hardships, preaching daily, receiving only food and clothing. Father Dyer describes his childish impression of the presence of eight converted Indians singing in their own tongue the old hymn

How happy are they, who their Saviour obey,

and the crowd, stricken by the Holy Ghost, falling on the ground like dead men to awake shouting; and that curious phenomenon known as "the jerks" connected with this religious excitement. He describes one woman, who "as two women held her jerked her head so violently that her long hair became loosened and snapped like whip-crackers."

But the boy had also his duties and his pleasures. "Almost as soon as I could reach the plow handles I was set to plowing. If I had not gone at least two rounds across a ten-acre field before sunrise, it was thought a late start.

"We had plenty of hard work; but mixed with it were the amusements peculiar to pioneer life. Among these was hunting. The forests abounded in raccoons, wild turkeys, and deer. Every boy was familiar with the use of the rifle—old fashioned muzzle-loaders, powder horn and charger, and patch and ball, and flint lock.

"When acorns failed, the raccoons ravished our cornfields. That made sport for us boys. It was night work and all the more interesting on that account. My brother Robert and I would take a horse and our coon dog, and seldom return empty handed. We used no gun, but would tree the coon, climb after him and shake him off, and leave the dog to make the finish, which was not always an easy task, as the coon was capable of making an obstinate fight. On one occasion we treed two on the same tree. As I climbed up the tree, one jumped off, but the dog chased him up after me; so that I had one above, and one below me. I succeeded in shaking them off more easily than I have shaken off book agents since then, and the dog quickly despatched them. The same time we treed another on a large honey locust too full of thorns to climb. But there was a hackberry-tree by its side, by which I

climbed above the worst of the thorns, and then got over on to the locust. The coon was at least sixty feet from the ground; but I followed him to the top and shook him off. He proved to be the largest one we ever caught. Never did I look at the top of that tree in the day-time but the blood tingled to the end of my toes. I could not have climbed there in daylight. Money was scarce in those times, and coon skins were almost currency at twenty-five cents apiece. So when we counted seven as the result of a single hunt, Robert and I felt 'passing rich.'

"Deer hunting was more to my notion, although my first experience was not calculated to inflate my pride. I espied a noble animal at a short distance, and was undiscovered. Never had boy a better chance; but a strange sensation possessed me. I was not frightened, but shook as in ague. I could not aim my rifle, or hold on the broad side of the deer, or pull my trigger. The last I finally managed somehow to do, and at the crack of the gun the deer looked around to see what was up. I fell to loading again, but was unable for my shaking to bring the powder horn and charges together. This brought me to my senses and settled my nerves; but the deer, tired of waiting, made off.

"In a little while there was another opportunity. This time it was a large buck. The fever did not come back. My nerves were steady. I took good aim and fired. The buck fell. I ran with knife in hand to cut his throat; but when within about twenty feet of him,

he raised up his head, snuffed and shook his big horns defiantly at me. Some blood on his back gave me the idea that the bullet had just creased him, and that he would be up and fight in a minute. Running to a big tree near by, I loaded again and shot him in the head. He was a splendid fellow and made me forget my disgraceful 'buck-fever.'

"My father was fond of hunting the deer at night on the water. The deer liked the moss that grew in the water, and was always attracted by a light. Placing a candle in the bow of the canoe, and setting up a screen behind it to conceal them, the hunters would paddle noiselessly down the stream until they discovered their game. This was the Indian way of hunting. Father once met Jonathan Alder and his Indian wife —well known in the early history of Ohio—in their bark canoe, engaged in this sport. When I was about fourteen he took me on such an expedition. We chopped down an elm tree, made a canoe of its bark, and, just after dark put out. Father sat in front and I behind, guiding the canoe with a smooth little pole, which I dared not lift out of the water lest I scare the game. We pushed along that way until we espied a deer. It raised its head; but the light blinded it, and we poled nearer until we could see it wink, when father shot it. The night, the water, the shadows of the forest, and the breathless stillness of the hunt gave a certain charm to this mode; but somehow it never seemed quite so fair to the deer as the other way.

"Scarcely second to hunting was our three months school. I think we appreciated the advantages, and improved them. But the three months of good times we had together brightened the whole year. Our games were rugged, and our tricks not always the gentlest. One of the latter was to bar out the teacher on Christmas, and dictate terms of admission, which usually were two days' vacation, time to be made up by him, and a treat at his expense of a quart or two of whiskey. Some of the boys would take too much; so this treat fell into disrepute and apples were substituted for it. Barring out, however, was continued, until about 1825, when some of the parents who opposed it joined forces with the teachers from New England, who were indignant at what they styled 'a Western outrage,' and put an end to the practice.

"Spelling matches between neighboring schools excited great interest. The school on Glade Run and ours once met half-way. Each side put up its picked ten. We were gaining rapidly, when the man who gave out words was found cheating us. This raised quite a disturbance; but we chose a man who lived on their side, in whose honesty we had confidence, and the contest went on, our side winning, and my brother Robert bearing off the honors.

"Our course of study included the 'Three Rs' and orthography. One of my teachers I recall with great pleasure. This was Edwin Cone. He was a good man, and inspired his scholars to do good work. When about

eighteen, I was sent thirty miles to Marysville, Union County, in the 'Big Woods' to study mathematics with a Mr. Phelps, the county surveyor. In the four months I was with him, I went as a hand occasionally, and thus secured practice as well as theory. This was of advantage to me in early days in Illinois."

When young Dyer was in his twentieth year, in the autumn of 1831, the family moved to Illinois. Of the journey he writes: "We had one large wagon, of the kind later called 'prairie schooners,' with four horses—which, as being the eldest of the eight children I drove—and one two horse wagon, both well stocked with camp equipage, provisions, utensils, etc. On the 6th of October we started on the journey. We went to the west line of the Ohio, thence to Greenville, White river near Strawtown, Ind.; through the 'Wilderness,' and Wabash prairies to Danville, Ill., then a hamlet of about twenty five houses; reached Pekin, November 6th, just one month out, where I saw my first steamboat; thence crossed over to the neighborhood of Canton, Fulton County, and settled where Fairview now stands.

"The journey was uneventful. The summer had been unusually wet, and the roads were very muddy. It was not uncommon to spend a week going forty five miles. The Wilderness was a flat beech forest, forty miles with but one house and no bottom to the roads; that is it was mud down as far as we knew. Teams with families camped looked like a small camp meeting.

One evening after supper I strolled out among the groups of men around the camp fires. The general topic of conversation was the depth of the mud, each claiming that he had seen the worst. But one fellow said: All that you have seen is nothing. I was looking ahead and I saw a plug hat on the mud and thought I had a prize. As I got nearer, it seemed to have a man's head in it, which said 'Let me alone, I have a good horse under me.' That closed the conversation on that subject. I do not remember any bridges, but plenty of poles to pry out with."

There being no railroads, the great object was to settle on some navigable stream, so father and son started out to walk and find some suitable place, as the ice was too treacherous to risk their teams. Following the course of the Mississippi, they found in Mercer County two young couples eight miles east of the river. Meanwhile eight inches of snow had fallen, and it had turned "desperately cold."

"The newly married men had cut hay and hauled some logs for their houses before they took their wives up in time for the thaw. They had raised their house up one story and had cut out a place for the chimney, built a fire and made clapboards as fast as they could, putting poles across inside. The roof was made of four courses of three feet clapboards. On each side of the fire-place was what we called a Jackson bed stead, made of hickory poles, which answered a good purpose, and was fashionable in those days. A blanket served

for a door. It was stormy and we asked to stay. They said 'You see we are caught in the storm, just as you are; but we will do the best we can for you.' They made us a bed on the ground floor. After we had got into a sound sleep, one of the oxen pushed away the blanket and walked in and put his nose on my father's face, which aroused him. He threw up his hands, and the ox threw up his horns against the clapboard roof, which we thought was all coming down on us. But nobody was hurt, and after driving out the ox and securing the door with a pole, we managed to get some rest and sleep, notwithstanding the night was severely cold.

"In the morning we had for breakfast fried pork, corn bread, potatoes and coffee made out of burnt corn-bread. Before night we longed for more of it, for we traveled all day till after dark without a bit to eat. We held a council of war that morning and decided that we would make for Pence's Fork, by the old lead mine road, and then go back the way we came. I have thought it was thirty miles through the grass and eight inches of snow. But there was no house and we determined to go through. My father had been afflicted with sciatic rheumatism in one limb; and after tramping about eight miles, he began to suffer and fall behind, Mr. Day pushing on and I about half-way between them, with feelings which, though fresh, I have no words to express.

"We reached Pope River and stopped to rest awhile.

We had no means of building a fire, or we would have stayed there. The frost was flying with a hard west wind. Father was compelled to rest a little, and said, 'You and Day go on, and you get a horse and meet me.' All I said to him was to keep in the road, which could be seen on the bottom, the grass being tall on either side. It was quite late in the afternoon, and a hard snowy road twelve miles or more. Mr. Day and I started side by side. It was for life, as I hardly expected to see my father alive again. Before we got half-way Mr. Day proposed to slacken his pace and let me go on. I reached the fort at dusk, and young Mr. Pence saddled a horse and was off on a lope as quick as possible. I could not have gone as I was all over-done, sweating, shivering with the cold; but my anxiety was not abated until I saw my father. He was met about five miles back. He said that after we left he felt a little rested, and walked on and felt better but he was so cold that he grew sleepy; and when he got on the horse, he had to hold to the mane to keep from falling. Mr. Day only got in a short time before him. Father was shaking so with cold we had to help him off. Mrs. Pence brought him a good cup of coffee, but he shook so with cold and fatigue that it had to be put to his mouth. He was soon warmed, and found that he was not frozen except his nose and one cheek which were frost bitten. I had never been so cold and tired before, never had such a burden rolled off, and never experienced such thankfulness.

"In the spring of 1832 the renowned Black Hawk war broke out, about the time grass was so that stock could live on it. Almost all the young men and some of the old ones volunteered as rangers to fight the Indians. I was anxious to go, but we were newcomers, and much depended on raising a crop. Rails were to be made and hauled, and father thought he could spare neither a man nor a horse; but promised that as soon as the spring work was done I could go. He thought there was not much danger, and stayed all alone on his place. There was not a man within six miles, who did not leave at times. He said that when he saw a man running, and crying and saying the Indians had killed all but him, then it would be time enough to run.

"Some time in June, Major Foster, a recruiting officer, with a number of men that had come in on furlough, was to start up to Gum's Fort, on the waters of Henderson River. I took up a gun and ammunition, and a good horse, and joined them at Canton. About a dozen of us set out for the seat of war. Mr. Westerfield, a man of good repute, came an hour behind, and concluded to overtake us, but had only ridden about one mile north of Canton, near the house of Captain Barnes, when he heard a man, who proved afterward to be one known familiarly as Father Thurman, chasing a coyote wolf with his horse and dogs, hallooing at the top of his voice every jump. Mr. Westerfield heard it, but could not see for a skirt of timber; and as

big Indian was in his mind, he turned his horse back for town, and cried at the top of his voice 'The Indians are killing Barnes's family,' and everybody believed it. In a few minutes a fort was commenced, and word sent to every family near but Mr. Barnes. Of course everybody ran to Canton. Creeks were out of their banks. One horse was drowned, and some members of families, who were in delicate health were injured.

"It is strange how scared men will act. The first man Mr. Westerfield met was a Mr. Coleman, who had a store and horse-mill, a lame boy attending the mill just across the road. He did not even call his boy; turned the key on his store, mounted a horse which a customer had hitched to the rack, put his plug hat under him as there was no saddle, and gallopped down the road with Westerfield, crying the alarm. About three miles down the road they met a Mr. F., who, on hearing the news, was so scared that he ran in the house, took what change he had, left his wife and family, and never stopped until he got to Ross's Ferry on the Illinois River, and actually rode into the river to meet the ferry-boat, such was his fright. It is plain to be seen that men ought to know the facts before they give any alarm in times of excitement. As my father and his family lived eight miles out, and Barnes's place was on the road, they heard nothing of it until they heard both sides, and kept quietly at work. I was out fifteen or twenty days with the rangers and country, and was well persuaded that the Indians would rather

be west of the Mississippi River, and concluded not to volunteer, but returned to hear of Westerfield's defeat as it was called.

"Several times during the summer it was reported that Indians were within a few miles of us. I will mention one more scene. There was what was called Babbitt's Settlement, north-west of Canton about twenty-five miles. Five or six families had quietly stuck to their farms. One of their number, Mr. Cox, went out to hunt a colt that was not bridle-wise, and got back with it just at dusk. In his absence two or three soldiers on a furlough from the army called to stay over night. As he came near the house he heard strange voices, and at once thought it was Indians, and was sure they had killed his wife and family. In his grief and alarm he struck out for Canton on the colt. About half-way with a man he had met, he passed Mr. Zebulon Foster's, waked them up, and told them that the Indians had killed his family. When asked for particulars, swore it was true, and started at half-speed. Well, the family got up a yoke of oxen, notified a widow and family and started the same way at mid-night. Mr. Cox alarmed with his cries and tears as far as he could, and by nine o'clock they had sixty men with arms to go out to war. In the meantime, after she had given the soldiers—the innocent cause of this alarm—their supper, Mrs. Cox became very uneasy, fearing that her husband had been thrown from the colt and killed or crippled. She induced her guests

to go in search of him in the night. They soon got tired and rode on to Canton, and hearing of Mr. Cox's trouble, found him and told him that his wife was very uneasy about him, and that he had better go home. This was the end of another Indian scare.

"This was a summer of almost constant excitement. Black Hawk and his band were whipped, and fifty miles of territory ceded to the United States on the west side of the Mississippi River, all that we thought we ever should want. Illinois having proved to be very rich in soil and natural advantages, about this time experienced a great influx of population, and a wonderful rise in property. We read in the papers of the first railroad in New York. I asked my father what he thought of such a project—flat iron rails for steam-cars. He thought a moment, and said it might pay between large cities, but the expense would be too great to build through the country. The old gentleman lived to ride on such a road from Illinois to the Rocky Mountains.

"From 1834 to 1837 times were good, and speculation ran high. But the awful crash, financially, in 1837 broke up thousands. Only men that had a large surplus, and were free from debt, stood the shock. No money could be had on credit for less than twelve per cent, and property and produce were not worth anything to speak of. I hauled one load of good wheat thirty-five miles to Peoria, and could only get twenty five cents a bushel. Pork was sold from $1.25 to $1.50

cents a hundred pounds. The farmer had to run all over a village to sell a few pounds of butter, and take it in calico. Eggs were three cents a dozen."

II

Before leaving Ohio, young Dyer had become "converted" at a camp-meeting. His peace, however, was of short duration. Riding in the woods after dark one night, as he expresses it, the tempter came to him and presented various reasons why he should not forsake the amusements of his young companions. He was about to yield, when the "spirit forsook" him and he became so frightened that, in his own words, "my hair seemed to rise, and I felt to see if my hat was not going off my head." In Illinois, although constant in his attendance at church, his temptations were so frequent, so varied, that to be delivered from them he prayed that he might die. Once kneeling at the foot of a tree in the forest, wrestling like Jacob of old, he heard a voice behind him saying: "Your work is not done. Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Looking around to see who was there, he found himself alone. Believing he had listened to a voice from heaven, his life was thus turned toward the ministry, and perhaps confirmed that taste for wandering which afterward developed and gave occasion to his later title, "A Snow-Shoe Itinerant." As a licensed exhorter from the hands of Peter Cartwright his work

began, hindered, however, by lack of education and those clouds of spiritual darkness in which he frequently walked.

Meanwhile he married Miss Hariett Foster, and the poverty of the times and the pressing needs of a young family led to his removal to Potosi, Wis., where he prospected for lead and worked with his hands in the mines. Still the gift of speech was denied him, and after many failures he was almost despairing, when he had another of those strange religious experiences that so influenced his career, following upon an escape from being killed by a horse.

"I had been gloomy all day, and after the above escape, felt worse, and slept but little during the night. Next day with a hired man I was helping to sink a prospect shaft. I was in the ground about thirty feet, but was exceedingly sad, and grew worse, until I had no power to work. My feelings were awful. Panting for breath I sat down in the shaft, and said 'O, Lord, what ails me?' Just then a hundred promises I had made that I would go and preach the gospel rushed to my mind, and now although the way was open I had refused. Two things were in the way. The first was that divorced woman"—it should be explained that his wife having died, he had married a woman who proved to have another husband living; the shame he imputed to himself—"and the belief that if I went the cause would be injured and myself disgraced. Then came this text: 'If you eat any deadly

thing it shall not hurt you.' The other was the fact that I had one son at Lawrence University and wanted to educate the other children, and my prospects bid fair to do so. Then came the words: 'Every one that hath forsaken houses or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or children for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.' The response was: 'If deadly poison will not kill, I will leave the children to God's care and go. The best of the bargain on my side—eternal life.'

"It was now all settled. I put pick and shovel into the tub, stepped in and said 'Hoist,' and my man took me out of the pit. He asked me what it meant. I told him I was going to quit work for awhile. When we got to the cabin for dinner, I said to my brother, 'I am going to try to preach the gospel.' He said after a moment's reflection, quoting Davy Crockett, 'Be sure you're right, and go ahead,' and go I did, reporting to the Presiding Elder."

With a fellow-worker his labors began. There were no churches. The first meetings were held in a near-by town in the court-house. His second effort was in a school-house in Franklin, a mining town, turbulent and requiring strong arms as well as stout hearts. In those days a religious meeting not infrequently ended in a fight. The preacher must be muscular as well as fervent.

"After a week's time, some difficulties arose in the place, and Brother Walter said we had better quit: but

I was to stay another day. The school house had been crowded, and a certain young man took a chair to have a seat. A rowdy fellow said 'What are you going to do with that chair?' He replied, 'I am going to the mourner's bench.' The other said: 'I bet you a quarter.' Jim as readily replied: 'I will stand you,' and they put up the money. Sure enough when the call was made, up he came with the others; but we were none the wiser of his object. The next day the saloon keepers had their fun. A friend told me of the situation. We had the appointment given out for the evening, and I was prepared as well as possible, and did not think he could hurt me while I was in the line of duty. When the time came to call those who sought to be converted, I spoke of the meanness of any man that would come on the bet of a quarter; such a creature would sell his soul for a sixpence, spend it for whiskey and go to the devil at last. But several came, and the same fellow again, of course, for he had money at stake. I said 'Sing a verse.' At the close, the preacher stepped up to Jim, slipped his hand in his collar and said 'Last night you came here on the bet of a quarter.' He replied: 'But I did not spend it for whiskey.' 'Well,' said the preacher, 'I believe that is your business. You put for the door, or I'll put you out of the window.' The fellow said: 'You asked me here for prayers, and I want you to pray for me.' The preacher said: 'You must pray for yourself.' 'I cant pray.' 'But you

must. I will teach you; say God have mercy on me, a sinner.' By a little squeezing of his neck, he was induced to say the prayer, but spoke very low. He was asked to pray louder, and said his prayer so that all in the house could hear. He did not cease until we closed. The house was crowded; but while the above scene was passing, you might have heard a pin drop. That fellow never troubled us again, and a talk was given on the principle of such a course. The man who bet with him came and apologized to the preacher and promised to do so no more."

From village to village the revivalists moved, sometimes with great success, again with discouragement. It was in keeping with the times and the temperament of Father Dyer to be encouraged by visions and dreams. In one of his visions he saw a school of fish, and had them in close quarters. At first he could not catch any, but finally he succeeded in making a large haul. This was followed by a meeting in the stone schoolhouse at Newman's Mills. After two weeks' preaching he could not rouse his audience, although the schoolhouse was crowded every night. Finally he established the stove in the centre as a dividing line. All who wished to be saved were to come forward; those who were careless or wicked were to go to the other end. Both sides started passing one another to their respective places as if at the day of judgment to heaven or hell. This stirred the people, and a successful revival was started. In the meantime came an epidemic

of small-pox, followed by an epidemic of cholera. The little communities were terror-stricken, and to the faithful preachers came the duty of attending not only to the sick, but to burying the dead.

"About the first of December 1854, while committing myself to God for success, I dreamed I was fishing with a seine in the company of others. We caught fish and divided them into piles. I thought I got a good string of them; but when I got the last one, it was so large that it reached down and covered all the rest. A Baptist preached every other Sunday, and a Primitive Methodist preached occasionally, and I in the evening. But the Baptist preacher made fun of a Methodist revival, and the other engaged elsewhere; so I went it alone the first week, and was having some stir among the dry bones. The Baptist preacher came and seemed pleased, but was evidently uneasy, for we had two converts of Baptist families. He helped and the meeting resulted in thirty conversions; and when we came to divide the converts, I took in nearly eighteen at the close, the others got seven. Still there were three that had not come in. They were beset in every way to join the Baptists; but, on the eve of closing, Brother Chapman asked me if I was not going to give another chance to join the Church. 'Yes,' I replied, 'if I thought any one wanted to come in.' He said there had been quite a desire to have him join one of the other churches, but he had made up his mind to join the Methodist, but had put it off for fear that it might

check the progress of the meeting. But now he and his family would join if I would take them. When I got him on the string, I thought of my dream."

This same Brother Chapman had objected to the Methodists because they prayed too loud. "Let your Sister Rachel pray," he besought the preacher, "she don't pray quite so loud as you do." After his conversion, however, said Mr. Dyer, his "Hallelujah was like rumbling thunder."

"In September we had a camp meeting I have not forgotten. Some good was done. Many of the baser sort came to mock and make disturbance. While I was holding a prayer-meeting, and some seekers were at the altar, a brother pulled me by the shoulders, and told me that the rowdies were breaking the lumber that we had for seats. Among them I saw a large man at the root of a tree, crowing like a rooster. I took a candle in my right hand and held it above my head, and made for the mocker. He walked back of the tents, and as he walked pulled off his coat. I said: 'My honey, I see you.'

"By this time he was crossing a hollow, and by the time I was at the bottom of it, and starting up, the first thing I knew he wheeled and struck at me, grazing my arm and sending the candle spinning. But without thought my fist struck on the left arm, and he was at once down, and I had him at the throat. Just then Brother Moore, a local preacher, said: 'Don't hurt him.' I said: 'God have mercy on him; for it is hard

for me to.' He was making loud cries for help. He went off and swore that I assaulted him, and sent an officer, who took me before a justice. I had plenty of friends, and we beat him on the papers, and I got out of the affair easily; and the general verdict was that he deserved all he got, and that I was the man to administer it."

However many were the difficulties of the itinerant preacher of those days, he obtained a familiarity with and knowledge of the country as could not otherwise have been done. John Dyer was not a man to neglect such opportunities. He writes: "As we traveled over this country for four years, we could but think it the most beautiful part of the world—its high prairies, deep gorges, with diggings on the rough parts, and good farming land on the smooth parts. Such grand views. The Platte mounds near the center, the Blue Mounds, and the good soil were calculated to inspire the mind of the traveler." To his adventurous spirit, holding communion on the wide prairie and travelling over snow-incrusted roads were all in the day's work.

The conference to which he had recently been attached now transferred him to Minnesota, two hundred and fifty miles away. With mule and buggy he reached the Mississippi River at Dubuque, Iowa, and from there he took steam-boat up the river, at last reaching Lenora, a small settlement, during one of the coldest winters this country has ever experienced. The state was filling up fast, and the circuit preach-

er's knowledge of surveying made him very useful to the new settlers in plotting their property and laying off town lots. He had bought himself two hundred acres of land. Forty of these he gave to be sold in order to build a church, but the financial crash of 1857 came upon them, and the young settlement was reduced to poverty. Having gone security for a man to enable him to build a much-needed saw-mill, he was now obliged to mortgage more acres to meet his note, and the mortgage being foreclosed, he was ruined, and obliged to sell his mule to pay a debt. "Nothing was at par but the salvation of souls," he writes, and cheerfully took up the duties of his circuit on foot.

The warfare with the devil in the shape of the saloon was never more picturesquely or vigorously waged, being complicated with the fiddle. At Sheldon the preacher succeeded in capturing the fiddle the night of a ball at the saloon. It spoiled the ball, but "by midnight we had ten conversions—almost a clean sweep. An old sister got very happy and had a good shout. She was in so great an ecstasy of joy that she made for her husband, who was a member, and he got out of her way very quick; he almost ran. I went home with them and asked him why he ran from his happy wife. 'Why,' he said, 'I am just as afraid of her when she shouts as I am of any other woman.'

"One of the hard cases was a man of family. He loved company and spent his money. His wife grieved as he was wasting his living. She went to a neighbor

woman whose husband was in the same row, and they agreed to take axes and knock in the door and windows on the west side of the house, as the wind was blowing from that way. The courage of one failed her; but the other, firm in her determination, knocked the window in the first lick, and struck the door down next. The wind blew the lights out and everything off the table. The whole crew thought it a mob and jumped out of the window on the other side and ran away. At another time a saloon keeper bought six barrels of whiskey and laid them on their sides, with the ends against the weather boarding. Somebody, so the same lady told me, bored holes through the boards and into the heads of the barrels at the lower edge so that there was but very little whiskey left in them. The above shows how women and children suffer by drink and cards. This woman was a perfect hater of these things; and to hear her abuse both one would think she had tongue enough for two sets of teeth."

The conference now transferred Mr. Dyer to Austin, its farthest southwest station. It was the last of May and very wet. He had traded for an old horse which was not worth much, but better than travelling on foot. At length he came to a branch of Root River: "The stream was out of banks and all over the low grounds. I concluded to try to cross. I went up so as to take advantage of the current. I started in water knee deep; all at once horse and rider were under, except my head and neck. I supposed my

horse would rise and swim; but either he did not know how, or would not, for his head would come up, make a plunge and go clear under again. This he did three times, when fortunately we reached where he could stand, the water over his back, but his head out. There he rested a little and waded out with me. Once out of sight, I took off my clothes, and made a wringer of my hands, and got all the water out that was possible. I had an appointment but two miles distant. The man said he would have had a dozen to hear me, but the flood prevented; so he had seven. I was all wet and had taken my boots off and was drying my socks. The time came and the poor Irishman said: 'Can't we have a little preaching?' I said: 'I cant put my boots on; would it do barefooted?' 'Just as well.' And it came to my mind that I had not seen so great faith in all the country. I gave out a hymn and kneeled in prayer. I learned afterward that it would have been better to have stood to pray, as my pants stuck to my legs, and I had to pull them loose, or they would have reached only down below my knees. When everything was adjusted, I took the text: 'In those days came John the Baptist saying Repent,' did the best I could barefooted.

"The after noon was fair and warm, and by evening I was well dried. I stopped at the first house beyond the Wet prairie, crossing a bridge, the water all over it. Three other men were with us, and we led or pulled our horses over, and hauled a wagon over by hand.

One tall man got in up to his neck. He was walking on the log that held the poles on the bridge, and had hold of the fore-wheel of the wagon. The tongue took a lunge, and the wheel pressed him off. He went endways until he was all under except his head. He soon extricated himself, and said he was not afraid of getting wet now. The next day when within less than a half mile of Brownsdale, I came to a broad slough, over two feet deep. About midway my old horse went down to his body in mud. I got off and took the bridle reins, and pulled, and he made a lunge right toward me. I made for the shore and he after me, and by the time I got to terra firma I was covered with black mud. I pulled the dry grass and wiped my clothes as well as I could, and also the bridle and horse, all in the sight of town. While I was in this predicament, I thought this was too much for anybody but a Methodist preacher, who had made his vows to take things as they come, and that nothing could compensate me but a good revival."

The compensation was not so easily obtained. Although "God could thrash the world with a worm," as he said, the preacher's discouragements were great. Among others was a dream during his travail of soul. "I thought I saw a man up in the air. He was of a dark complexion and riding a black horse; had a whip in his hand, and I thought he made in his descent right for me. As I watched him closely I saw he was missing his aim; but the feet of the horse seemed close, and I dodged my head but I was not touched. So it

appeared to me there was war ahead, but all would be right with me.

"On my return I found a good congregation and all the indications. But on Saturday a man brought four Campbellites, all preachers, and, it was said, linguists but one. Of course I had the house pre-empted at night, but they had a meeting at one o'clock. With about thirty others, I went to hear them, and who should speak but the man I had seen on the black horse with a whip in his hand. His talk was almost all in opposition to the different churches, and especially against the Methodists. He said he would throw all the mourner's benches out of the window, and he gave it to us generally. When he quit and sat down, he said, if there was any gentleman in the house who had any objections to what he said, he hoped he would reply. I arose and said if I had given such a harangue as he had, it would have been ungentlemanly in me. He jumped up and said: 'I am branded with not being a gentleman,' and repeated it two or three times. I replied, 'You may wear the brand,' and we were dismissed."

The conflicts between sect and sect were almost as heated and constant as with the saloons in those early days. Converts were checked up scrupulously and spoils divided. After this altercation the meetings were crowded. "It was too hot for my Christian brethren. They went out and looked in the windows." After the revival which followed, the baptizing of the

converts took place. Some of these preferred immersion. In this method the Christian brethren were experts. When the day arrived these took their places on the opposite side of the creek, where they could see. Father Dyer, who performed the ceremony, relates with satisfaction that these experts admitted "it was done, only one man's nose was not covered."

"I had no place on this circuit to call home, paid no board, and was welcome all over the work. This was in 1858. People were new settlers; there was hardly any money, and it was a remarkably wet year. Crops were poor. Along Cedar River, where they were usually the best, the floods destroyed about all. The river rose twenty feet in eight or ten hours, and took all the bridges, stacks of grain, and so flooded the houses that the inmates were taken out at the upper windows. One man was awakened, and the water was knee deep. He had a trap door to go into his cellar, and it floated off, and in the dark he stepped in, but caught with his hands, or he might have drowned. I had to have a canoe to get my old horse over, for he would not or could not swim. I dont know what we would have done, if it had not been that the lakes ran over and carried millions of fishes into the streams. The farmers would fill their wagons in a few hours with the best kinds that the fish rolled off as they drove along. Their tables groaned under fishes fried, baked and stuffed. I received about fifty dollars in money and clothing in the year.

"I remember of a temptation presented to me as I was going to commence my meeting in Austin. My coat was not much but lining from the elbow to the wrist on the under side. It came like this: 'Now you are going up to town, and your coat sleeves are worn to the lining.' But I went and had a good old Methodist preach for me and I exhorted. I thought I would tell the devil the first thing, and try to stop him; so I told how it was, and raised up my arm and said: 'I am ready to shake the last rag over you.' The next day to my surprise Mrs. Holt and others took the matter in hand and made me a present of a new coat for which I was very thankful, and I have never forgotten their kindness."

The approaching conference was at St. Anthony. A hundred and fifty miles had to be travelled to reach the Mississippi. Every man that reached the conference by land was covered with mud. The floods continued, but nothing daunted our itinerant. To meet an appointment he reached the edge of the Zimbro River, which had overflowed its banks. The bridge was swept away. Making a raft of some planks with a long pole, he shoved off. Presently he was in deep water and drifting. Hoping the current would carry him to an island, his progress was stopped by a tall tree. The raft went under it; the preacher jumped over it, and met his raft. Drifting a mile farther, he was met by some boys in a skiff, who rescued him just in time from entering the Mississippi. "I was about

twenty minutes late for my appointment," he writes. "But the congregation was waiting and we had a good time."

In the summer of 1860 he went to Rice Lake, where he found twenty Chippewa Indians. Here they came to his rescue from green-headed flies and mosquitoes, which set his horse nearly crazy, and beset its rider. He writes: "The squaws paddled me down to the outlet of the lake. The water was about half covered with wild rice, which was quite an item of sustenance for the Indians. I was told that in gathering it, they ran their canoes right among it. It stood two feet above the water, and was easily thrashed off into the canoe. It was a Godsend to them in this wilderness country. But the squaws did not allow me to get into the canoe until they got the money, and when the fare was paid, they quickly rowed me down to the outlet. Here were about twenty Indians, including squaws and pappooses, all dressed in Indian costume, so far as they were dressed at all. Two or three men were the oddest-looking human beings I have ever seen—hardly looked like men. Their appearance made an impression that has never been effaced.

"Now my horse was at Grover's logging camp at least one and a half miles below, on Hay river, and the fallen timber impossible to cross, and I could see no way to get there but to have some Indians take me in a canoe. There was a half breed Frenchman who could speak an English word or two. He and two oth-

ers undertook the trip. While they were launching the boat, I looked out westerly, and through the heavy timber saw an unusually black cloud, accompanied by heavy thunder coming fast. I watched the Indians and the cloud, and made motions for them to row faster; but about half way they began to talk, and stopped rowing. I tried to urge them on, but one said in broken English: 'One dollar and a quarter,' over and over. I was in a close place; an awful storm coming, and the boat standing still. So of course I paid the bill, and they started, and soon we met another Indian, and they stopped and traded me off, and made me get in his canoe. The terrible storm kept coming, and he got near Grover's cabin, and stopped, and gave signs of wanting his pay, and I gave him twenty five cents, and he barely made out to row me into camp, just as the rain began to fall in torrents. Such thunder was seldom heard; but there was enough dry ground for me to sleep on, with some old hay for a bed. I had only a piece of bread and butter for my supper, nothing for breakfast, and about twenty miles to the old Hay settlement, which was left to the west of me as I went out. Here was the battle field between the Chippewas and Sioux Indians some time before. I saw where the bullets had lodged in trees and stumps. There was a settlement of old loggers, who when the logging camps were moved farther up, stayed and farmed. I went around, got them all out, and preached to them the best I could—thirty five in all." One of

these told him it was the only preaching he had heard in twenty-two years.

This expedition was full of incident, among logging camps, saw-mills—where a preacher was a novelty—and in other places where preachers of rival sects were to be encountered. At one place a young man came with his bride to be married against the wishes of his father. "After the ceremony, he said he wanted me to do all I could for him; for he must take his wife home, as he had no other place to take her. I went to the schoolhouse and gave out a prayer-meeting at his fathers, and went in advance to see the old folks. O how mad they were. I gave them all the consolation I could, and told the girls that we must kill some chickens, and make a big supper. We caught some, and soon the bridal party came. The old gentleman would not speak to them; but we all ate at the same table, and after this came the prayer-meeting. Quite a number came and all prayed around; and at last I called on the mad father, an Irishman, and he prayed for us all, and said: 'Lord, have mercy on this new married couple. O, Lord, thou knowest I had nothing in the world to do with it.' The next morning we found him so far blessed that he spoke to them, and soon ordered lumber to build a house for them, and gave eighty acres of land to build it on."

After six years in Minnesota such as he has described, Mr. Dyer takes stock of himself and his work. His eyes have almost entirely failed him, and he is deeply

in debt. In one place he has lost five hundred dollars, in another he owes two hundred. He has a horse, saddle, and bridle, a few little things in a carpet-sack —Bible, hymn-book, *Church Discipline*, and a copy of Lorain's *Sea Sermons*, a change of linen, and fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents in silver and gold. Twenty paper dollars that he could not pass in any way he traded for seven dollars in the form of a coat. He had gone security on two notes, and for these he gave his house and some lots, four hundred dollars in money, and yet owed seven hundred dollars, and his creditor wanted also his horse. This on one side. On the other, he had brought sixteen hundred dollars to Minnesota, had seven appointments, and attended to them the best he could. He concludes: "No man can realize just how I felt, unless he has been at some time in the same situation. There was no extravagance either, except in going security."

III

"I HAD made up my mind to see Pike's Peak; that was if I could see at all, as I had to wet my eyes to get them open every morning." With less than fifteen dollars in his pocket and a cranky horse, the intrepid preacher set out for Omaha. The first day he made fifty miles, stopping over Sunday at Newton, Ia. Here he had a serious misfortune, which he relates: "Before eating I fed and took care of my horse; but

while at breakfast the landlord saw my mare was about to disturb a sitting hen, and took her into another stall where there was a peck of corn. As the result she was foundered almost to death. I mention this because the hen worth six cents, the eggs four cents and his saving of ten cents, cost me one hundred and fifty dollars. I led her a few miles, and sold her for a gun, an old watch, and fifteen dollars, a little more than the saddle and bridle were worth."

At Omaha he found a wagon train starting for Pike's Peak, a journey of six hundred miles over what was called the American Desert. One of the drivers agreed to board him and carry his bag and gun for fifteen dollars. Preaching by the way, and then overtaking the ox teams, he made the journey on foot, arriving at Denver June 20, 1861, having been a little over a month on the way. Denver was then but little more than a village, which he calls, in admiration of its size, "the metropolis of Pike's Peak."

Here he exchanged his watch for provisions; and his second son, whom he met there, gave him a buffalo skin and a quilt for bedding, and he started again on foot another hundred miles, beginning the ascent on the Fourth of July. The wagon train to which he was attached was bound for Buckskin Joe camp at South Park, the bonanza of that day. Entranced by the magnificence of the view, he notes that "the Signers of the Declaration of Independence little conceived the half they were doing." Living in a hut made of poles

and pine boughs, according to his custom, he began preaching among the mining camps on Sunday and working with his hands on week days for his living; but, as he exultantly exclaims, in good health, with improved eyesight, after a tramp of seven hundred miles. He has also discovered with satisfaction that a man at forty-seven, getting fat, could work, walk, and preach off all the fat, since he had lost thirty pounds.

With an outfit of a buffalo skin and a quilt, some crackers, a piece of bacon, coffee and sugar, with some dried apples, a tin cup, and an oyster can—in all, thirty-seven pounds to pack on his back—Mr. Dyer started for California Gulch to take charge of a mission by way of Musquito Pass, the highest range he had yet crossed. "As I took a view of those gigantic mountains and deep gorges, the thought came to me, if Heaven is above, I am nearer Caanan's shores than ever before. After prayer for our country on both sides, and for myself, alone on the dividing range of our great continent, I partook of my frugal stores, and that night preached at California Gulch, now Leadville. The next day I started alone for the Gunnison Country, following an Indian trail. Had to wade the Arkansas. Took off my boots, and thought the top of the cold water would take my legs off, and that day saw for the first time the beautiful Twin Lakes. Had not heard of them before. My surprise may be imagined. My path was up Lake Creek, a perfect mountain wilderness, snowy ranges towering on either

side. I had not seen a human being for several miles, and I began to look for a camping place. I heard just as the sun was sinking behind the snow-capped mountains the sound of a bell, and soon found five men. They had one burro to pack their food and blankets. I asked for lodging. They said 'If you can furnish your own accommodations, you can stay.' I accepted. I had a paper with me with a sermon preached by Dr. Elliott in St. Louis on the Rights of God and Cæsar. It was in war time, and by the fire made of pine roots it was read, and you would better believe it was a grand treat."

At Kent's Gulch nearly every man in the diggings came to hear the preacher. The only two benches were filled, and the men ranged themselves around the wall on the ground, row by row, until the space was filled. This was the first sermon ever preached in the Gunnison country. One man took up a collection, and twenty dollars in gold dust, the currency of the country, was raised. The next day the preacher resumed his solitary journey, which led through Dead Man's Gulch, where five men two years before had been killed by Indians, and their bones, unearthed by wolves, lay bleaching among the mountains. At Washington Gulch a man was dressing some grouse.

"Did you not expect a Methodist preacher to be on hand as soon as you had chicken to eat?"

"Well," he said, "I have heard they were fond of chickens," and invited the preacher to dine with him.

That night a camp-meeting was announced with pine knots for lights, and extra fires kindled, and miners gathered for the audience. Many of these had not heard preaching in years. Returning he came upon a man preparing to camp and joined him. The stranger asked how he stood toward the Rebellion. The preacher told him he was a Union man, but remarked it would not be worth while to fight on the spot, as there was no reporter present. The Southerner said they could discuss it in a friendly manner, and this they did until they fell asleep under the same tree, and the next morning parted as friends. At Cask Creek he preached in a saloon with Bible and hymn-book on the end of the bar, and never had a more attentive audience, which leads to his observation that scarcely a man had crossed the plains who would not behave at divine service.

At one place he was called upon to marry a runaway couple and at another to preach a funeral sermon. As the presiding elder at Denver had become a major in the army of the Civil War, the itinerant preacher had no guarantee for salary as a missionary, and his livelihood depended entirely on the chance contributions of gold-dust from his audiences of miners. Meeting a Mr. Noah Armstrong, the two men determined to do a little prospecting in their own behalf. This they had done without success, when, seventy miles from any winter quarters, and the main range to cross, snow fell from three to five feet deep. As they were making

their way, his partner proposed the first Sunday that his companion should preach to him. Accordingly he preached among the mountain snows to his audience of one, on the Prodigal Son, as an appropriate text for his hearer. With scarcely anything to eat they shovelled snow three days and a half to get that many miles, and at length reached Leadville, or California Gulch, again.

"I stayed at the above place again until the 7th of January; held meetings for ten nights; some rose for prayers, but they must have the school house to dance in, and we had to yield; and then started alone for Buckskin Joe, by the Weston Pass. At timber height I was met by a severe snow storm. Had a box of matches but not one would burn. The prospect was frightful. I prayed and dedicated myself to God, and thought by his grace I would pull through. For five or six hours I waded the snow waist-deep, until almost exhausted I leaned up against a tree for rest. I never saw death and eternity so near as then. My life seemed to be at an end; but I resolved to keep moving, and when I could go no more, hang up my carpet-sack, and write on a smooth pine tree my own epitaph 'Look for me in Heaven.' But through the goodness of God I reached the toll-gate one hour after dark, and I shall never forget the kindness of the Swede, who took me in and cared for me.

"In about four months I had traveled near five hundred miles on foot, by Indian trails, crossing logs,

CABIN AT MOSQUITO

FROM DRAWING BY MRS. HELEN H. CHAIN

carrying my pack, and preaching about three times a week. Received forty three dollars in collection at different places. Nothing that we ate cost less than twenty five cents a pound. Spent about fifty dollars of my own resources, as I had worked by the day and job through the week, and preached nights and Sundays. My clothes were worn out; my hat rim patched with dressed antelope skin; my boots half-soled with raw-hide. This is a sample of my first year's experience in Colorado.

"About the 1st of February I started on foot for Denver. We had a stage once a week for Denver. Fare ten dollars each way. I could walk a hundred miles in two days and a half. If I could not make money I could save some. On Saturday evening I reached the city of Denver, dressed, as far as it went in miner's clothes, minus a vest. I thought it would be all right to sit back and hear the preacher; but who should it be but Colonel Chivington, in his military suit, with belt, bowie knife and revolver. I had taken my seat about half way back. As he passed he took hold of my collar and pulled me out into the aisle; and said: 'Come, preach for me.' Of course, by this every one had seen me, as well as my clothes. I walked up and told him to give out a hymn, and afterwards I led in prayer. It was always best for me to whet my own scythe. I will say nothing about the effort, only that I forgot all about my poor clothes."

Shortly after, the conference sent Mr. Dyer to take

charge of the Blue River Mission, and again he took up his journey with a purse containing a little gold-dust, and depending on preaching and collections by the way. One was taken up by a friendly Jew at Georgia Gulch. The custom was to pass the hat after the sermon, and for each miner to contribute a dollar in currency or gold-dust, generally the latter. The preacher testifies to their liberality, and that although they might take exceptions to a "plug hat," they were always ready to divide. At French Gulch he set up his humble roof-tree, as he could not afford to board. His bed was of pine poles, even to the springs. The mattress was of hay, with blankets for a covering. The furniture consisted of a table, a couple of boards on the wall for a cupboard, six tin plates, a half set of knives and forks, a coffee-pot, a tin cup, an iron pot, and a frying-pan. One chair was made out of crooked pine limbs with a rope seat. The dirt floor he covered with gunny sacks for a carpet, and now rejoices that he may preach to people in his own house, and not in a hired house, as the Apostle Paul was obliged to do. Here he added to his duties by becoming county assessor, for which he was paid the welcome addition to his income of fifty dollars. The Blue River Mission included a two weeks' circuit among the various mining camps of the different gulches.

"I made me a pair of snow shoes, and, of course, was not expert. Sometimes I would fall; and, on one occasion, as I was going down the mountains to Gold Run

my shoes got crossed in front as I was going very fast. A little pine tree was right in my course and I could not turn, and dared not encounter the tree with my feet crossed; so threw myself in the snow and went in out of sight. This was my regular round on the circuit. We had a new field, one that gave a good chance to read human nature, in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, where moral and religious restraints were absent. The most of the men would go to the bar and drink and play cards, and the Sabbath was a high day for wickedness. Balls were the common amusement, especially in winter. The women were as fond of these as the men. Although they were in the minority, they were accosted like this: 'Now Miss, or Mistress, you must surely come, as we can't have a set or cotillion without you.' Often the father was left with the children at home; at other times both went and took the children; then the old bachelors would hold the baby so the mothers could dance every set.

"I will give an instance at Lincoln City. They must give a Christmas dinner, and, of course, a dance at night. I concluded to take dinner with them. The host made no charge, as it would be what we old bachelors call a square meal. As I was about to leave, the ladies pleasantly invited me to stay to the dance. Of course, I could not accept the invitation. But they said: 'You visit at our houses, and you ought to show us respect and stay.' At last the lady of the house came, and said: 'This is an extra occasion, and it will

be no harm for you to dance with me; why can't you accept my offer?' The reply was: 'You're a lady, but not quite handsome enough to dance with me.' She was taken back at that; the others laughed, and I escaped as my cabin was only two hundred feet away. They soon fiddled me to sleep. But they danced till daylight, and often drank at the bar. Being full, and having no place to sleep, they went up to Walker's saloon. He made some hot sling, and set them off. They declared that every man in town should get up, and the preacher should treat the company or make a temperance speech. It was just daylight, when I heard them on the street, and as they had always passed me before, I turned the key and hoped they would again. But when they found the door fast they said: 'If you don't open it we will break it in.' I threw it open and invited them in; but they said: 'We have come to take you to Walker's, and you can either treat or make a temperance speech.' I requested them to let me eat my breakfast first; but they said: 'You must go now.' I slipped out leaving the door open and went ahead of the company.

"Soon there were over forty men, and they called a chairman or moderator; but they were too drunk to be moderated. I got upon a box and stated my arrest, and proposed to make the speech. They said: 'Go on.' I said: 'Gentlemen, I will tell you what I think. There is not a man here but would be ashamed for his father or mother, his sister or brother to know just our

condition here this morning.' They stamped and roared: 'Thats so,' all over the house. 'And next,' I continued, 'if we were not so drunk we would not be here.' (Cheers, 'Thats so too,' all over the house), 'and if we were a little drunker, we could not do what we are doing.' (Cheers, and 'Thats so,' all over the house) I wound up and was about to leave, when the judge said: 'I move that we vote that everything Mr. Dyer said is true,' and they gave a rousing vote. He said: 'The ayes have it,' but that I must not go yet, and made and put a motion that they all give Mr. Dyer one dollar a piece; and that was also carried. They took the hat, got twenty dollars, and I thanked them and went home to breakfast."

In 1863 Mr. Dyer was appointed to South Park, among the Rockies, now one of our national pleasure-grounds, a circuit which embraced two counties. He walked one hundred miles to his new charge, where a cabin was given him, and again, as he expressed it, kept bachelor's hall. Gold-mining excitement was now transferred to Idaho and Montana, and those who were left were too poor to get away. Prices were high. The preacher bought three sacks of flour at fifteen dollars a sack. By midwinter he had neither means nor food. Still preaching four times a week, he could get no work. Relief came in a proposition to carry the mail on snow-shoes from Buckskin Joe to Cache Creek, a distance of thirty-seven miles, by way of the Musquito range, once a week, for which he was

to receive eighteen dollars. This offer he gladly accepted, notwithstanding the perils and privation it implied.

"Right here let me tell how I came out. This was war times, and the currency was in greenbacks. In California Gulch and Cache Creek they were drifting out gold dust all winter. Gold was on the rise, so that an ounce of dust brought forty dollars in greenbacks, and so I added exchange to my business and became expressman, and got the per cent. agreed upon. One man gave me five dollars each time and I carried all he had to send. One time I had enough dust to bring in Denver thirty seven hundred dollars in currency. Suffice it to say I made over three times my wages for mail carrying."

At the end of five months he had made twelve hundred dollars, which was the first time during his itinerancy he had made any money. Of the life and perils of the mail-carrier in that region of snows his narrative abounds:

"The mails weight was from twenty three to twenty six pounds, with from five to seven pounds of express matter. The carriage was on snow shoes, over an Indian trail that was covered with from three to twenty feet of snow. My snow shoes were of Norway style, from nine to eleven feet in length, and ran well when the snow was just right, but very heavy when they gathered snow. I carried a pole to jar the sticking snow off. Suffice it to say that the winter of '63 and '64 was a

remarkably hard one, and the spring held on until June with terrible snow-storms. I was the first to cross the Musquito range with a horse. That was the third day of July. The mail bags went the trip across and back every week. There was no cabin from Musquito to California Gulch, and no one living between the Gulch and Cache Creek. At first I had no company, say the first month. After that I often went in the night, as it thawed in the day so it was impossible to travel and passengers sought to go with me. A man came up from Denver and we had a hard trip. He begged me to stop. On top of the range he lay down to sleep, and it was with difficulty that I could get him up. I knew that if he went to sleep, chilled as we were, he would never wake until the judgment. We finally reached Oro City at breakfast-time. That man was one of the leaders of the mob that caused the death of a number of better men than he was. One of his victims was my son."

The writer here alludes to the assassination of his son Elias, who had preceded him to that country, where, becoming probate judge, he was shot down in his own court-room in one of the lawless feuds that were a part of the history of Colorado at that period. Two sons, the eldest and the youngest, were soldiers in the Civil War. The youngest returned home with the loss of one foot. The eldest, after having been a prisoner at Andersonville, was lost by the explosion of the "General Lyon" off Hatteras, on the way north.

To add to his misfortunes, on going to New York to learn something of his missing son, a confidence man at the ferry asked him to change five dollars, seized his pocket-book containing two hundred and sixty dollars, and made off with the contents. Remarking that there were more thieves in the city of New York than in the Rocky Mountains, the preacher went back to his duty in the snow.

"Again, I was coming over, and at the foot of the pass, at the head of Evans Gulch, I overtook two men. One, an old man, had given out. I saw at once that it was death with him without a desperate effort. It was seven miles back, and farther ahead to a house, and the wind piercingly cold. It seemed impossible to make him believe he could walk either way. The snow and wind were blowing so a man could hardly stand. I determined to get him over the range, and down as far as the timber, and build a fire and keep him from freezing. We told him what could be done, and he would not even try to get on his feet. I took hold of him and when he was half way up, his hat blew off, and the last I saw of it was thirty feet up, and the wind making sport of it. He had on a soldier's overcoat, and as the hat went off the cape blew over his head. We tied it fast with a handkerchief. He had taken off one of his gloves and it was so frozen he could not get it on. I gave him a mitten, and took his arm, and got him about three hundred feet up the mountain, and he sat down. I went back and got the mail sack,

and his and my snow shoes." In this manner, three hundred feet at a time, the old man was carried a mile and a quarter to the top of the range, and they reached Musquito at nine o'clock. The writer's conclusion of the narrative is that the old man was going to Montana, and said that "if he struck it big," he would remember his friend in need. "As I have never heard from him again, I suppose he had poor luck." This was but one of a number of similar incidents.

"We will close our account of the mail service by mentioning two or three lonely trips. Once leaving Musquito at two o'clock in the morning in a snow storm, when near timber height, plodding our way on deep snow, all of a sudden I felt a jar, and the snow gave way under me, and a noise struck my ear like a death knell. I thought it was a snow slide, and turned as quickly as possible up the mountain-side. About a hundred and fifty feet ahead, I came to a crack six inches wide, and the snow settled about six inches. It will be easily believed that I felt better on the upper side of that break. A week after there was a snow slide from that break that filled the gorge below.

"At sunrise I was near the summit of the range, very weary, and sat down under a large rock. I looked through the snow storm to the east. The sun rose clear, but across the South Park the wind was furious and full of snow. The sun penetrated the storm so the wonders could be fully seen. While the wind was blowing the snow from the northwest, there would be

small whirls start low down, and rising, grow larger, until they would be of enormous size. The main storm passed between them as though they were not connected, even as the mighty current flows past the whirlpool in the water. Although my situation was very disagreeable, I could stop a few moments and gaze at this astonishing Rocky Mountain scene, sitting in the storm to watch its wondrous ways.

"Soon after this I started earlier; but it proved to be much too soon, for, when I reached the other side of the range, there was snow for two miles, and it would not quite bear me. Sometimes I would go three steps, and sink to the waist, and then three steps before I could get on top again. It made the situation very serious. About midnight, after reflection, not fearing human hands, and believing that the wild beasts would have more good manners than to touch it, I set up the mail-sack on end in the snow, and made for the nearest timber off to the North, as I had seen a small spot of bare ground there when I had passed there before. But how to get there. Well I rolled and crawled until I reached the timber, where I pushed over a dry stump, and soon had a fire to warm by. I had time for thanksgiving and prayer, even if I had no supper. Cutting some pine boughs I made a bed and took a sleep, and it was daylight when I awoke. My first thought, after thanking God that I was safe there as anywhere in his hands, was whether it was frozen so that I could walk. I started and had not gone more than three

steps when I went down to the waist. I knew it was softer near the edge. I crawled up and tried again, and it bore me. It was hardly light when I reached the mail-sack, found it just as I left it; the wolves had discovered it and had gone within ten feet of it, and had walked around it until they had beaten a hard path in the snow, but never touched it. It is worthy of note that the mail carrier had an appetite when he reached Oro City.

"We come now to the last incident. I left California Gulch about the middle of March. It was thawing with alternate snow and sunshine until about one o'clock. The snow stuck to my shoes and the walking was very heavy. None but those who have tried snow-shoes when the snow sticks can understand how soon it will tire a man down, knocking the snow off at every step. It was so this time. When within a few feet of the pass at the head of Evans Gulch, I looked to the North, and saw a black cloud just coming over. The wind that preceded it gave evidence of its terror. No pen or tongue can describe its awful appearance. I fastened and tied up my neck and ears, and took its bearings with reference to my course up the mountain, about how it would strike me, so that I could keep my course through the snow. But when the storm struck me, I could not have stood up had I not braced my snow-shoes, which I had taken off and held in position for that purpose. I had thought I could keep my bearings of the storm, but when it struck me, it was in a

perfect whirl, and I had nothing left but the shape of the mountains, and by this time the snow was so dense that it appeared to be a white wall within ten feet in any direction.

"I found myself unable to make more than fifty yards before resting, and had to hold my hand over my mouth so that I could breathe, bracing with my snow-shoes so that I could stand. On the west side all the snow blew off, so that I had to carry my shoes. About the third stop, I came to a large rock, and braced against it; and in the midst of the awful surroundings, poured out my soul to God for help, and felt encouraged to try, in his name, to make the trip. I could not travel against the wind, so I had to bear to the right, which brought me on the range south of the old Indian trail, where there was no way to get down without going over a precipice. I hoped that the wind would abate so that I could make the trail. But I could not see anything in the whirling snow. It took my breath, and I concluded to retrace my steps; for I felt that to stay there, or to go forward was equally to perish. I made a desperate effort, but started east instead of west. I had scarcely gone three steps when my foot slipped off the precipice. I threw myself back on the snow. The air was so thick that I could not see how it was. I could not tell whether the pitch was ten feet or fifty. The cold wind seemed to be feeling for my heart-strings, and my only chance for life was to let myself go over. I took my long snow-shoes, one

under each arm, holding on to the crooked end in each hand for rudders, and believed that if I could thus keep my feet foremost I could go down alive. I said: 'O, God, into thy hands I commit my soul, my life, my all; my faith looks up to thee,' and then with composure I let go; and, as might be suspected, there was a great body of new snow for me to fall in. I have never been certain how far it was. It was soon over and I was buried in six or eight feet of new snow that had just blown over. My feet struck the old snow, which must have pitched at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, and my weight carried me, according to my desires, my feet were foremost, and I went at railroad speed. My snow-shoes must keep me straight. I was covered with snow from the start. I raised my head so that I could breathe, and when I had got near a half mile, I began to slacken up, as I had passed the steepest part, and soon stopped.

"I now discovered that I was on the horse-shoe flat between the range and the timber on Musquito Creek. I got up but I could not see ten feet the snow was so thick. But I knew that if I kept down the mountain I would come out all right. Putting on snow-shoes I soon came to timber. The first tree was the top of a large pine, standing at the foot of a precipice. It was well that I saw it in time to turn my course. I took down Musquito Creek. The snow covered almost all the willows and brush, and the wind pressed me so that for rods there was no need of my taking a step.

My shoes ran like skates. The snow began to abate, but darkness was closing in on me.

"When I was within one mile of my cabin I saw a pool of water in the creek; as I had been fearful for some time that my feet were frozen I thought of Job, when his sons had been out frolicking; he sacrificed them, for fear they had sinned. But it looked rather rough to go in over my boots in order to draw the frost out when I still had hopes that my feet were not frozen. I reached my lonely cabin, started a fire and my feet began to hurt. I soon had them in the spring, and held them awhile, but it was too late to cure. I got my supper, but did not sleep much. Next morning an old brother, whom everybody called Uncle Tommy Cummings, brought a little balsam sapling, and we shaved off the bark, and poulticed both my feet. The third week I was able to carry the mail. Half my toe nails sloughed off with considerable of the skin.

"Our provisions were all drawn over the plains with teams of cattle, mules or horses. We had some sharp fellows that made a corner on flour, and the price was forty dollars a sack. Fortunately I had one sack on hand at Buckskin Joe. My friends in California Gulch were out, and wished me to supply them. I tried to buy a pack-pony, but could only find a pack-cow, which I purchased, and packed, and tied to a post while I ate breakfast. My old friend M. Moody volunteered to help me to start. We tied a long rope around her horns about the middle and he took the lead and I drove.

The cow got on the war-path, and bawling took after him on a down grade. He ran as fast as he could, and I held on as fast as I could; and the cow jumped as high and as far as she could. The old man did the best he could but the old cow would light right at him every jump. Finally he took around the corner, and she after him. Just then the cingle broke, and the pack-saddle with the flour went right down behind her. Then, lack-a-day, she stopped and did just as cows do when they are about played out."

IV

The carrying of the mails was soon after stopped by the depredations of Texan roughs, who held up the expressman for gold-dust and ravaged the mails. These were the distressing days of the Rebellion, and no soldiers could be spared for the protection of the miners. These organized themselves and armed, succeeded in capturing some of the desperadoes. The preacher writes of walking eighty miles in two days in pursuit, and preaching the next day. To these troubles succeeded Indian raids. The Utes were on the war-path. It was impossible to travel without a guard; the city of Denver had fortified. From first to last it had been a hard year. Yet in taking stock of it financially Mr. Dyer notes with satisfaction that, although he had received but fifty dollars from his church, he had saved by his own labors a thousand dollars, eight hundred of

which he was now able to send back to Minnesota to pay those old debts he had left behind when he came to Colorado. With the money remaining he bought cows, but he naïvely remarks that if a minister has anything it is a detriment to him, since it not only excuses giving him a poor appointment, but his congregation from paying his salary. His district was now enlarged to include New Mexico, and this again enabled him to gratify his love of adventure.

Although the mountains were almost impassable, he started in March, 1865, for his new field, accepting the hospitality of the ranches on the way, having overcome the perils between. On the famous Maxwell Land Grant he held the first Protestant service to an audience of Mexicans and Indians, and on the road stopped and married a runaway Mexican couple, nothing coming amiss to the wanderer. At Santa Fé he visited the Pueblo Indians, and he describes the Penitentes, with whom he spent two days on his way to Taos. "Some carried a joist sixteen feet long, two inches thick and twelve broad with a piece of scantling nailed across, the hind end dragging on the ground. They were heavy laden and one boy fell under the weight of his cross. He was helped up and staggered to the church door where all laid down their crosses.

"Coming near a church I saw three men standing in the road. One had a large cross on his shoulder, and was naked except a rag round his hips and a green veil over his face. As he walked with his heavy cross, he

lashed his back with a long-tailed cactus. The other two men had a book, and one would suppose it might have been a ten-cent revival hymn-book. At any rate it looked as if they were singing some kind of a dirge for the poor fellow carrying the cross. I rode along side of them, saw blood on his back, and running down on the cloth around his hips. I wondered if this took the place of a revival, as it was taking up the cross, and giving blood for their sins, and his two brethren singing a penitential song. There must have been a hundred crosses laid up against the side of the cross, and as many people as there were crosses. When the three whom I had left came in sight these began to shout. One man had a large horse-fiddle. He ran up on the church by means of a ladder, and began to tune his fiddle. My horse was so badly scared, and jumped so much farther than I thought he could, that he came wellnigh landing me in the church-yard. But I gathered as he ran and went on. It was the first horse-fiddle I had heard in forty years, and I trust will be the last.

"Next came preparations for sleeping which were in the same room. Their cochones were piled around the wall, and were made ready on the floor, which was the ground, covered with blankets instead of carpet. The cochone is what we would call a mattress. It is a foot through of pure wool and well stitched. Although it was on the floor it was a grand relish to a weary traveler, and I slept well with an old man whose looks indicated a hundred years. I thought of what some had said of

a country where the people never died, just dried up and blew away. I saw several that looked as if they never would get away unless they blew away. I never slept with a man who seemed so near eternity as this man. There were three other beds in this room. I awoke early and found my bedfellow still alive. After that the first sensation was brought about by rubbing my eyes with the same fingers that had been used at supper to dip bread in the chilicolorow, which was red pepper boiled with a piece of meat. It seemed that sparks were coming out thick. I thought it a good joke on me for not washing my hands. I called for a fire to be made, and the man told his wife to make it, which she did at once.

"We had much the same for breakfast as for supper; and I rode twenty miles to Red River, where I found an American. He had boiled pork and potatoes; and if he did have a Mexican wife, I called it a square meal. I overtook an old Mexican with a blanket tied around his neck and his bosom full of lambs, illustrating how lambs were carried in patriarchal times. The Mexicans were kind and in the settlements—as a rule—made no charge. They expected something however. A few were half educated or half Americanized, and they would charge three or four dollars a night. It made me think half an education was worse than none. I called on one family, and they seemed to take great pains and soon had supper. It consisted of good coffee, bread, a little tolay; which was parched corn ground up and wet

and chilicolorow. The provisions were set on a stool in the middle of the room. There were no chairs as they sit down flat when they eat. I looked around and the man noticed it, and folded up a blanket for me to sit on. I sopped the bread in the chilicolorow and it was very hot. The coffee was good. I had to use my fingers as there was neither knife, spoon, fork nor plate. Being hungry I took to the bread and soup, not being aware of the meat in the bottom of the dish. When I quit the woman came up and put her fingers into the soup and took up the meat, and offered it to me. I thanked her. I might have taken it, but she stood up above me, and it looked comical that I should take it from between her fingers with mine. But fingers were made before forks."

The mission here proved a failure, and the preacher went back to his old charge among the mountains and the miners. It was a hard year. The grasshoppers ate up the crops; there were destructive hail-storms and cloud-bursts, and it seemed that the preacher should contribute to his people's support rather than that they should give to him, so poor they were. Going into the mining camps, he would say: "Boys, can't you get through with your game in twenty minutes, stack your chips and give us a hearing?" Frequently they would all come and behave with perfect propriety. The winter was spent on snow-shoes preaching three times a week.

"I had a cabin, which I called home, at Musquito.

The post office was called Sterling. I cut my own wood, and had an old fashioned fireplace to sit by; a few books to read, and a bed made of the tops of fir trees, and finished out with a hay tick—a very comfortable outfit. There was one window containing six panes of glass, ten by twelve inches, affording plenty of light, except on stormy days, when it was necessary to keep the door open if the wind would allow. I could enjoy the hospitality of friends at my various appointments, but when I got around I wanted some place that I could call home. The above was my home or answered that purpose. How glad I was to get back, stand my snow-shoes up against the house, strike up a fire, sit down, and warm up a little; and then if there was not any bread to warm up, and satisfy my hunger, to take flour and baking powder, and make a delicious cake. I generally baked it in a frying pan before the fire. By the time it was baked, the meat was fried, the coffee boiled, and with a can of fruit, or some dried apple-sauce, the table was set, and I was ready to thank God and eat."

This picture of the happy, contented man is full of charm. We must contrast it with the hardships of his life, its perils and privations. During the summer he went to a camp-meeting under the shadow of Pike's Peak accompanied by Bishop Ames and a company of farmers, all armed against the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, then on the war-path.

"These and other hardy frontiersmen ought to be

ever remembered for their integrity and perseverance, contending against drought, grasshoppers, Indians, and the devil, six hundred miles distant from the eastern settlements. They had been a year or two in the gorges of the mountains in search of gold, and had spent all they had brought across the Plains from their homes. Now they had set themselves to making farms, which so far as could be positively known was as uncertain as prospecting. Four-fifths of all were broken up or were badly in debt. Such was the case with myself. Surely the energy of these early settlers made it possible for this to become a State, with all its wonders of wealth, its telegraphs, railroads, telephones, splendid cities and the boundless prospects of its future development."

His practical knowledge of mining made Mr. Dyer useful to prospectors in locating mines. These services helped out his precarious income, and also enabled him to be of use to young men who had been unfortunate in this respect. He had also staked some claims for himself, and realizing that age was coming upon him had become interested in the Haydon ranch, on which he expected to make his future home and livelihood. He had also in his travels discovered some remarkable hot springs, on which, according to the custom of the country, he had established the first claim. At this juncture he was again appointed by his conference to New Mexico. He pleaded that his

age and lack of education were both against his usefulness. This was not conceded, and abandoning his worldly possessions, with a few books, bedding, and cabin comforts, he once more set out on his solitary travels.

"The first time going over to San Luis, I met a number of Indians. I saw that they were all mad; and as I did not care to camp near them—they were strung along all the afternoon—I traveled until after dark and camped without any fire; took my lunch, lariated the ponies on good grass, and slept comfortably. In the morning I got my breakfast, as I had in my pack bread, crackers, coffee, sugar, cheese, dried fruit, and ham and prepared to live anywhere. I met a man who said that the Indians were so mad they would not talk; that there had been a quarrel between them and the whites at Saguache, and a company of soldiers had gone up to settle the fuss. The Indians had left mad.

"On the second day I camped a short distance from Camp Garland. This was the last place in Colorado on my trail. They announced me to preach and about ten Americans, and—it being a new thing to hear a strange padre—about thirty Mexicans gathered in the courthouse, fifteen feet square, and a dirt floor. Two or three prominent men helped to sing, and one kneeled in prayer. There was good attention, and toward the close the preacher waxed warm, and several of the Mexican women wept, one so that it was noticed all

over the house. A young man who could speak both languages went home with her, and asked why she cried so. She said she thought the strange preacher had some friends that were lost, and he was pleading for help, and she thought the man that kneeled in prayer was engaged to help him, and she felt so sorry that she could not help crying."

Still keeping to the Indian trail, he pursued his lonely way. At times there was not a house in ninety miles. "Just at dark," he writes, "I got on the top of a timbered mountain, and the shades of night, with the timber, compelled me to light off my pony, and lead and feel the path. The big owls began to hoo, hoo, and the wolves to howl as if there might be a score of them near by. It was lonely. I felt they might be scared; but as a howl coming in contact with a howl would lose its force, I started the old long metre tune to

> "'Show pity Lord; O Lord forgive;
> Let a repenting sinner live.'

I happened to strike the key just right, and the hymn echoed from mountain to mountain, and seemed to fill the woods. The owls stopped and the wolves shut their mouths. Daniel did but little when he looked the lions out of countenance.

"The Apache Indians were frequently out on scout. If sighted by them it was necessary to out-run them,

kill them, or get scalped. There was a reach of ninety miles with but one house, and that guarded by fifteen soldiers. Our boys kept guard at night. At the Lone Rocks twenty miles above Fort Seldon, the company spread tent cloths over the two wagons, and I tried to preach to them in that desert place, the very spot where the Indians at various times had leaped out from behind the rocks and scalped the weary traveler. This was a farewell to my hearers, as I have never seen one of them since."

In this manner, preaching by the way-side, getting his audiences wherever they were to be found, the preacher made his way to Santa Fé. From this point he journeyed to Albuquerque, and as far east as El Paso, preaching and praying, accepting hospitality, and noting curious customs by the way. He came upon a "wine factory." There he found an old Mexican with "his pants rolled up and his toe-nails long enough to scratch the contents to pieces treading a trough full of grapes." This he turns into a lesson on temperance. "How many would take a gulp of that wine, and boast of its purity, and lick their lips for more, if they could see how it is made?" Returning to Santa Fé, he travelled westward to Fort Stanton, and for over one hundred miles without seeing a house, and forty-five miles without finding water. A company of Mexican campers showed him a spring, and wished him to camp with them. He suspected them to be dangerous men, and went on, fortunately, since

they proved to be cattle-thieves, who were afterward brought into Fort Stanton. At that time, in that country, it might be safe to kill a man, but not to steal his cattle. A year was spent in preaching and perils, when Mr. Dyer was again called home to conference, riding his pony a distance of four hundred and fifty miles.

"On the seventh day of November 1870 I was married to Mrs. Lucinda P. Rankin of Cherry Creek, Douglas County, Colorado. I had been a widower over twenty years, and had never seen the time when I thought I could live and support a family without locating. But since I could almost keep myself, I thought it was a poor woman who could not help a little. So we were married, and by God's blessing, lived happily together until she was called to her reward." Accordingly he took up a homestead claim, but contrary to his hopes was again sent on his wandering life among the mines and ranches. It was another period of dangers from snows, floods, and Indians, for during this time occurred the Greeley massacre by the Utes, which thrilled the entire country.

"The excitement crossed the range, for, somehow people will get more excited and run quicker in an Indian scare than they would if Lucifer was right in sight. For instance at Alma, when the people were badly perplexed what to do, a man got some whiskey in him and concluded to give the people a scare. So he shot a hole in his coat, and tore through the town

crying at the top of his voice: 'The Indians are coming, two or three hundred strong. Everybody will be killed.'

"The men were frightened, and began to gather teams to carry passengers; every horse, mule, and jack was saddled. Pack saddles were in demand. Women frantic with fear, used every sort of conveyance; scarcely bonneted, they rode sometimes two on a pony, not particular if both feet were not on one side. The motley crowd whipped past one another, their eyes almost popping out with fear, all bound for Fair Play. Before they got there the people of Fair Play had heard the news, and fled to the big stone court house. And now the women wanted a fort made of cordwood, and some of the men to go and see if the Indians were near. Before the volunteers could start, see husband and wife embracing one another as they supposed for the last time on earth; and some on their knees praying as they had never prayed before. The reason of this was that they believed that the Indians were just behind with tomyhawk and scalping knife."

Such was life in Colorado at that day. Among these calamities his son, a probate judge, was murdered in one of the feuds among the settlers; the conference supplied no money, so that when not preaching the preacher worked by the day to support himself and wife. Yet he writes: "I went back to Summit County Circuit, and having managed to live throughout the year, keep out of debt, and able to work, I was quite happy at an

altitude of ten thousand feet. I never enjoyed myself better at any place.

"The following December we moved to Douglas County to our ranche, and tried hard to make a living, but found it rather hard at my age, over seventy. I milked seven cows and had a garden. I raised corn, oats and buckwheat, and by dint of hard work made a living for two years, but it disagreed with me. I became such an invalid I could not ride horseback. Of course, therefore I could not make much of a cow-boy. Some time in June we had a terrific hail-storm. Our garden and corn looked nice, and all at once the storm came—hail and a little rain. My better half ran out with old pans and rags to save the garden. The lightning was frightful and the cracking thunder so alarmed the old lady that she ran into the house, pelted all the way with big hail-stones. I was doing my best to make the same shelter, but her tragic flight was more than I could stand. I laughed the thunder down. Yet it was well that she got in, for the hail-stones fell with sufficient force to split shingles and break windows. The ground was covered to the depth of four inches. All our crop was cut down even with the ground. After all was clear we heard a noise up the creek, and saw the hail and water coming about four feet up abreast, almost a perpendicular front, and another wave on top of that, till it filled the banks full seven feet high, and it plowed the creek bank much wider than it was before."

It is a relief after all this unremitting storm and

stress of an active useful life, yet accepted with such unfailing cheerfulness and content, that now, old and infirm, Father Dyer—for such had become his title—applied for and received the chaplaincy of the Senate at Denver, where we may now leave him.

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